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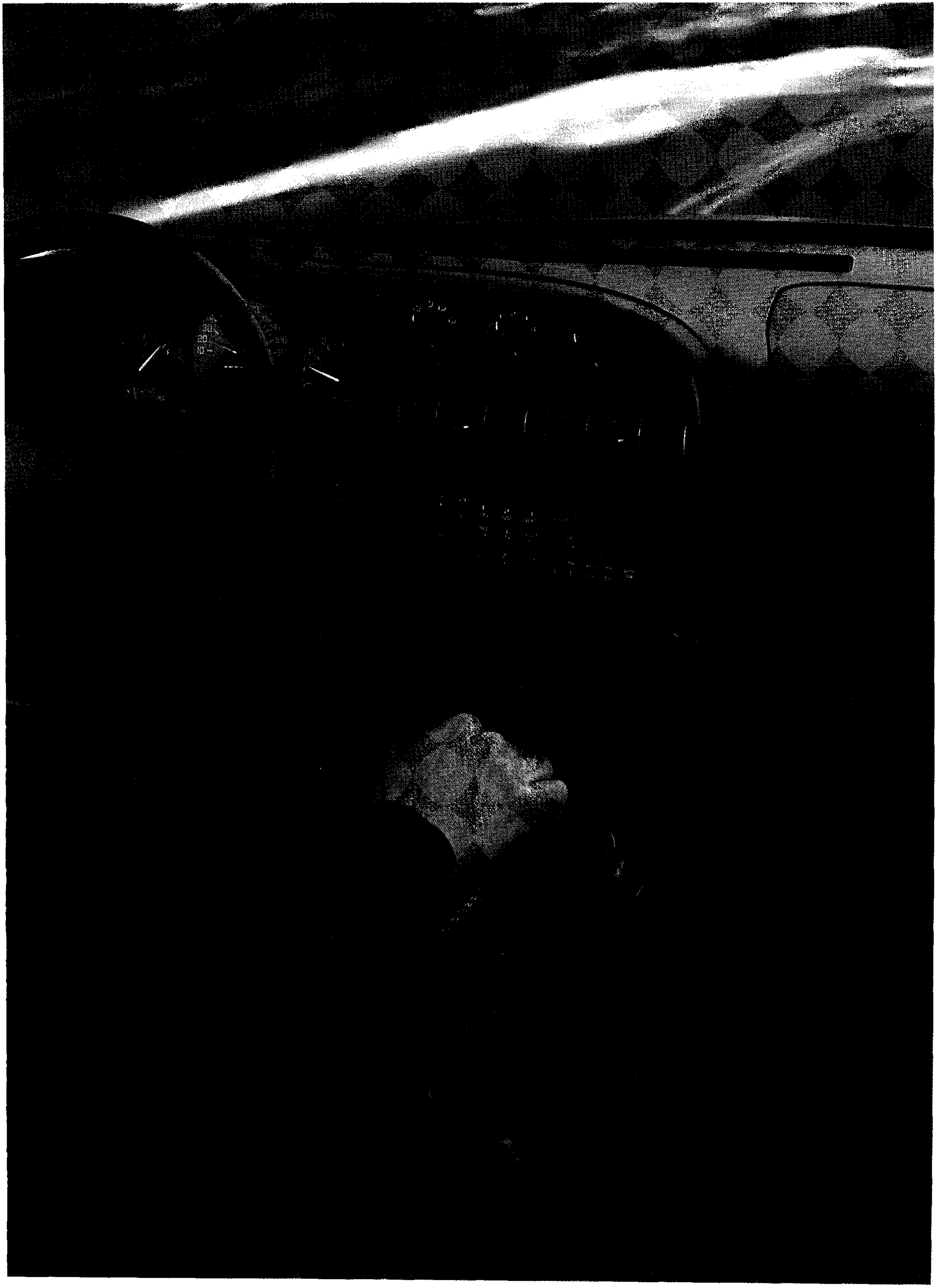

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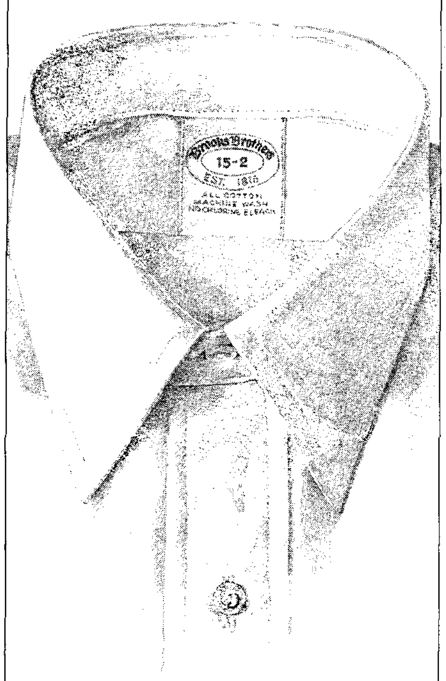

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THE NEW YORKER

OCTOBER 17, 1994

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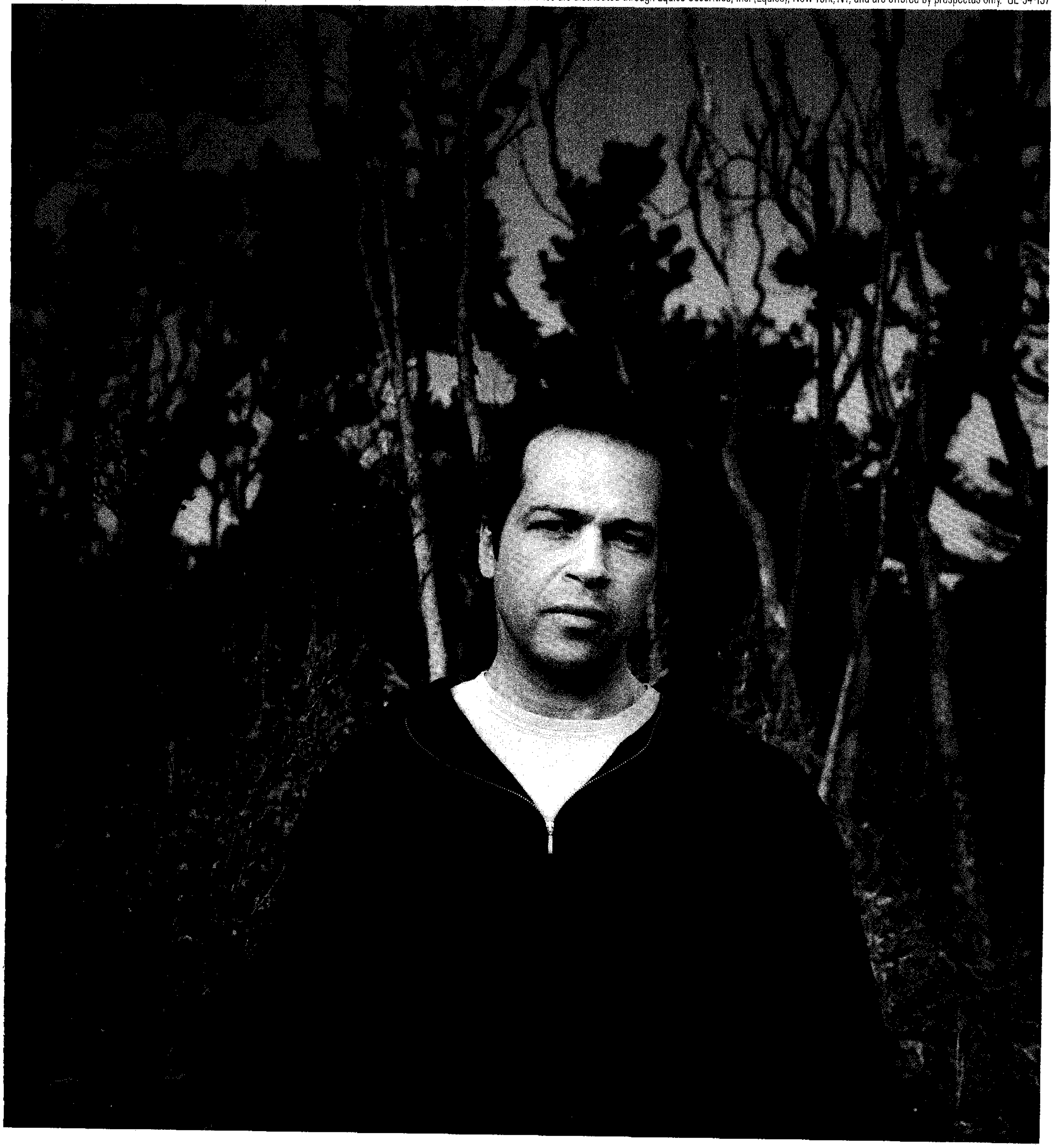

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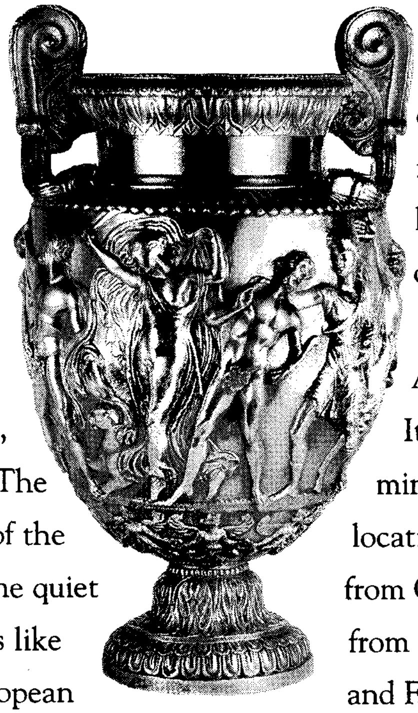

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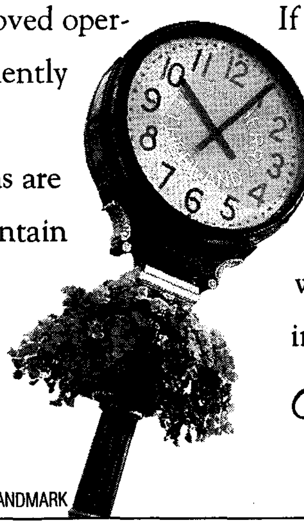

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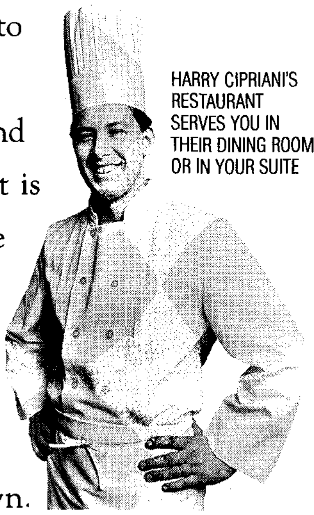

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COMMENT

HAITI SO FAR

Some welcome new wrinkles in gunboat diplomacy.

THE long, sanguinary, and too often shameful history of United States military intervention in Latin America and the Caribbean has taught us to expect the worst. So the fact that the news from Haiti in the three weeks since American troops landed there is on balance good, and is growing better with each passing day, takes some getting used to. The troops have quickly found their footing; evidently learning from each mistake or hesitation, they (and their civilian superiors in the Clinton Administration) have behaved with steadily increasing firmness and clarity of purpose. The Haitian Army has been stripped of its heavy weapons (such as they were); the Haitian police, whose usual business is violence, have been cowed into passivity, and their brutal chief, Lieutenant Colonel Michel François, has left the country; and the quasi-official death squads known as attachés have begun to feel the weight of American military might. Pro-democratic political figures who had been forced into hiding or exile by the military regime are reëmerging, under American protection. The flood of refugees, which reached a monthly peak of sixteen thousand in July, has been reversed. Political murders (and there were three of them for every single day of the three years of military rule) can no longer be committed with impunity, and have practically ended. Haiti's extreme human-rights emergency—the reign of torture, terror, and death, which, far more than the need to restore Jean-Bertrand Aristide to his Presidential chair, was the moral impetus for the intervention—is, for the moment, over.

Whatever difficulties may lie ahead for the intervention, its successes so far are real, concrete, and important; and they have been received with such ill grace by the political and journalistic élites of the United States—and by much of the American public, too, it seems—that they are worth stressing. Given the fears and doubts that preceded the operation, it has unfolded very like a triumph. In Haiti, joyful crowds serenade the troops with chants of "*Libèté! Libèté!*" Back home, though, the op-ed pages overflow with complaints, especially about the terms and atmospherics of the last-minute deal struck by Jimmy Carter,

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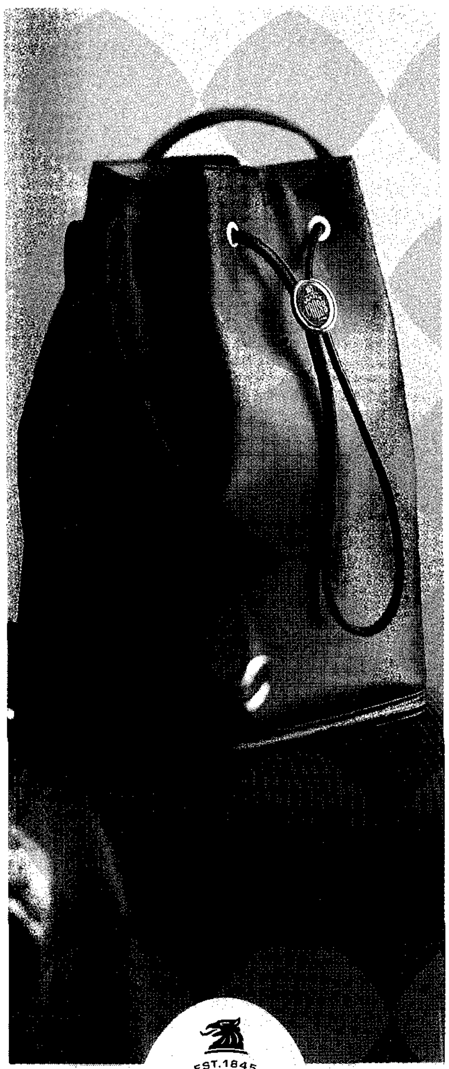

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"Whoops! There go those darned interest rates again!"

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Colin Powell, and Sam Nunn. These complaints seem increasingly petty. Yes, General Raoul Cédras and his fellow junta members were given four weeks to step down and make way for President Aristide; but the failed Governors Island accord of July, 1993, had given them four months. Yes, Cédras and company were offered honorable retirement and the possibility (not the certainty) of an amnesty; but these concessions, too, had been agreed to at Governors Island. And, yes, the Carter-Powell-Nunn text spoke of "mutual respect"; but this was, after all, an agreement, and agreements are not customarily accompanied by abuse. Under the circumstances, a bit of flattery, a little soothing of the generals' bogus martial pride, was embarrassing but obligatory.

Mr. Carter said some fatuous things after the deal was struck, and he has been exhaustively ridiculed for them. The former President showed himself to be a kind of pacifist Patton—a field officer who goes beyond his orders, displays initiative and determination, talks too much, drives headquarters nuts, and gets the job done. "BLINKSMANSHIP," *Time's* cover proclaimed: a cute pun, but wrong. The Carter mission was said more than once to have "avoided an invasion." It did not; nor was it intended to. Backed by President Clinton's manifest willingness to use force, it smoothed the way for an invasion. It made an invasion bloodless. It postponed an invasion from the nighttime until the daylight hours. But an invasion went ahead: there are twenty thousand American troops in Haiti, and their commanders, not the rapidly disintegrating Cédras regime, now give the orders. And, though it stands to reason that there will be American combat deaths in Haiti, as of this writing there has not been a single one.

In any case, the concessions the United States made, when they weren't merely trivial, were salutary. The Cédras regime, however illegitimate, represented a tiny but extremely powerful sliver of Haitian society. Ways must now be found to induce that sliver to reconcile itself, however sullenly, to the restoration of Mr. Aristide. That task has been made immeasurably easier by the avoidance of the bitterness and death that would have accompanied a contested landing. It is a strange moral calculus that can summon more indignation about the deal's untidiness than gratitude for its obvious benefits.

One way to take the moral measure of the Haiti intervention is to compare it with the last time American forces went ashore on the island of Hispaniola. In 1965, a popular uprising in the Dominican Republic sought to reinstate that country's only freely elected President in generations—a liberal named Juan Bosch, who had been elected by a two-to-one margin in 1962 and overthrown by a military coup less than a year later. President Johnson sent in twenty-four thousand troops—not to guarantee the popular uprising's success but to insure its failure, out of an unfounded fear that it was Communist-dominated. The similarities to Haiti—the deposed President, the military coup, even the margin of electoral victory—are striking. The difference is that this time the American troops are democracy's guardians, not its executioners.

A more useful, because more recent, comparison is with President Bush's 1989 invasion of Panama. Imagine, if you can, what might have happened if on the eve of the invasion Mr. Bush had sent an emissary to offer Manuel Noriega a deal: amnesty, retirement, and a batch of one-way tickets to the Côte d'Azur for him and his cronies in exchange for an unopposed occupation and a peaceful transition. Would General Noriega have accepted? He might well have, and, in that case, the Administration would have accomplished its main foreign-policy goals. On the other hand, Mr. Bush would have come under political attack for vacillation and inconsistency, just as Mr. Clinton has. So Mr. Bush chose to look strong and decisive; and, as it turned out, twenty-three Americans and more than five hundred Panamanians, most of them civilians, were killed. Mr. Clinton made the opposite choice in Haiti. With respect to his own image and political fortunes he has been reckless in the extreme; with respect to the lives of Americans and Haitians he has been scrupulously careful. The opinion polls are not likely to reflect it, but the way Mr. Clinton has handled this latest of American interventions south of the border has so far been one of his finest achievements.

—HENDRIK HERTZBERG

Leonard Bernstein wore khakis.
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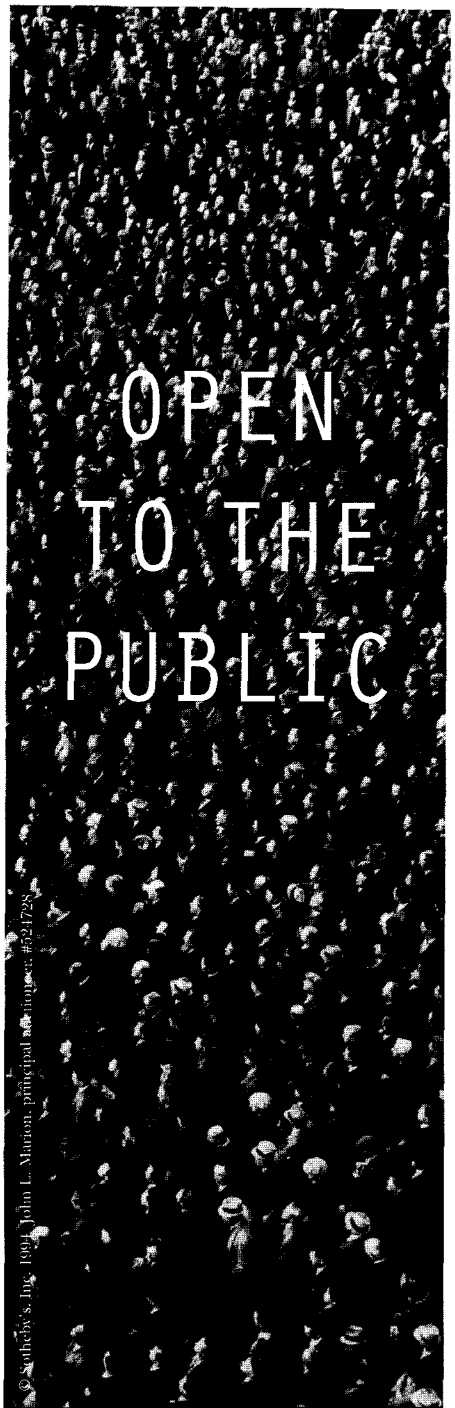
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PAID PER VIEW

In response to Ken Auletta's "Fee Speech" (Annals of Communications, September 12th), I would like to suggest that Brinkley, Donaldson, Will, and Roberts have made an error very common among TV journalists: they think they're on TV because their opinions are important. I think the reality is that their opinions are important to people *only* because they're able to voice them on TV. If they weren't, they'd be just four more white folks pontificating about politics.

Either profound naïveté or arrogant cynicism—the alternatives are equally frightening, given the purpose of a free press—is what allows these reporters to try to palm off their rationalizations about private citizenship on us. The point is not what distinguishes legislators from reporters—that only legislators get taxpayers' money. The point is what unites them—that they both get lobbyists' money. These so-called journalists are not our friends; in trying to convince us of their "objectivity," they're playing us for marks.

JAMES T. EDWARDS
Chicago, Ill.

CROWD CONTROL

Frances FitzGerald (Comment, September 12th) is, of course, quite right in calling the decline in women's fertility in the developing world a dramatic achievement. But she is on shaky ground when she predicts with such confidence that the exponential increase in global population has been defused. In fact, she herself succinctly says as much: "Though population-growth rates have been falling, the world population is continuing to grow, and the largest cohort of females in history is now of child-bearing age." The most optimistic predictions show that there will be nearly eight billion of us by 2050—perhaps a manageable but almost surely not an easily managed crowd.

Population growth cannot cease until the average fertility of women drops down to two children. Experience shows that for the average family to choose only two children is unusual except in a developed and secure environment. We may succeed in achieving this goal before we become an unmanageable crowd, but it is too soon to declare victory, and premature optimism will surely blunt our determination to make sacrifices that are necessary for reaching that goal.

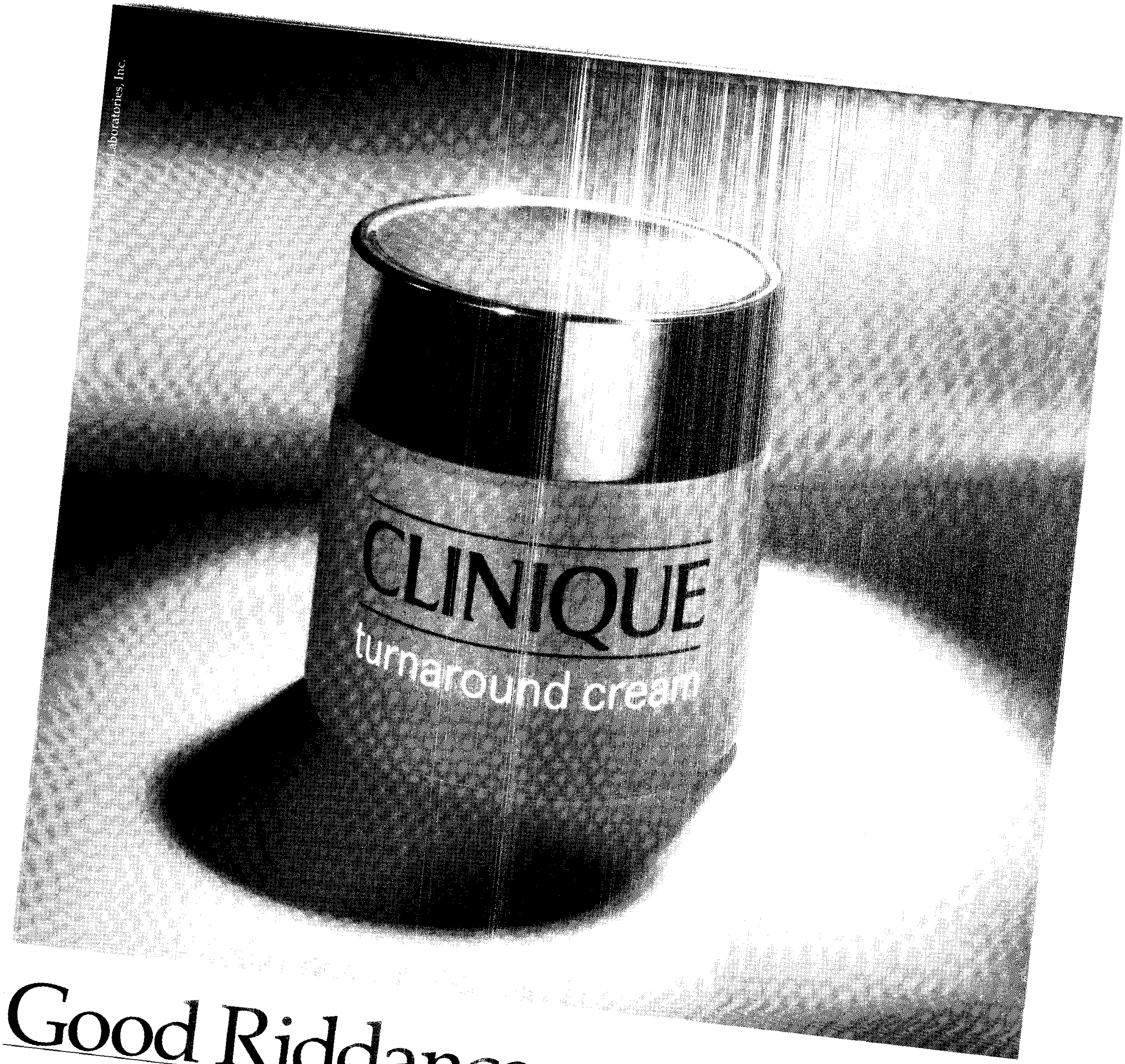
DONALD B. STRAUS
Former Chairman of the Board
Planned Parenthood Federation of America
New York City

IN DEFENSE OF DEFENSE

In the letters column of September 12th, several readers criticize me for a statement that I made twelve years ago in my book "The Best Defense," in which I paraphrased a statement by the great English barrister Henry Brougham, who, in 1820, said:

> An advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world, that client and none other. To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and among others to himself,—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction which he may bring upon any other.

To this day, these words continue to express a correct and honorable statement of a lawyer's ethical obligations to put the client's interests first; the commentary to the American Bar Association Model Rules of Professional Conduct expresses a similar view. For a



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lawyer to do any less than this would amount to a serious breach of the lawyer's duties of competence, diligence, and loyalty. I take these duties seriously and will abide by them in my representation of Mr. Simpson—as of any other client.

ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ
Cambridge, Mass.

I was saddened to see several letters attacking the aggressive measures being taken by O. J. Simpson's defense lawyers. Those readers were outraged by the lawyers' "dishonorable," "reprehensible," and "monstrous" tactics. Someone, I'm afraid—perhaps high-school civics teachers, perhaps the legal profession—is not doing a good enough job of explaining the role of the defense lawyer, who serves the public just as much when the client is convicted as when he is acquitted.

When a man is convicted of a serious crime, we all sleep better knowing that because an aggressive defense lawyer tried every conceivable (ethical) way to poke holes in the prosecution's case and failed there is very little likelihood that an innocent man has been punished. Of course, another reason that aggressive tactics are needed is that in the ordinary case (though perhaps not this one) the government's enormous resources in money and manpower far outweigh those available to the defense. We have an "adversarial" system: the police and the prosecutors fight to convict, and at least one person must fight back for the accused.

It doesn't have to be this way. Many European countries use the "inquisitorial" system, where both prosecutors and defense lawyers take a back seat to judges, who assemble the evidence, question the witnesses, and deliver the verdict. Would the critics of Mr. Simpson's attorneys prefer to give this much power to government officials? Would most Americans?

MYRON MOSKOVITZ
Professor of Law
Golden Gate University
San Francisco, Calif.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

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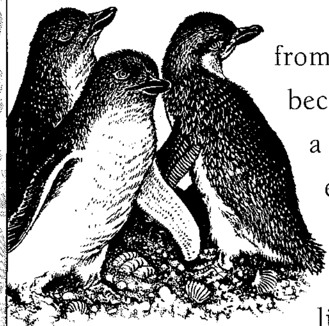

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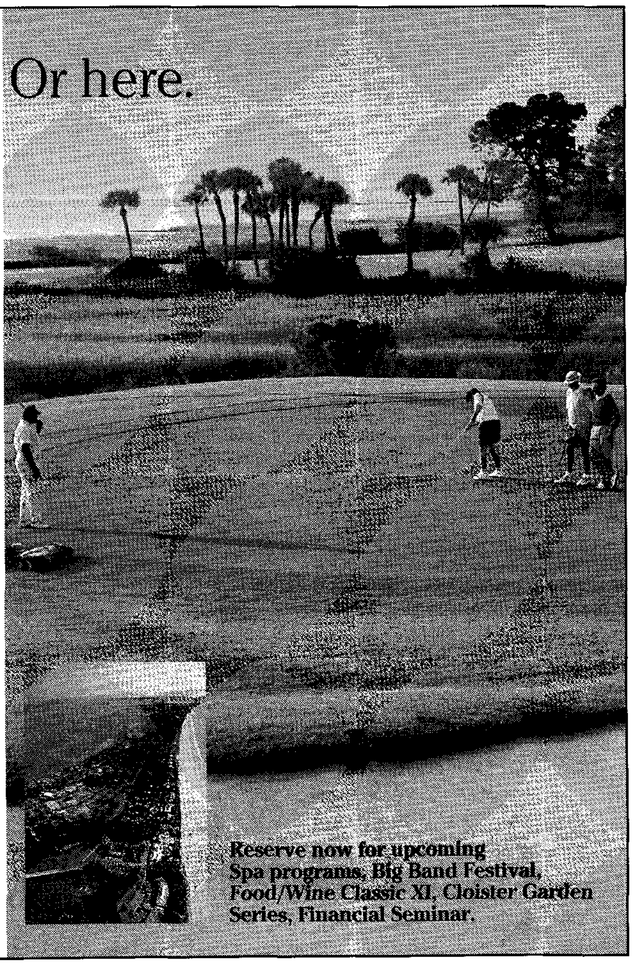
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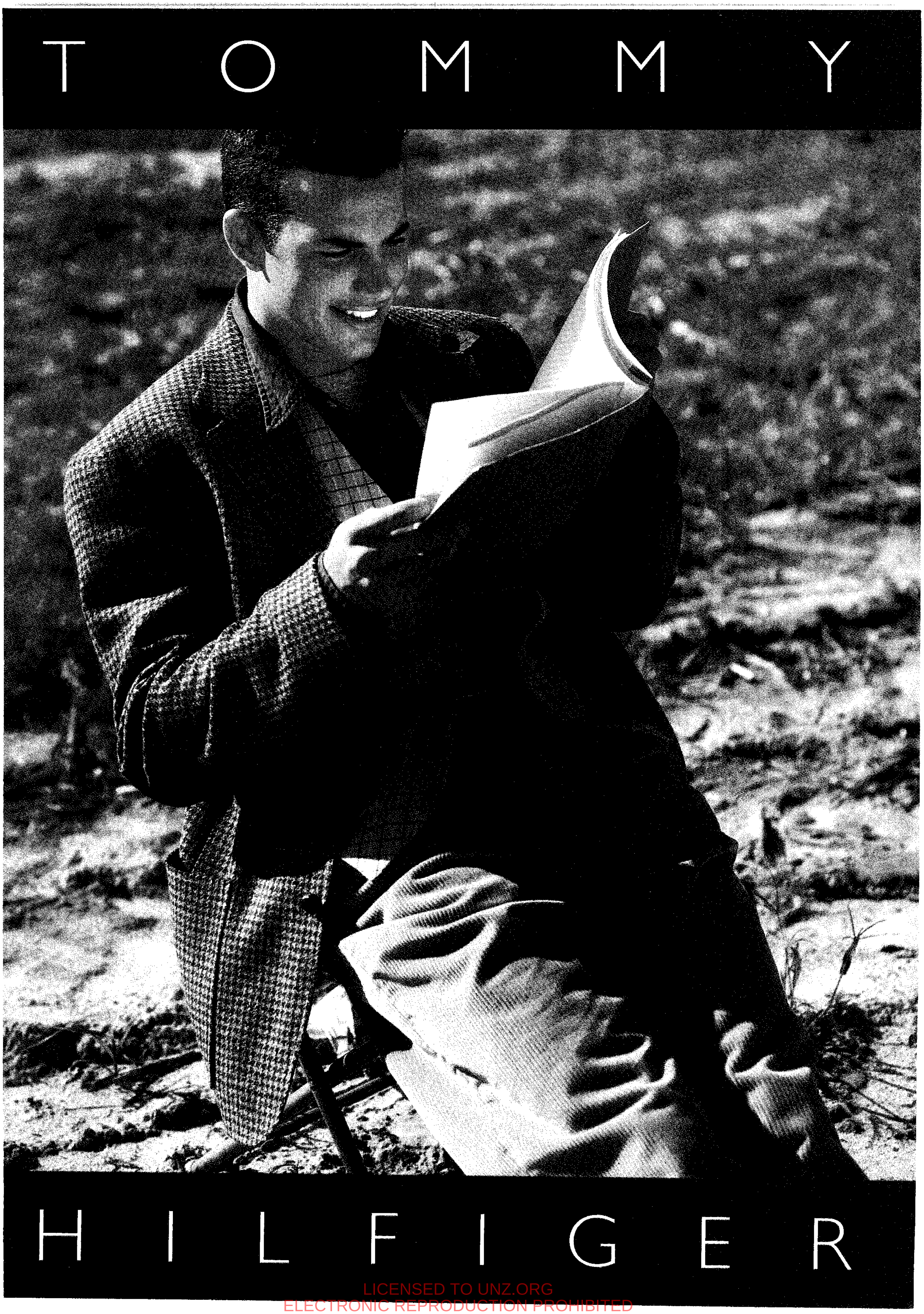
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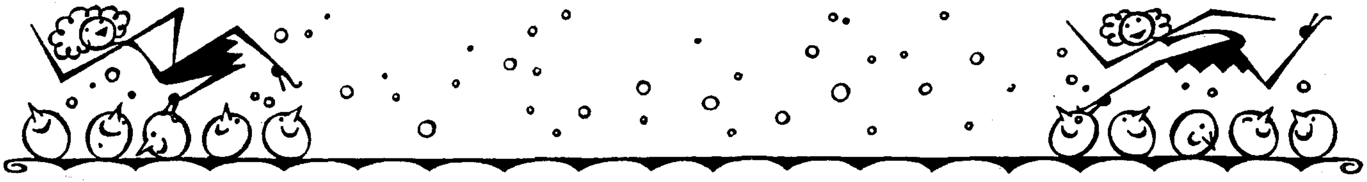

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THE THEATRE

Full Circle

Now that the Harold Prince revival of "Showboat" has docked on Broadway, two other shows by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II are steaming up the river: "Very Warm for May" and "Music in the Air," both to be mounted in concert versions. The first, which will be presented under the baton of John McGlinn, at Carnegie Hall's Weill Recital Hall on October 19-23, is set among summer-theatre folk. It has a captivating score, remembered chiefly for the Kern standard "All the Things You Are," but the reception for "Very Warm" was very cold; it opened on November 17, 1939, and ran for only fifty-nine performances. Kern took the failure to heart. He returned to Hollywood and never completed another Broadway show.

"Music in the Air" had a less melancholy fate. James Hammerstein, the lyricist's son and the director of the revival, which will take place on October 16 and 17 at the Lamb's Theatre, says his father described the musical as "Jerry Kern's valentine to operetta." Certainly it has many of that form's trademarks, from the sweetness of its hit songs ("I've Told Ev'ry Little Star" and "The Song Is You") to its Bavarian setting. "Music in the Air" opened on November 8, 1932, and was reviewed in the same editions that announced the election of President Franklin D. Roosevelt—another vintage talent who's been having a lively time of it lately.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Blaming Mom—A new comedy by David Edelstein, presented by the Watermark Theatre, on a bill with the playwright's curtain-raiser "Soupy and Adena." Previews Oct. 13-15. Opens Oct. 16 at 8. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 966-9290.)

The Cover of Life—A play by R. T. Robinson about three war brides living in Louisiana in 1943. Peter Masterson directed. In previews. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

Love! Valour! Compassion!—A new play by Terrence McNally, directed by Joe Mantello. With Randy Becker, Stephen Bogardus, John Glover, John Benjamin Hickey, Justin Kirk, Nathan Lane, and Stephen Spinella. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Music in the Air—Two performances of a concert version of the 1932 musical by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, directed by James Hammerstein. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. Oct. 16 at 7 and Oct. 17 at 8. For reservations, call 388-8280.)

Public Enemy—The New York première of a 1987 play by Kenneth Branagh, which is set in Belfast. Previews begin Oct. 14. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

The Scarlet Letter—Phyllis Nagy's adaptation of Nathaniel Hawthorne's classic novel. In previews. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

Uncommon Women and Others—Second Stage's revival of Wendy Wasserstein's 1977 play, directed by Carole Rothman. With Joan Buddenhagen and Julie Dretzin. In previews. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Unexpected Tenderness—A play by Israel Horovitz, with Scotty Bloch, Caitlin Clarke, Sol Frieder, Karen Goberman, Paul O'Brien, Steve Ryan, and Jonathan Marc Sherman. Previews through Oct. 16 matinée. Opens that evening at 7:30. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Young Playwrights Festival—Presenting "The Basement at the Bottom at the End of the World," by Nadine Graham; "The Most Massive Woman Wins," by Madeleine George; and "The Love of Bullets," by Jerome D. Hairston. Opens Oct. 12 at 8 and runs through Oct. 29. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

OPENED RECENTLY

All in the Timing—Six sparkling short plays by David Ives add up to one enchanted evening. Ives and the deft director, Jason McConnell Buzas, are wonderfully served by their actors. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Arthur & Leila—A play by Cherylene Lee about a middle-aged brother and sister who don't agree on very much. Ron Nakahara is the director. Presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Closes Oct. 22.)

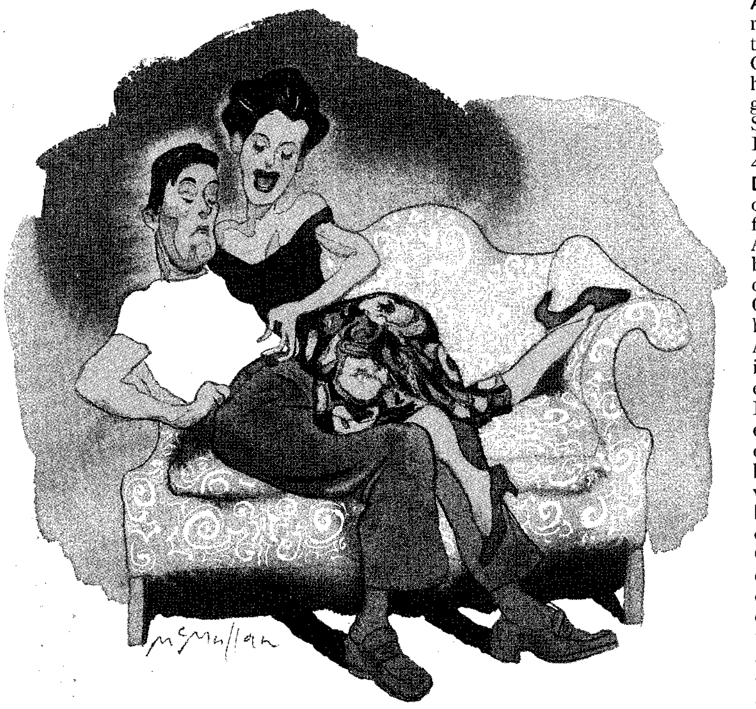
Beauty and the Beast—Disney's Broadway money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince. Directed by Robert Jess Roth. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

Carousel—Nicholas Hytner's authoritative direction combines with Bob Crowley's inspired sets to transplant the National Theatre's 1993 smash hit onto the Vivian Beaumont stage. Bold, beautiful, and controversial, this multicultural reinterpretation launches Rodgers and Hammerstein toward the twenty-first century. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

A Cheever Evening—A. R. Gurney's new play, based on eighteen short stories by John Cheever. With John Cunningham, Jack Gilpin, Julie Hagerty, Mary Beth Peil, Robert Stanton, and Jennifer Van Dyck. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

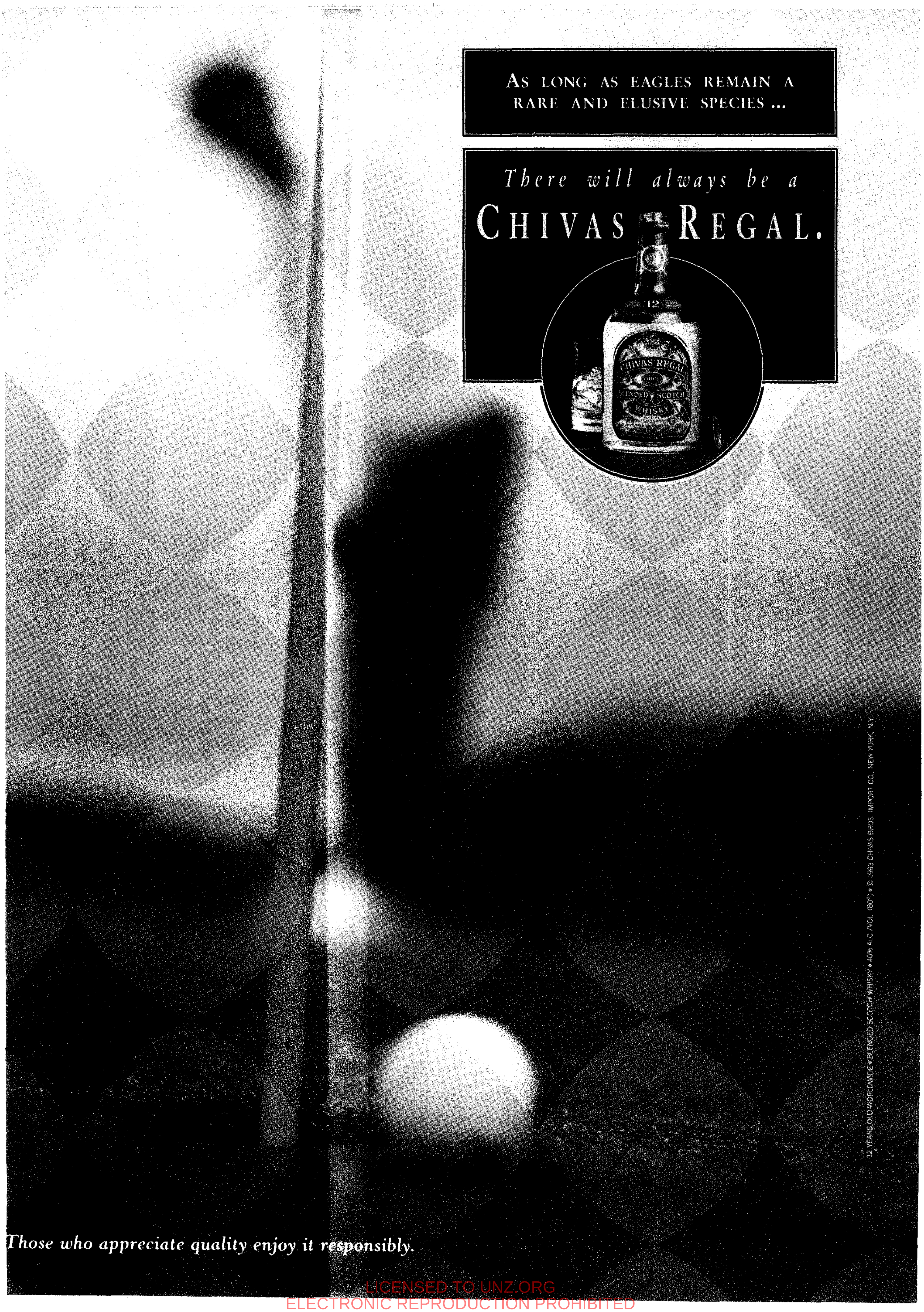
Damn Yankees—The big musical hit of 1955 is back, in its first Broadway revival. George Abbott and Douglass Wallop's book has been jarringly updated by the director, Jack O'Brien (with the help of the hundred-and-six-year-old Mr. Abbott). But the cast, which includes Victor Garber, delivers Richard Adler and Jerry Ross's music with sporty energy, and Rob Marshall has created some lively dance numbers. (4/4/94) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Down by the Ocean—P. J. Barry directs the York Theatre Company's production of his charming and punchy new comedy—the latest in his cycle of plays set in the fictional town of Jericho, Rhode Island—about four vacationing brothers-in-law who are bewitched and exasperated by the beautiful young woman next door. With Melina Kanakaredes and Sam Groom. (St. Peter's Church,



Jack Gilpin and Jennifer Van Dyck in "A Cheever Evening," at Playwrights Horizons.

JAMES McMULLAN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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-5820. Closes Oct. 23.)

FAITH JOURNEY—A gospel musical, set in the South during the civil-rights movement. Book and lyrics by Clarence Cuthbertson and George Broderick, who also wrote the music. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

FAUST/GASTRONOME and **AMERIKA**—East Coast Artists presents two plays in repertory. The first is a modern reworking of the Faust story, directed by Richard Schechner (through Oct. 22); the second is an adaptation of Kafka's novel (through Oct. 23). (Theatre of the Riverside Church, 91 Claremont Ave., at 121st St. For reservations, call 998-1630.)

FIRST NIGHT—Lannyl Stephens and Daniel McDonald in a romantic comedy by Jack Neary. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

GREASE!—The talented cast and the inventive production team show off the gleeful phonyness of Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's musical with unembarrassed affection, and the result is a fun fake that's not trying to pass as the real thing. Billy Porter blows the lid off the joint with his Little Richard-like rendition of "Beauty School Dropout." Maureen McCormick recently joined the cast as Rizzo. Jeff Calhoun directed and choreographed. (5/30/94) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

HYSTERICAL BLINDNESS AND OTHER SOUTHERN TRAGEDIES THAT HAVE PLAGUED MY LIFE THUS FAR—An autobiographical musical-comedy revue written by Leslie Jordan and starring Mark Baker. It's a tale of growing up Tennessean, thespian, and gay. Joe Patrick Ward's energetic musical numbers run the gamut from corn to gospel. (Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)

AN INSPECTOR CALLS—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The fine cast, which includes Kenneth Cranham, Philip Bosco, and Jane Adams, has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

JACKIE MASON: POLITICALLY INCORRECT—A former rabbi from a family of rabbis, Mason uses the stage as his bully pulpit. Behind his shtick, which is sometimes vulgar but always funny, is a fundamentalist disgust at the world's fraud, wickedness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. After a brief vacation, the show resumes performances on Oct. 11. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

JEAN COCTEAU REPERTORY—Presenting two shows in rotating repertory: "The Keepers," a drama by Barbara Lebow, set in Maine in the eighteen-fifties, and a modern-dress production of William Wycherley's seventeenth-century comedy "The Country Wife," directed by Tori Haring-Smith. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

JELLY ROLL!—Vernel Bagneris stars in a musical show about Jelly Roll Morton. With Morten Gunnar Larsen on piano. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 265-1086.)

KILLER JOE—A play by Tracy Letts about a violent Texas family. (29th Street Repertory Theatre, 212 W. 29th St. 465-0575.)

KING LEAR—The Pearl Theatre Company's first production in its bigger, better new home is this intelligent and lucid "Lear." The great foolishness is there, and the grief, but the light shed on the play is always temperate, never agonizing. Even as you're engaged by the fine cast, you may yearn for more intensity. With Robert Hock as Lear and Rachel Botchan as Cordelia. Directed by Shepard Sobel. (Theatre 80, at 80 St. Mark's Pl. 598-9802. Closes Oct. 22.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company puts its spin on Shakespeare's comedy, directed by, and starring, Everett Quinton. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

A MODEST PROPOSAL—A comedy by the French playwright Tilly, in a translation by Richard Miller. (Ubu Repertory Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 679-7562. Closes Oct. 23.)

PASSION—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's listless epistolary musical, in which the main characters spend much of their time singing love letters to and from each other. Jere Shea and Marin Mazzie are in fine voice as a dashing soldier and his lover, and Donna Murphy gives a stunning performance as Fosca, the predatory heroine. Lapine, who wrote the libretto, directed. (5/23/94) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME!—The Roundabout Theatre Company's revival of Brian Friel's 1966 play, with Pauline Flanagan, Robert Sean Leonard, Robert Stattel, and Jim True. Mr. Leonard leaves the cast after Oct. 16; Jay Snyder will take over for the remainder of the run. Joe Dowling directed. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Oct. 22.)

THE SECRETARIES—A comedy, set in the office of an Oregon lumber mill, written and performed by the Five Lesbian Brothers (Maureen Angelos, Babs Davy, Dominique Dibbell, Peg Healey, and Lisa Kron). The play is a sustained, amusing look at the fine line between aggression and assertiveness. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989. Closes Oct. 23.)

SHOW BOAT—The 1927 musical by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, in a new production directed by Harold Prince. With John McMartin, Elaine Stritch, Rebecca Luker, Lonette McKee, Mark Jacoby, and Michel Bell. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

STOMP—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments. The noise is terrific. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

TALKING PICTURES—The playwright Horton Foote applies his precise, sure touch to this drama about a household and its boarders, in a small South Texas town at the dawn of the Depression. A gentle pace and quiet tone almost conceal the jam-packed plot, which includes two weddings, two divorces, and a flesh wound. Directed by Carol Goodheart, "Talking Pictures" is blessed with a first-rate cast, including Hallie Foote. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200. Closes Oct. 23.)

THAT'S LIFE!—A seriocomic revue about the variety of Jewish life in America. Thirteen composers and lyricists collaborated on the twenty musical numbers. The choreography and direction are by Helen Butleroff. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

THREE TALL WOMEN—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. Jordan Baker and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes are also in the cast. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

ANGELS IN AMERICA: "Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **FAMILY SECRETS:** Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. A hiatus begins after Oct. 16. "Nunsense 2: The Sequel" opens on Oct. 21, and after a couple of months the two shows will run in repertory. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

DANCE

Catalytic Agent

At 219 West Nineteenth Street (between Seventh and Eighth), a sign for the Koenig Iron Works serves as the ad-hoc marquee for Dance Theatre Workshop. Now celebrating thirty years of service to the dance world—and, more recently, to various other performance arts—this increasingly complex outfit is the fiefdom of David R. White, executive director and producer. White, who came of age in the sixties and is known for his wild energy, currently oversees more than two hundred performances a year at D.T.W.'s Bessie Schönberg Theatre.

The current offering, "Danza Sin Fronteras"—a "co-presented, guest-curated" program of work by young Mexican choreographers now completing yearlong residencies in New York—exemplifies White's inclusive approach. White did not set out to be downtown's Diaghilev—or, for that matter, hipdom's Hurok. It wasn't his intention to serve on panels and advisory committees, developing what he calls "catalytic support structures which promote practical collaborations." White was born in New York and grew up in Florida. He set out to be an artist, first venturing onto the scene as a student filmmaker, and then as a dancer. Nonetheless, it was a quick hop from the stage to the office, where he has spent twenty eventful years. "It wasn't because I wanted to administer," he says. "In fact, I still don't." And, with that, he's off to take his next meeting.

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Oct. 12 at 8, Oct. 15 at 2, and Oct. 16 at 7:30: "Aureole," "A Field of Grass," "Funny Papers" (première), and "Sunset." . . . ¶ Oct. 13 and Oct. 15 at 8: "Minikin Fair," "Spindrift," and "Moonbine." . . . ¶ Oct. 14 and Oct. 18 at 8: "Diggity," "Big Bertha," "Profiles," and "Syzygy." . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 3: "Spindrift," "Big Bertha," "A Field of Grass," and "Syzygy." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Through Oct. 23.)

Smuin Ballets/SF—Michael Smuin's newly formed company performs "Dances with Songs." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 12-14 at 8, Oct. 15 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 16 at 2 and 7:30.)

Saburo Teshigawara and Karas—The Japanese choreographer and his company present "Noiject" at the Next Wave Festival. (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. Oct. 12 at 7, Oct. 14-15 at 8, and Oct. 16 at 3.)

"Danza Sin Fronteras"—A program of work by Mexican choreographers and American dancers. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Oct. 13-15 at 8 and Oct. 16 at 3.)

Amir Hosseinpor Dance Company—Offering "Is That All There Is?," a theatre/dance work, starring Liliane Montevecchi. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Oct. 13-15 at 8 and Oct. 16 at 3 and 8. Through Oct. 23.)

Nederlands Dans Theater I—As part of the Next Wave Festival, the company commences its engagement with "Kaguyahime" (New York première), performed with Japanese drummers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Oct. 17 at 7 and Oct. 18 at 8. Through Oct. 22.)

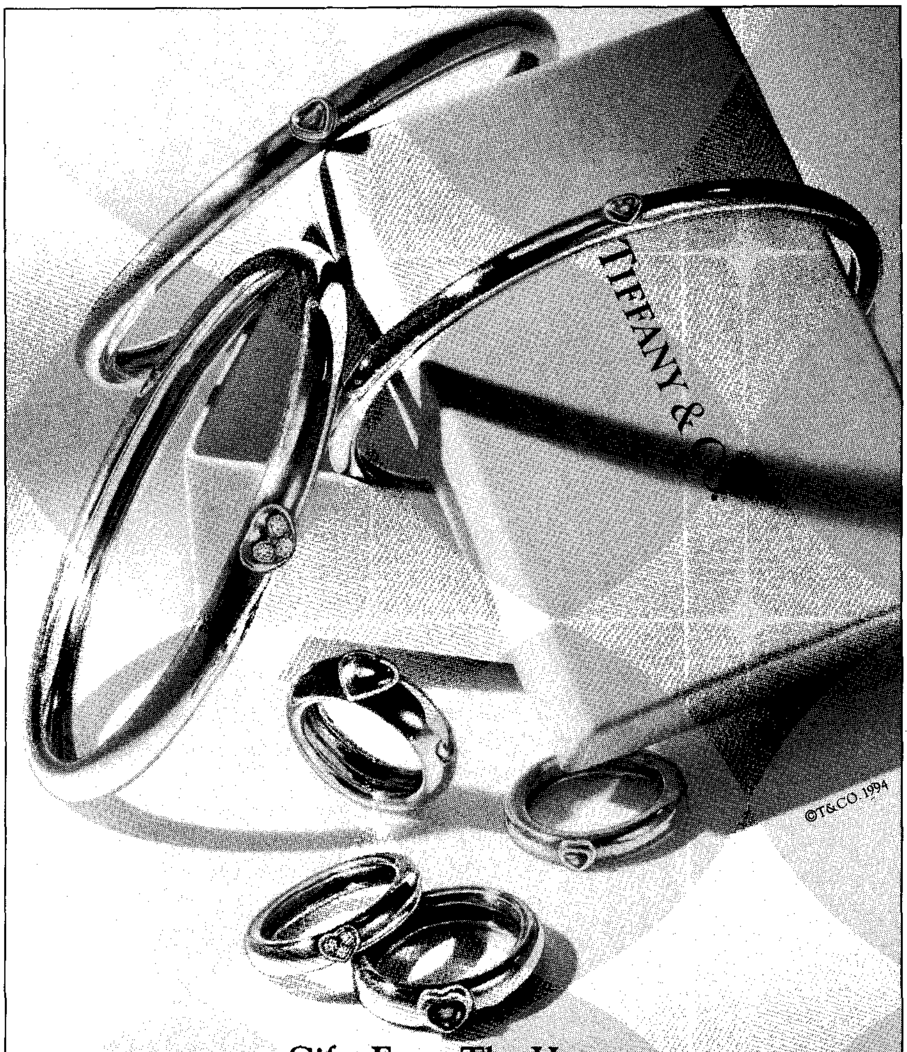
NIGHT LIFE

Guit Course

Junior Brown is something of a country-and-Western throwback. The forty-one-year-old Indiana cowboy, who has a flair for songs about heartbreak, hillbillies, and fools, is an old-fashioned basso-profundo crooner with a salty, poker-faced delivery that owes more to Ernest Tubb than to Randy Travis. Unlike a lot of country singers, Junior has a sense of humor; he can laugh at himself and at the bizarre characters that populate his propulsive, guitar-driven material.

And boy, can Junior play the guitar! His fearsome-looking instrument is called the guit-steel: a device of his own invention, it's a cross between a Fender Bullet and an old lap steel guitar. The guit-steel allows Brown to switch from rapid-fire chicken pickin' to delicate slide work in the course of a single bar. Brown is also fond of that old Bo Diddley trick of plucking a guitar string and then detuning it until it's moaning low and flapping in the breeze. And he knows as much about Hendrix as he does about Haggard. "Sugarfoot Rag," an instrumental cut from Brown's second record, "Guit with It," ends with a lick from Hendrix' version of "All Along the Watchtower."

Brown, who now lives in Austin, is a family man. His rhythm guitarist and backing vocalist, whom he invariably



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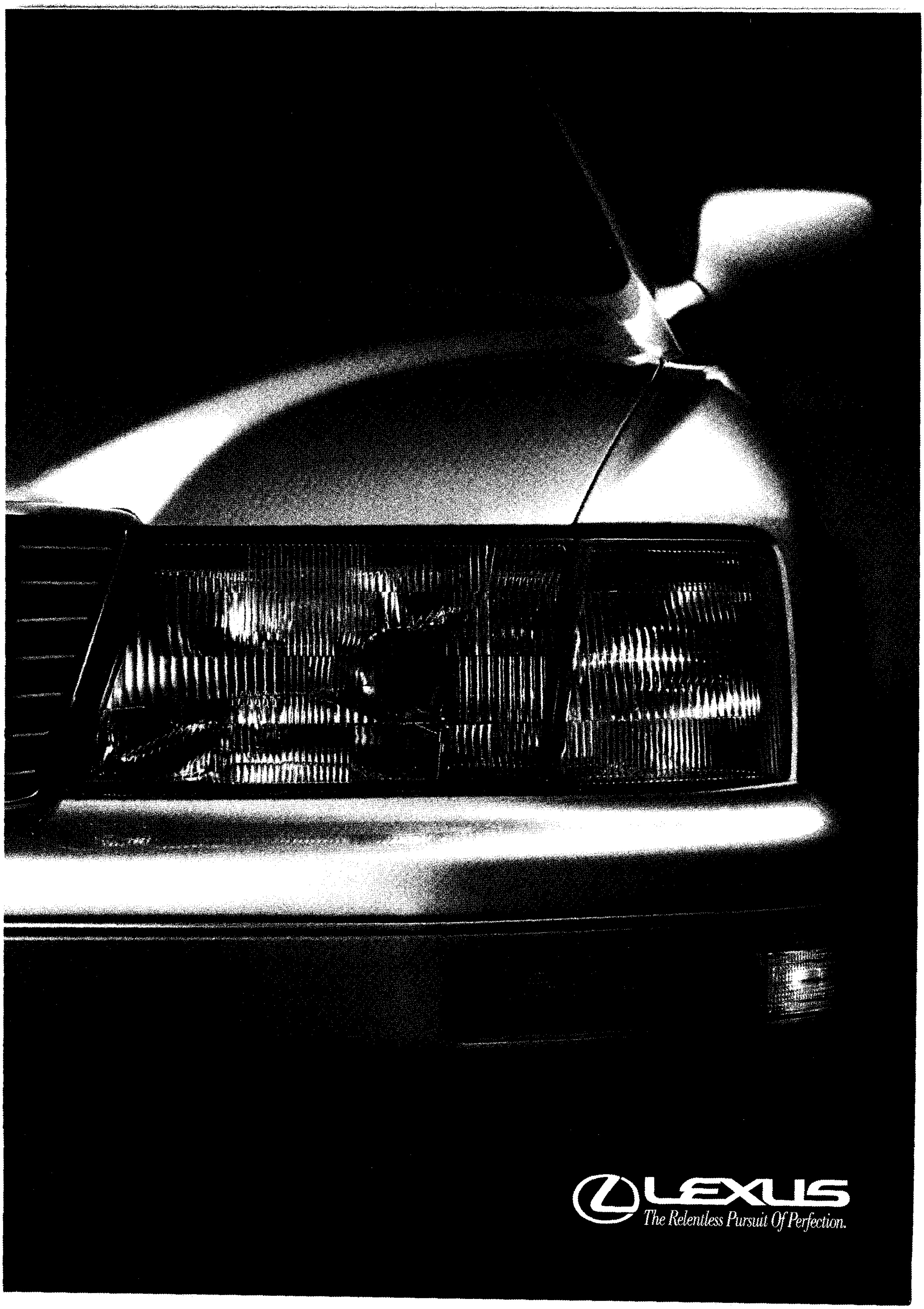
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introduces onstage as "the lovely Miss Tanya Rae," also happens to be his wife. The two met when Brown was teaching guitar at Rogers State College, in Oklahoma, where she was his student. It was love at first sight; as Junior puts it, "I kept her after class." They'll be teaching together this Saturday at the Mercury Lounge.

CONCERTS

Carnegie Hall Jazz Band—The first concert of the season is "Count Basie Revisited: 1936-1994." The paradigm of big-band swing, Count Basie's group set standards that all large jazz aggregates aspire to. With horn sections that bark and shake in time and purring rhythm mates, this seasoned group has a chance to summon the ghost of Kansas City's finest. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 13 at 8.)

Sandra Bernhard & the Strap-Ons—There's always reason for skepticism when an actor or comedian embarks on a musical career. Take Don Johnson or Cybill Shepherd—*please.* Happily, Sandra Bernhard has the good sense to keep her formidable tongue firmly in her cheek. "Excuses for Bad Behavior, Part 1," the album she's promoting on this tour, is littered with droll asides and delightfully warped variations on everyone from the Rolling Stones to Andrew Lloyd Webber. (You haven't lived till you've heard Bernhard's the-customer-comes-last escapades on a number called "Phone Sex.") As for Bernhard's singing—well, it's more consistently on pitch than her ex-buddy Madonna's, but that's not why you're going to see her, anyway. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Oct. 13-14 at 8.)

Richard Thompson—Thompson's most recent album, "Mirror Blue," ranks with his best work, and on a brand-new release called "Beat the Retreat" you can hear artists from Bonnie Raitt to R.E.M. to Dinosaur Jr. covering songs from his vast repertoire. Still, it's always best to catch this amazing guitarist and singer live, when his skills as a performer and raconteur shine as brightly as his songwriting. (St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. Oct. 15 and Oct. 17 at 8.)

Jazz at Lincoln Center—Presenting "Blues and Roots: The Music of Charles Mingus." The fervent imagination of Charles Mingus sucked in music of all kinds—blues, gospel, classical, and jazz, from its infancy to the avant-garde. A handpicked band featuring Mingus vets Jimmy Knepper, Charles McPherson, and Don Pullen, as well as Joe Lovano and Charnett Moffett, will contend with it. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Oct. 15 at 8.)

The Jazz Passengers—Though they still enjoy a joke more than your average band, these days the Jazz Passengers take themselves quite seriously as musicians—a fact that has helped them survive while other eighties downtown figures have fallen. At their least affected, the Passengers make clever, uncategorizable music. And they have a formidable soloist in vibist Bill Ware. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Oct. 15 at 8:30.)

American Jazz Philharmonic—With Sergio Salvatore, Gerry Mulligan, and Wallace Rooney. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Oct. 12 at 8. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert, starting at 11.)

Ruth Brown—With the jazz quintet Straight Ahead. (Baruch College Auditorium, 17 Lexington Ave., at 23rd St. Oct. 13 at 1 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

Marilyn Crispell/Spanish Fly—Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 13 at 8.

Luis Miguel—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-7800. Oct. 13-16 at 8.

Grateful Dead—Madison Square Garden. 465-6741. Oct. 13-15 and Oct. 17-19 at 7:30.

Le Mystère des Voix Bulgares—The Bulgarian Television Female Vocal Choir. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Oct. 14 at 8.)

New York Singer-Songwriter Festival—With Freedy Johnston, Rory Block, Dougie MacLean, David Wilcox, Julie Gold, and others, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 14 at 8.)

Little Anthony & the Imperials/Martha Reeves & the Vandellas/Wil Hart & the Delfonics—Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. Oct. 15 at 7 and 11.

Black Umfolosi—Presenting a-cappella songs and dances of Zimbabwe. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Oct. 15 at 8.)

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Through Oct. 15, in the woody nook known as the Oak Room, **lois walden** offers "A Woman's Intuition." **weslia whitfield** begins an engagement on Oct. 18. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and Johnny Parker, weekends to the Freddy Francis trio, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—Comedienne **joy behar** continues through Oct. 15. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The popular fusion outfit **spyro gyra** is here through Oct. 16. Starting Oct. 18: **lionel hampton & the golden men of jazz.** Dining.

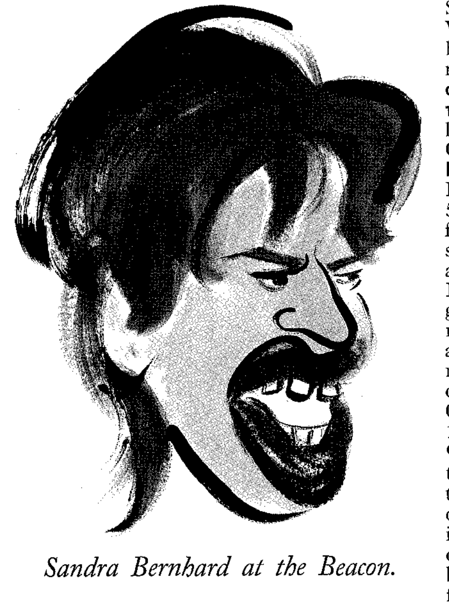
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Singer **kevin mahogany** joins forces with pianist **james williams** and bassist **curtis lundy,** through Oct. 15. As a rule, Bradley's doesn't feature singers, but for Mahogany, a big man with a big voice, they'll make an exception. Beginning Oct. 17: the **idris muhammad** trio. Muhammad swings, hard. When this live-wire drummer gets moving behind a band, the effect is like a string of firecrackers exploding on the beat. Bandmates, no matter the calibre, become secondary; when Muhammad's on, he's the show. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, through Oct. 15, **barbara cook,** backed up by **wally harper,** her longtime pianist and arranger. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **ronny whyte** presides at the piano through Oct. 15. **barbara carroll** begins an extended run on Oct. 18.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—The **martin arroyo** quintet plays through Oct. 13. On Oct. 14-16, **rebecca coupe franks** is here. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **les paul** leads a trio. Dining.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—The **mingus big band** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotch, and fine jazz seven nights a week. Wednesdays through Saturdays, **donald johnston** is the featured pianist. Dining.



Sandra Bernhard at the Beacon.

Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—The **martin arroyo** quartet swings over on Oct. 14. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through Oct. 15: saxophonist **donald harrison** teams up with pianist **cyrus chestnut.** Everyone loves a reunion, and this one promises to be particularly rewarding. Chestnut, whose own star is currently ascending, sowed his oats in Harrison's band a few years back; since then his former boss has continued to mature, setting aside licks in favor of weightier musical ideas. Singer **nnenna freelon** begins on Oct. 18. Freelon hasn't yet become the jazz diva she was touted as a while back, but with a new release, "Heritage," and a couple of years of refining her stagecraft, she's ready to give it another shot.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist **john hicks** and bassist **mickey bass** form a twosome on Oct. 12-13, and become a threesome on Oct. 14-15, when **elyse woods** joins in. Vocalist **tess marsalis** is in on Oct. 16.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Oct. 13: **tim berne.** Oct. 16: John Zorn's ongoing punk-jazz marathon, **cobra. marty ehrlich** is here on Oct. 18. Ehrlich, a master of multiple wind instruments, leads a smart, passionate new jazz ensemble predicated on opulent lyricism, form, and group interplay. The intense listening that goes on within this group—which includes the excellent Boston-based saxophonist Stan Strickland and the bassist Michael Formanek—adds to its power.

Le Madeleine, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great **gene bertoncini** lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro with his simmering melodicism and chordal grace. On Mondays, **john wallowitch** and **bertram ross** present an evening of cabaret and standards.

Metropolis, 31 Union Square W. (675-2300)—The **jimmy smith** quartet holds court on Oct. 13-16. Monday nights, catch **con-tri-bution,** a reggae-tinged jazz collective. Tuesdays are given over to the **george gee orchestra,** a seventeen-piece swing band.

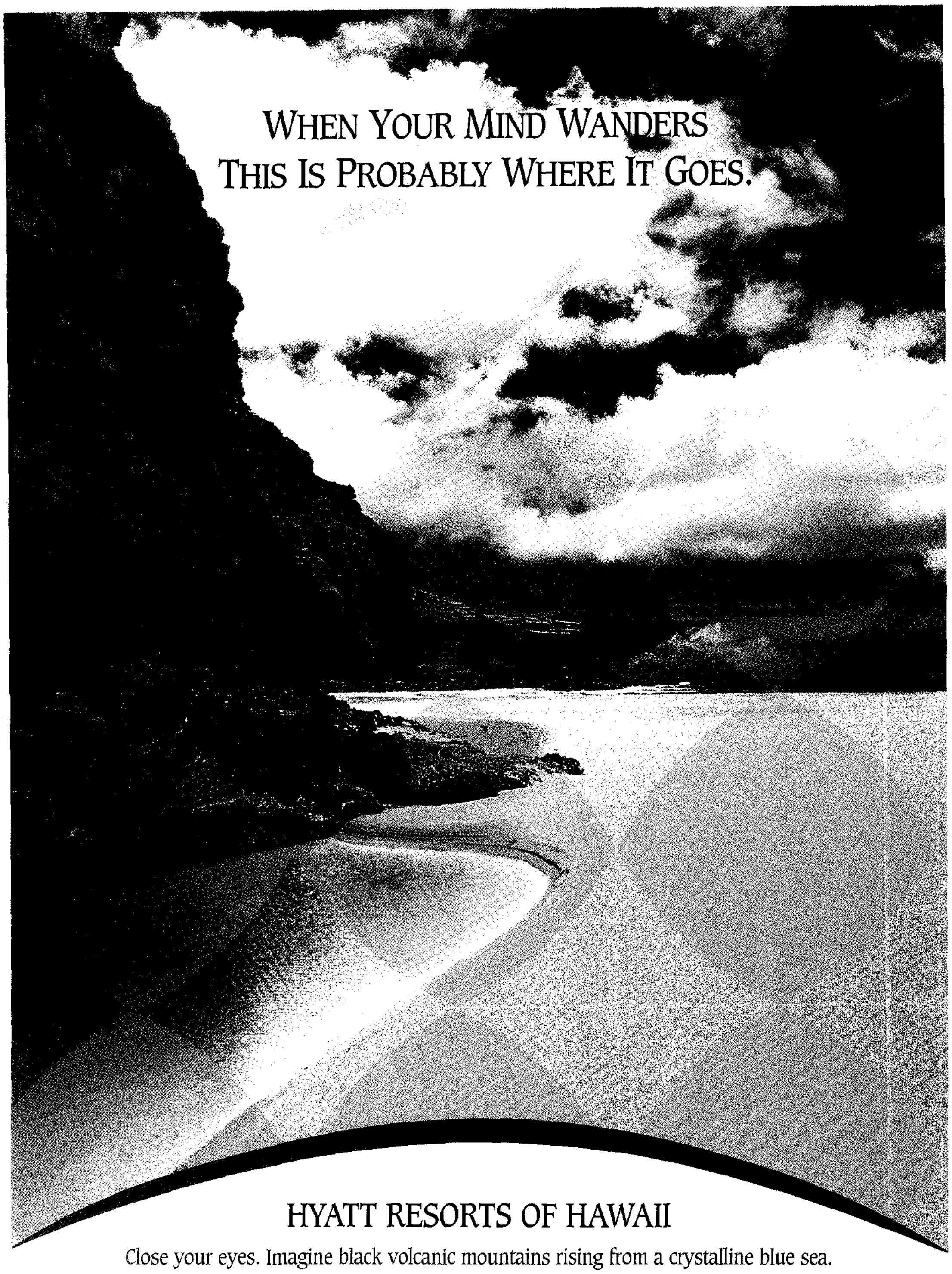
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Vocalist/pianist **hadda brooks** entertains every Tuesday through Saturday. On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **new orleans funeral and ragtime orchestra,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. Sleek cabaret deity **karen akers** completes her run on Oct. 15. Beginning Oct. 18: **amanda mc broom.** . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor and swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Michael Andrew and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Thursdays belong to Stan Rubin's big band and Phoebe Légère; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and the Kit McClure sextet; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Borscht, blini, and other things to make the heart beat faster. Oct. 16: A night of cabaret hosted by **margaret whiting.**

DEMETRIOS PSILLOS



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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The **T. S. MONK** sextet continues through Sept. 11. Beginning Sept. 13: the **CEDAR WALTON** trio. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tatou, 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144)—The **NAT JONES** trio entertains every weekend. The rest of the week, a saucy cabaret revue called "Just for Kicks." Dining.

Junior Brown at the Mercury Lounge.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—The **ILLINOIS JACQUET BIG BAND** is here through Oct. 16. Since Jacquet, a journeyman survivor, put this outfit together in 1983, it has become a smooth, highly popular group, easy to dance to and most notable for the sound of its leader's tenor sax. **JIMMY SCOTT** arrives on Oct. 18.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** quartet continues through Oct. 16. It took Hutcherson to translate the modernist grammar of sixties jazz onto the vibraphone. He's at his best when he glides into the spare, mysterious ruminations perfected on classics like Eric Dolphy's "Out to Lunch." Hutcherson also loves to strut his piston-mallet stuff on up-tempo numbers. Starting Oct. 18: **JOE LOVANO.** The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—The **VICTOR LEWIS** quintet plays on Oct. 12-15. Lewis can usually be found charting the rhythmic waters with his meticulous drumming as a member of Bobby Watson's Horizon band. A peerless team player and a refined composer as well, Lewis has shown considerable smarts as a leader on his own recordings. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Through Oct. 15: a trio featuring **BOB KINDRED** (sax), **BILL MAYS** (piano), and **DAVID FINCK** (bass). On Oct. 17: pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **CALVIN HILL** begin a one-week run.

ROCK, ETC.

Academy, 234 W. 43rd St.—**WIDESPREAD PANIC** arrives on Oct. 18, with the Freddy Jones Band. For concert information, call 249-8870.

A.K.A., 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Oct. 14: **JAZZHOLE.** The last time this excellent acid-jazz ensemble performed here, the huge band (which includes three vocalists, two rappers, and more than ten musicians) nearly fell off the stage. But the crowd was having too good a time to notice.

Blarney Star, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night. On Oct. 14: accordion and guitar with **DONAL MURPHY** and **BENNY O'CARROL.**

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**BUSTER POINDEXTER & HIS BANSHEES OF BLUE** are in the house on Oct. 14. On Oct. 15: folk heroine **LAURA NYRO** pays a visit.

Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (429-8392)—**PILLBOX** returns on Oct. 14, followed by the **ORPHANS** on Oct. 15. The **POSIES** play an acoustic set on Oct. 17, with Denzil.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—Oct. 14: **HOOKFOOT,** followed by young folkie **BOBBY RADCLIFF,** on Oct. 15.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Oct. 12 belongs to **PINK THING,** a savage little combo that features former members of the Psychedelic Furs and X-Ray Spex. . . . ¶ Next door, at CB's Gallery, **REBECCA MARTIN** stops by on Oct. 13.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—A new palace dedicated to the music of the Windy City. Oct 12-15 belongs to **BIG TIME SARAH AND THE BTS EXPRESS.**

Cleopatra Supper Club, 327 W. 44th St (262-1111)—Live music, belly dancing, and an honest-to-God whirling dervish, every Wednesday through Sunday.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—Every Monday in October, Sonic Youth guitarist **LEE RANALDO** curates a free evening of noise and art. Wednesday nights are given over to experimental d.j. spinoffs.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—The fabulous **LADY BUNNY** is your hostess every Tuesday night.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Kaptain Banana, 101 Greene St. (343-9000)—*French cabaret en traveste returns to SoHo.* Ten dancers re-create the Court of Versailles, a carnival in Rio, Marlene Dietrich, and the Andrews Sisters. There's also a singing gorilla. Dining.

Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—Oct. 16: A metal-friendly bill featuring Leeway, Warzone, and Code 6. Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The **JUDYBATS,** a band of winning Australian popsters, are here on Oct. 16, to play tunes from their catchy new album, "Full Empty."

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Former J. Geils front man **PETER WOLF** swings by on Oct. 12. Check out **JUNIOR BROWN** on Oct. 15, with his guest Lazy Boy. On Oct. 16: **ENUFF Z'NUFF** offers its highly derivative but often ingratiating brand of Beatle-esque hard rock.

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** usually plays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

Les Poulets, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and the occasional cha-cha. Oct. 14: **TITO RODRIGUEZ, JR.** Dining.

Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—**PAVEMENT,** playing here on Oct. 15, is yet another band with a taste for clumsy arrangements, guitars that sound like they were recorded over vacuum cleaners, and self-flagellating lyrics, but the noise is tempered by the pleading voice of Stephen Malkmus, who has a knack for wrapping despair in a simple K-tel melody. With Guided by Voices and David Kilgour. On Oct. 18: **BOB DYLAN** begins a three-night engagement. His Bobness performs in our area rather sporadically nowadays, and word is that his live show is in peak form. Not to be missed. Also, be sure to catch opening act **SHERYL CROW,** whose current album, "Tuesday Night Music Club," is full of smart, sexy tunes. (You've heard at least one of them, the breezy hit single "All I Wanna Do.") In concert, Crow's raw-whiskey soprano sounds even stronger than it does on disk, with definite traces of Bonnie and Janis.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—**JOE LOUIS WALKER** stops by on Oct. 12. Oct. 13: **BABA OLATUNJI & DRUMS OF PASSION.** The great English ska band **SELECTER** performs on Oct. 16. Tuesday nights, S.O.B.'s presents Soul Kitchen, an evening of seventies funk and R. & B. for devotees of Don Cornelius. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—**FREEDY JOHNSTON** appears on Oct. 13. Johnston is a young singer-songwriter from Kansas, who has already produced a remarkable batch of tough, literate, haunting songs. He brings a country-punk spirit to folk-rock music, and his recent album, "This Perfect World," was one of this year's keepers. Thursday nights belong to **GIANT STEP,** a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Get out your washboard: **BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO** is in the house on Oct. 13. On Oct. 14: **CHUCK BROWN & THE SOUL SEARCHERS,** with the **P-FUNK HORNS.**

Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—The **JUDYBATS** play on Oct. 13, with Talking to Animals.

• •

RECORD STORE ARRIVALS

A selection from the fall harvest of new pop releases.

R.E.M., "Monster" (Warner Bros.).

SINÉAD O'CONNOR, "Universal Mother" (Chrysalis/EMI).

LYLE LOVETT, "I Love Everybody" (MCA).

ERIC CLAPTON, "From the Cradle" (Reprise).

ROBBIE ROBERTSON & THE RED ROAD ENSEMBLE, "Music for the Native Americans" (Capitol).

THE CRANBERRIES, "No Need to Argue" (Island).

LIZ PHAIR, "Whip-Smart" (Matador).

GRANT LEE BUFFALO, "Mighty Joe Moon" (Slash/Reprise).

BRYAN FERRY, "Mamouna" (Virgin).

AMERICAN MUSIC CLUB, "San Francisco" (Reprise).

NANCI GRIFFITH, "Flyer" (Elektra).

"PULP FICTION: THE ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK" (MCA).

D GENERATION, "D Generation" (Chrysalis).

"BEAT THE RETREAT: SONGS BY RICHARD THOMPSON" (Capitol).

BARBRA STREISAND, "The Concert" (Columbia).

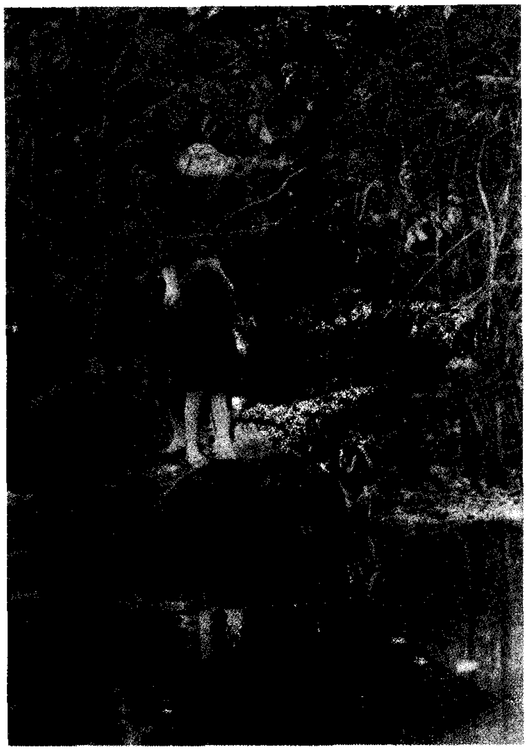
MARY CHAPIN CARPENTER, "Stones in the Road" (Columbia).

DEAD CAN DANCE, "Toward the Within" (4AD).

SUGAR, "File Under Easy Listening" (Ryko).

FATIMA MANSIONS, "Lost in the Former West" (Radioactive).

WARD SCHUMAKER



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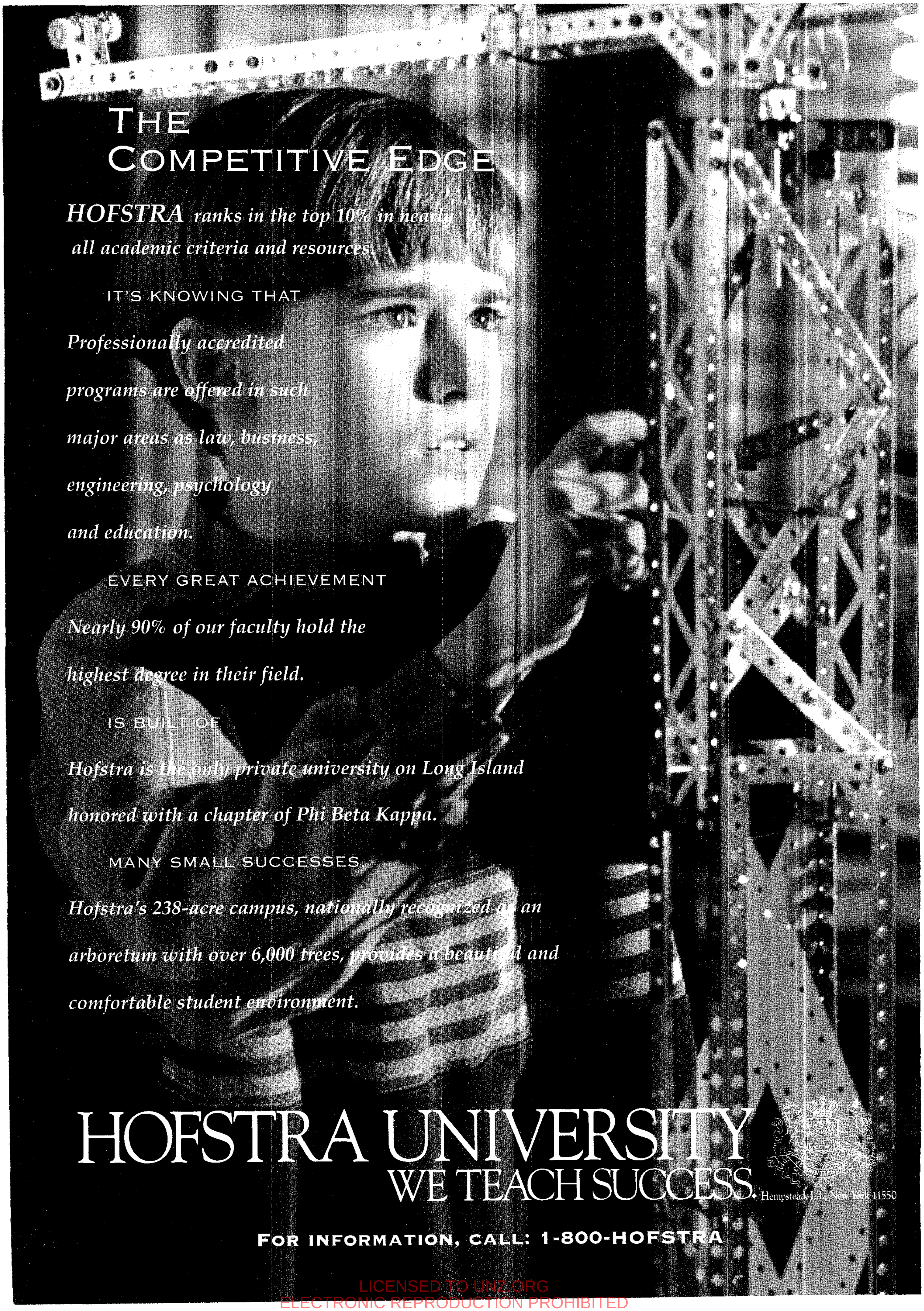

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ART

The Prodigal

CY TWOMBLY'S reputation has come a long way since the late fifties, when Alfred Barr, the Museum of Modern Art's founding director, accused him of trying to kill painting. Now, three and a half decades later, a retrospective of Twombly's work presides serenely at the Modern, following a deafening wave of pre-opening hype. The quiet aftermath is definitely an improvement; fawning superlatives tend to distort the achievement of an artist who started out as an irritant and a wild card. Twombly adapted the bold gestural rhetoric of Kline, Pollock, and de Kooning, recasting it as nervous, fibrillating graffiti, but he never quite fell into place in the pantheon of modern art. His art remained suspended between antiquity and modernity, elegance and vulgarity, childishness and hypersophistication, and his uncertain stance was his strength. In a sense, Twombly earned his relative obscurity.

The newly coined image of Twombly as a suave purveyor of the exquisite is contradicted by the paintings themselves, in which Twombly often embraces a liberating baseness. Countless renderings of phalluses and orifices occur in his work. As early as 1955, in "Academy," the artist embedded a four-letter word in his tense skein of spiky and looping lines—scholastic discourse interrupted by rude graffiti. Elsewhere, Twombly's discreet reserve redoubles the force of his submerged erotic iconography. His stealthy irreverence was an affront to Barr's modernist establishment; it restored the art of painting while it dispelled the fog of piety.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Willem de Kooning: Paintings." . . . ¶ "The Photographs of Édouard Baldus: Landscapes and Monuments of France." Shots from the nineteenth century. . . . ¶ "Ominous Hush: The Thunderstorm Paintings of Martin Johnson Heade." . . . ¶ "Origins of Impressionism" begins with paintings seen at the historic and influential Salon of 1859 and includes nudes, landscapes, and still-lifes. . . . ¶ Gowns, daywear, and costume jewelry by Mme. Grès, a French designer active from 1930 to 1988, are on display in the Costume Institute. . . . ¶ "Pharaoh's Gifts: Stone Vessels from Ancient Egypt." . . . ¶ "Four Silk Kashan Rugs." In the sixteenth century, the Persian city of Kashan produced magnificent silk carpets, only twenty of which have survived; four of them belong to the Met. Displayed together for the first time, they provide a rare glimpse into a vanished world of imperial splendor. . . . ¶ "Divine Protection: Batak Art of North Sumatra." Seventy primarily wooden works from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, ranging from puppets to a three-inch-square ritual book. . . . ¶ The roof garden is open through the end of October. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Mapping" features some twenty works of art that incorporate maps. . . . ¶ "American Politicians: Photographs from 1843 to 1993," including one of Abraham Lincoln by Mathew Brady. . . . ¶ "Cy Twombly: A Retrospective." (A concurrent show of his works is at the Gagosian gallery.) . . . ¶ "The Prints of Louise Bourgeois." On the tail of the Brooklyn Museum's retrospective, this exhibit focusses on the artist's etchings and lithographs, including "He Disappeared Into Complete Silence" (1946-47) and "Ste. Sebastienne" (1992). (There are two installations by Bourgeois at the Blum gallery.) (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Italian Metamorphosis, 1943-68." (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, from 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO, 575 Broadway—"Japanese Art After 1945: Scream Against the Sky." (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Jess: A Grand Collage, 1951-1993." Jess's world has room for everything. The quirky Bay Area collagist and painter's work falls into three categories. The collages are dense phantasmagorias, painstakingly pieced together from the artist's enormous collection of visual sources. "Salvages" are found canvases over which he has painted a second image. The "Translations," the most technically accomplished works, are heavily impastoed oils that faithfully transfer onto canvas found images such as Victorian engravings, a photograph of the Beatles, medical illustrations, etc. . . . ¶ "Neil Jenney: Natural Rationalism." Five paintings, including "North America Abstracted" (1978-80), that illustrate Jenney's response to the American landscape tradition. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Royal Tombs of

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“Sipán.” Gold, silver, and gilded copper objects of the Moche, a pre-Inca civilization of northern Peru and one of the world's major ancient civilizations. The curators are probably right to identify Sipán as the richest burial site ever excavated in the New World. . . . ¶ “Empires Beyond the Great Wall: The Heritage of Genghis Khan.” The exhibit includes documents, ornamental plates, weapons, and silk garments from the steppes. There are also full-sized replicas of a Mongolian nobleman's recently excavated tomb and a modern yurt. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—“Realms of Heroism: Indian Paintings at the Brooklyn Museum.” Opens Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Dale Chihuly's “The Brooklyn Wall,” an installation of blown glass, is on view in the lobby. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway—“Hell: Luis Cruz Azaceta, Selected Works, 1978-93.” Nineteen paintings that deal with AIDS, homelessness, and other contemporary issues, by a native of Cuba; a selection of Azaceta's drawings is also on view. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—“An Enduring Legacy: The Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd Collection.” (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—“Cartographies: 14 Artists from Latin America.” (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

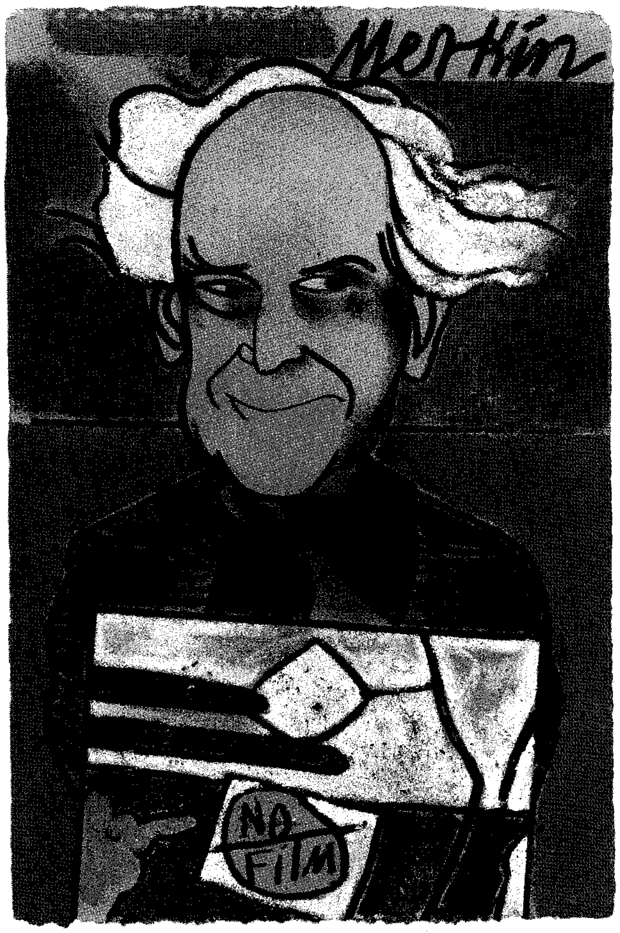
Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—“Good Offices and Beyond: The Evolution of the Workplace” focusses on how the offices of the seventies and eighties incorporated the technological advances of those decades. . . . ¶ “The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism in the Applied Arts 1880-1930.” Selected ceramics, magazine covers, and glassware, among other objects, detail a period of increasing industrialization in Europe. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St.—“Worlds Envisioned: Alighiero e Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré.” . . . ¶ “Andy Warhol: The Last Supper Paintings.” As a team, Andy and Leonardo go all the way back to the early sixties and Warhol's multiple compositions of the “Mona Lisa.” This series, done just before Warhol died in 1986, includes “Sixty Last Suppers,” a huge silkscreen multiple in classic Warhol style, and another huge canvas that combines bits and pieces of the Leonardo, which are hand-drawn (with the aid of a projector) and then painted in flat patches of color, like a paint-by-number picture. A mental comparison with Warhol's early astonishingly original “Do It Yourself” series, from 1962, makes these paintings a little depressing, and more than a little poignant. . . . ¶ Irish artist James Coleman's “Projected Images, 1972-94” includes “La Tache Aveugle,” “Seeing for Oneself,” and “I.N.I.T.I.A.L.S.” . . . ¶ “Rest,” by Franz West, an installation of twenty-seven couches on the center's roof. . . . ¶ Work by Dan Graham. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ At 393 West Broadway—Walter De Maria's “The Broken Kilometer.” . . . ¶ At 141 Wooster St.—De Maria's “The New York Earth Room.” (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Sèvres porcelain, Limoges enamel, and paintings by Vermeer, Rembrandt, Whistler, and El Greco are all on view in this former residence of Henry Clay Frick (1849-1919). (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.—“Double Realities,” photographs by Miyase Ceren, who uses photomontage to combine images. Through Oct. 15. (Open Tuesdays and Thursdays, noon to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—“Jewish Life in Tsarist Russia: A World Rediscovered.” . . . ¶ “Mario Cavaglieri: The Glittering Years, 1912-1922” features thirty-six paintings, both interiors and portraits, by Cavaglieri (1887-1969), an Italian Jew, whose work recalls the bright colors and thick brushwork of the Fauves. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)



Manny Farber at Frumkin-Adams.

RICHARD MERKIN

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—“The Thaw Collection: Master Drawings and New Acquisitions.” The word “great” is overused in the art world: it should be reserved for occasions like this one. Eugene and Clare Thaw's drawing collection, a promised gift to the Morgan, ranges freely from Mantegna to Jackson Pollock, with one unifying characteristic: irreproachably high quality. Albrecht Altdorfer's tiny drawing of lovers in a landscape is rendered with breathtaking precision; G. D. Tiepolo's flawless “Last Illness of Punchinello” will make you laugh out loud. All the major schools are represented, but the French drawings are especially fine, from a sparkling gouache of the Villa d'Este, by Fragonard, to Étienne Louis Boullée's highly finished drawing of a visionary library. Not to mention the Cézannes. This is the only major drawing exhibition in New York this season, and it really *is* great. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway—“Exhibition-*ism*: Museums and African Art.” Opens Oct. 14. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—“Every Picture Tells a Story: Word and Image in American Folk Art.” Everything from a pre-Revolutionary illustrated birth certificate to a more contemporary text: “Try Me,” painted on tin roofing. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—“City Farmers: Operation Green-Thumb.” Opens Oct. 12. . . . ¶ “Beals' Bohemians: Photographs by Jessie Tarbox Beals.” Greenwich Village during the early nineteen-hundreds, as captured by America's first woman photojournalist. . . . ¶ “Modern Metropolis” includes more than two dozen vintage prints of New York, from the early part of this century. Through Oct. 18. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New Museum, 583 Broadway—“Visiting Hours: An Installation by Bob Flanagan in Collaboration with Sheree Rose.” Flanagan, who has cystic fibrosis, will hold public visiting hours from his hospital-bed installation, where he will be available to discuss his illness and masochism. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—“e.e. cummings @ 100: A Centennial Exhibition.” Opens Oct. 14. . . . ¶ “The Raw and the Cooked: Images of Food from the Renaissance to the Present.” On the menu are a Dürer engraving of Adam and Eve sharing an apple, and a Berenice Abbott photograph of potatoes. . . . ¶ “Broken Rules and Double Crosses: Ken Campbell, an Artist's Books.” (Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—“Composers Recordings, Inc.: Forty Years of Discovery, 1954-94.” . . . ¶ “New Performance in Found Spaces: Documentary Photographs by Tom Brazil and Dona Ann McAdams” features Brazil and McAdams' pictures of performance art from the early seventies to today, as well as black-and-white shots by Peter Moore (1932-1994) of “happenings.” (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Works from every period of the Japanese-American sculptor's life (1904-88) are installed in a garden and open-air galleries carved from, and added to, an old photo-engraving factory. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City—“Alternating 1 to 100 and vice versa.” A project, based on grids and mathematical equations, of the Italian Conceptualist Alighiero e Boetti. . . . ¶ “The Winter of Love.” From the editors of the Parisian magazine *Purple Prose* comes a continually changing, multitheme show. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—The first exhibit in the museum's newly refurbished and expanded home is “Louis Armstrong: A Cultural Legacy.” Original recordings, a trumpet from the twenties, and work by Stuart Davis, Weegee, and Annie Leibovitz, among others, chronicle

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ART—Cont'd

the life of America's most famous trumpeter. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

SCHOMBURG CENTER, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"Invoking the Spirit: Worship Traditions in the African World." Photographs by Chester Higgins, Jr. . . . ¶ "Art in the Service of the Lord: Sacred Art of the Black Church." Contemporary art with religious themes. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOCRATES SCULPTURE PARK, Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City—"International '94" includes work by Gunilla Bandolin, Mark di Suvero, and Nancy Rubins. (Open daily, 10 to sunset.)

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM, 207 Front St.—"Nantucket and the China Trade." Opens Oct. 15. (Open daily, 10 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—"From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1993-94" features work by Bright Bimpong, Russell Malcolm Hamilton, and Marilyn Nance. Opens Oct. 18. . . . ¶ "Hale Woodruff Memorial Exhibition–Curators' Choice." The third in a series, in which the work of little-known African-American artists is selected for exhibition by curators from around the United States. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following lists lead off with new shows.)

RAINER FETTING—Paintings of New York cityscapes, flowers, and nudes, by a German artist. Opens Oct. 14. Through Nov. 16. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JAMES MCGARRELL—Small-scale, two-panel paintings of figures and imaginary landscapes. Opens Oct. 18. Through Nov. 10. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

BEN NICHOLSON (1894-1982) / **WILLIAM TILLYER**—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the British abstractionist. / Landscapes, done in broad brushstrokes, by a British artist. Opens Oct. 20. Through Nov. 12. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

LINDA SOKOLOWSKI—Landscapes and drawings of figures in interiors. Opens Oct. 15. Through Nov. 12. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MANOLO VALDÉS—Paintings and sculptures by a Spanish artist. Opens Oct. 12. Through Nov. 5. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

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MANNY FARBER—In paintings of what seem to be tabletops, the artist toys with the ambiguities of two- and three-dimensional space. Fruits and vegetables, scrawled notes, and bouquets of flowers commingle in a state of managed chaos against bipartite abstract grounds. The abstraction-versus-representation dichotomy that Farber mines is not new, but his palette, alternately acidic and pastel, enlivens the project. Through Oct. 15. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

GARY HUME—Blobby figural works by a young British painter, featuring lacquered, candy-colored surfaces. Odd and not a little repulsive, these paintings do have the virtue of looking unlike anything you've ever seen before. One initial response to Hume's misshapen homunculi might be to burst out laughing. Call them the "Mr. Bill paintings." Through Nov. 26. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LORENZO CARDI—Ghostly charcoal drawings and oil-on-wood paintings by a young Italian artist. Cardi shrinks from modernism, preferring to indulge in an adept, sensual pastiche of past masters. Through Oct. 22. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

XAVIER CORBERO—Nine buttonholes made of white marble and one gigantic stone button, by a Spanish sculptor. Through Oct. 29. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

ELAINE DE KOONING (1920-89)—Portraits of artists and writers from the forties and fifties, among them the artist's husband, Willem de Kooning, and Harold Rosenberg. Two self-portraits are also included. Through Nov. 19. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St.)

WILLARD DIXON / MARK WORKMAN—Spare still-lifes, some as simple as three bowls on a ledge. / Lancaster County farm scenes. Through Oct. 22. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

JOELLYN DUESBERRY—Landscape scenes from Maine to Colorado, where the artist lives. Through Oct. 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

LARRY HOMOLKA—A show featuring recent acrylics with collage elements, based on an eighteenth-century book that the artist discovered in Amalfi. Through Oct. 29. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St. Opens at noon.)

VIRGINIA JARAMILLO—Small-scale constructions made of shredded linoleum. Through Oct. 29. (Drake, 50 W. 57th St.)

LEONID LERMAN—Sculptures and wall reliefs made of gold leaf, copper, and wood, transposing the Trojan War into a contemporary context. Through Nov. 5. (McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

FAUSTO MELOTTI (1901-86)—Sculptures, dating from 1936 to the year of this Italian artist's death. They range from freestanding geometric pieces to abstract figurative works. Through Nov. 12. (Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOAN MITCHELL (1926-92)—Sombre Abstract Expressionist paintings from 1964, following the death of the artist's father. Through Nov. 12. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

JULES OLITSKI—A dozen new abstract paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St.)

SYLVIA SLEIGH—Paintings of male nudes. Through Oct. 29. (Stiebel Modern, 32 E. 57th St.)

SARAH SUPPLEE—Paintings and pastels of New York State farms. Through Oct. 28. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

PAVEL TCHELITCHEW (1898-1957)—A survey of the Russian artist's work from the twenties, when he was influenced by the School of Paris, to his Surrealist period in New York during the fifties. A focal point is the monumental painting "Hide-and-Seek," on loan from the Museum of Modern Art. Through Nov. 5. (Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

SIAH ARMAJANI—Recent sculpture. Opens Oct. 15. Through Nov. 26. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

WILLY HEEKS—Abstract paintings and works on paper. Opens Oct. 13. Through Nov. 12. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St.)

MARK INNERST—Industrial landscapes and bucolic park scenes. Opens Oct. 14. Through Nov. 12. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

JONATHAN LASKER—Early abstract paintings that foreshadow the artist's mature style. Opens Oct. 13. Through Nov. 12. (Lee, 80 Mercer St.)

MILA MACEK—Textural abstractions with horizontal brushstrokes. Opens Oct. 15. Through Nov. 26. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

JAMES ROSENQUIST—Large paintings, in a show celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of the artist's first show at the gallery. Opens Oct. 15. Through Nov. 12. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

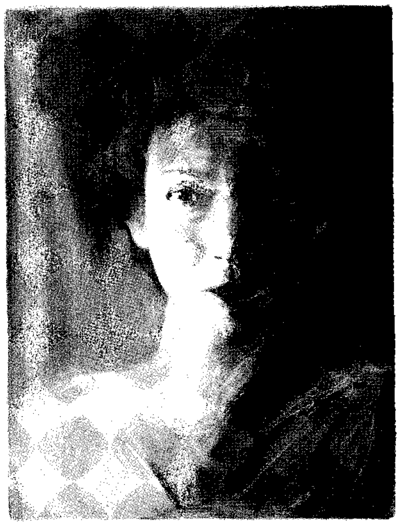
STEPHANIE WEBER—Abstract paintings done on wooden panels, with an emphasis on texture. Opens Oct. 15. Through Nov. 12. (Haller, 560 Broadway.)

"RETURN OF THE HERO"—A show of three older and three younger German painters, among them Georg Baselitz and Martin Kippenberger. Opens Oct. 15. Through Dec. 17. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

THREE ARTISTS—Photographs by Willie Doherty, an Irish artist; sculptures by Mona Hatoum, a Palestinian; and sculptures by Doris Salcedo, from Bogotá. Opens Oct. 15. Through Nov. 19. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

John Baldessari—Probably one of the most influential (yet underappreciated) artists of the last quarter century, Baldessari pioneered photo-based conceptual art. Having banished the artist's hand from his definitive early works, now he reintroduces it, pairing his cunningly cropped photographic images with painted gestural squiggles and broad swatches of color. Incongruity and misalliance are constants of his work, which goes some way toward explaining his current investigation of painting. Through Oct. 15. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Petah Coyne—Best known as a sculptor, Petah Coyne has also worked as a photographer. In this neat little show, she exhibits large black-and-white photographs of monks at a mountaintop retreat in Japan, running back and forth in a forest as an aid to meditation. The images are dynamic yet soft-edged, much like her three-dimensional work. In the center of the gallery hangs a new sculpture: a chandelier festooned with plastic flowers and completely covered with fantastic formations of dripped white wax. The work has fairy-tale resonances that verge on the macabre—as all good fairy-tale resonances should. The exhibit also includes David Humphrey's transformations of found ceramic figurines, and a video by Barbara Ess. Through Oct. 22. (Golden, 39 Wooster St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)



Self-portrait by Brenda Zlamany (Donahue).

Brenda Zlamany—Twelve oil paintings of male heads are paired, with no discernible editorial intent, with miniatures of dead birds. The portraits are expressive likenesses of art-world heavyweights, including Chuck Close and Glenn Ligon. A master paint handler, Zlamany self-consciously invokes Rembrandt, no less; she has glazed and reglazed the panels until the precisely modelled heads glow with a mellow, golden light, starkly emerging from velvety black backgrounds. Through Oct. 15. (Donahue, 560 Broadway.)

Louise Bourgeois—An installation titled "The Red Rooms." Through Dec. 15. (A show of the artist's prints is on view at the Museum of Modern Art.) (Blum, 99 Wooster St.)

Rod Gilchrist—Paintings that use semaphore to create a narrative. Through Oct. 29. (Information, 411 E. 9th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 7.)

Jane Hammond—Paintings based on titles for poems written for the artist by John Ashbery. Through Nov. 5. (Freire, 130 Prince St.)

Donald McLaughlin—Paintings of stripes, dots, and ovals adrift on an abstract ground. Through Oct. 29. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Lari Pittman—Bright-colored, explosive paintings with recurrent images of devilish-looking Puritans, credit cards, and wiseacre phrases ("Cum n' Git It!"). Through Oct. 29. (Gorney Modern, 100 Greene St.)

Alan Siegel—Chair sculptures. Through Nov. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Tony Smith (1912-80)—Small abstract paintings and sculptures from the fifties and sixties. Through Nov. 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Cy Twombly—"Untitled Painting," a monumental, primarily abstract triptych, begun in Italy in 1979. Through Dec. 17. (A complementary retrospective of the artist's work is at the Museum of Modern Art.) (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

ANTIQUES AND AUCTIONS

The Tully Legacy—The vast collection of Alice Tully, the renowned philanthropist who died last year at the age of ninety-one, will be dispersed in a series of sales at Christie's. At an auction of nineteenth-century paintings on Oct. 13, at 10 and 2, two of her Corot landscapes will go on the block. Future sales will feature jewelry, European furniture and decorative arts, antiquities, and so on. (502 Park Ave., at 59th St. For further information, call 546-1119.)

International Fine Art and Antique Dealers Show—Seventy-eight international dealers offering such items as a Marie-Antoinette commode (estimate: $1,000,000), Lord Byron's snuff spoon (estimate: $3,500), and a pair of andirons shaped like sunflowers (estimate: $85,000), whose counterparts are at the Freer Gallery of Art, in Washington, D.C. (7th Avenue Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Oct. 14-19, from 11 to 8, and Oct. 20, from 11 to 6. Tickets at the door on the days of the show.)

St. Ignatius Loyola Annual—Fifty-five dealers presenting decorative objects, furniture, and accessories, ranging from an eighteenth-century mother-of-pearl gambling chip for ten dollars to an English tall-case clock in the range of $15,000. (Wallace Hall, Park Ave. at 84th St. Oct. 14-15, from 11 to 8, and Oct. 16, from 11 to 6. Tickets at the door on the days of the sale.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bill Brandt—Studies of English society and abstract female nudes. Through Oct. 29. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Photographs of Paris, from 1930 to 1980, by the French master. Through Oct. 22. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

Janine Niepce—Black-and-white photographs of French country life, taken primarily in the fifties and sixties. Through Oct. 22. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

Gordon Parks—Recent still-life and abstract images by a photographer who worked for *Life* and the Farm Securities Administration. Through Oct. 22. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

Andres Serrano—Recent photographs of Budapest. Through Oct. 26. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

John Szarkowski—Photographs from the late forties through the early sixties by the former director of the Department of Photography at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 22. (Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—"Talking Pictures," an exhibition that features images by more than fifty people not generally associated with photography—Mario Cuomo, Jesse Jackson, Diane Keaton—and taped commentaries on the work. . . . ¶ Photographs by Arthur Rothstein, who is best known for his work for *Look*. . . . ¶ More than thirty black-and-white photographs of Appalachian Kentuckians, by Shelby Lee Adams. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, Goethe House, the Museum of the City of New York, the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, and the Schomburg Center.)

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CLASSICAL MUSIC

Aural Weave

THE Smithsonian Chamber Players are in the business of getting as close as possible to the original sound of the music they perform. That's essentially the premise of the whole historical-performance movement, which over the past three decades has changed many listeners' expectations and preferences. Anyone who's still uttering the standard objections to "early music"—that it sounds out of tune, that the musicians couldn't make it playing "real" instruments—probably hasn't heard the Smithsonian Chamber Players' ravishing all-Couperin disk on the BMG/Deutsche Harmonia Mundi label.

When the group plays at Merkin Concert Hall on October 17, it's not their Couperin that will raise eyebrows but their Elgar, their Barber, and, especially, their Strauss. Composed in the shell-shocked days just before the end of the Second World War, Strauss's "Metamorphosen," for twenty-three solo string players, put an unprecedented orchestration to inspired use. Usually when it's performed today, the piece glistens with the high sheen of modern metal strings. The Smithsonian Chamber Players' instruments, however, are equipped with the gut strings that were still prevalent in Europe in Strauss's time, which promises to shed an unaccustomed light on the score. "Gut strings require much more control," maintains cellist and viola da gamba player Kenneth Slowik, the group's director, "but they allow a wider band of expression, and sound rich either with or without an overlay of vibrato. Rarely heard combinations of sound weave constantly through 'Metamorphosen.' It's like a fabric woven of coarse yarn, each strand of which changes color, yielding a constant surging and submerging of lines."

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera is 362-6000; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; and for the Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St., 854-7799.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**LA BOHÈME**, with Angela Gheorghiu, Diana Soviero, Richard Leech, and Timothy Noble; conducted by Michelangelo Veltri. (Oct. 12 at 8 and Oct. 15 at 1:30.) . . . **ARABELLA**, with Kiri Te Kanawa, Marie McLaughlin, Natalie Dessay, Helga Dernesch, David Kuebler, Hans-Joachim Ketelsen, and Donald McIntyre; Christian Thielemann. (Oct. 13 and Oct. 17 at 8.) . . . **TOSCA**, with Carol Vaness, Luciano Pavarotti, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. (Oct. 14 and Oct. 18 at 8.) . . . **RIGOLETTO**, with Young Ok Shin, Ramon Vargas, and Juan Pons; Christian Badea. (Oct. 15 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—**CARMEN**, with Jean Stilwell, Abbie Furmansky, Michael Hayes, and Robert Perry; conducted by Joseph Colaneri. (Oct. 12 at 8.) . . . **LAKMÉ**, with Elizabeth Futral, Julia Anne Wolf, Richard Drews, Ron Baker, and Joseph Corteggiano; Scott Bergeson. (Oct. 14 at 8.) . . . **PRINCE IGOR**, with Jeanne-Michèle Charbonnet, Robert Perry, and Carlo Scibelli; Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (Oct. 15 at 1:30.) . . . **TOSCA**, with Eva Zseller, Vincenzo Scuderi, and Harry Dworchak; Mr. Colaneri. (Oct. 15 at 8.) . . . **MEFISTOFELE**, by Boito, with Maryanne Telese, Jeanne-Michèle Charbonnet, Allan Glassman, and Stephen West; Christopher Keene. (Oct. 16 at 1:30.) . . . **MADAMA BUTTERFLY**, with Geraldine McMillian, Carlo Scibelli, and Jeff Mattsey; Mr. Ajmone-Marsan. (Oct. 18 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. With supertitles in English.)

"ROMANCE OF THE ROSE"—A late-medieval French masque, staged by the Mannes Camerata, including music by Dufay, Binchois, and Busnois. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. 496-8524. Oct. 16 and Oct. 18 at 8. Through Oct. 23.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Paavo Berglund conducting. Oct. 13-15 at 8 and Oct. 18 at 7:30: Joonas Kokkonen's Symphony No. 1, Bruch's G-Minor Violin Concerto (with Hilary Hahn), and Sibelius's Symphony No. 1. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 2: Sibelius's Symphony No 1, as well as chamber music by Rachmaninoff and Ravel (performed by members of the orchestra). (875-5030.)

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY—Lorin Maazel conducts Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 2, Shchedrin's "Old Russian Circus Music," and Roussel's "Bacchus et Ariane Suite No. 2." (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 12 at 8.)

"BAYOÁN"—The première of an oratorio by Roberto Sierra, performed by the Bronx

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Arts Ensemble Orchestra, soprano Angelina Réaux, baritone Pablo Elvira, and narrator Jorge Ramos, all conducted by Guillermo Figueroa to open the new home of the Hostos Center for the Arts & Culture. The program will also include traditional songs from the Caribbean, in which pianist Leon Bates will accompany the evening's soloists. A benefit concert. (Hostos Community College of the City University of New York, 450 Grand Concourse, at 149th St., the Bronx. 1-718 518-4455. Oct. 14 at 7:30.)

Chanticleer—The men's chamber choir sings vocal jazz and spirituals in addition to works by Palestrina, Richard Strauss, and others. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Oct. 14 at 8.)

Juilliard Symphony—Otto-Werner Mueller conducts Mendelssohn's "The Hebrides" Overture, Mozart's C-Minor Piano Concerto (with Christopher Weldon), and Franck's Symphony in D Minor. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Oct. 14 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

Manhattan School of Music Symphony—Sixten Ehrling conducts Strauss's "Don Juan" and Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Oct. 14 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New Amsterdam Symphony—Kimbo Ishii-Eto conducts Schumann's Symphony No. 4 and Brahms' Violin Concerto (with Michael Wei-Chung Shih). (Trinity School, 101 W. 91st St. Oct. 14 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Dennis Russell Davies conducts John Zorn's "For Your Eyes Only," as well as the premières of Chen Yi's Piano Concerto (featuring Margaret Leng Tan) and Philip Glass's Symphony No. 2. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. Oct. 14-15 at 8. . . . **Note:** Mr. Davies will perform Mr. Glass's Six Études (for piano) in recitals, open to ticket holders, beginning an hour before both concerts.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducts Bizet's Symphony in C and short orchestral works by Offenbach and Chabrier; pianist Anton Nel is featured in Franck's Symphonic Variations and Saint-Saëns' "Wedding Cake." (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Oct. 15 at 7.)

Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal—At Carnegie Hall, Charles Dutoit conducting. Oct. 15 at 8: Stravinsky's "Monumentum pro Gesualdo di Venosa," Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3 (with Horacio Gutiérrez), and Prokofiev's Symphony No. 6. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 3: Hindemith's "Nobilissima Visione," Sibelius's Violin Concerto (with Sarah Chang), and Schumann's Symphony No. 4.

Juilliard Wind Ensemble—Mark Gould conducts Stravinsky's Concerto for Piano and Wind Instruments (featuring Stephen Gosling) and Copland's "The Red Pony" Suite, among other works. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 18 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

RECITALS

Anastos Trio—A piano trio, performing trios by Haydn (in G Major) and Brahms (in B Major); the ensemble's pianist, Samuel Bartos, will also offer a group of solo pieces by Chopin and Davison. (Church of the Resurrection, 115 E. 74th St. Oct. 12 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Bargemusic—Violinist Ik-Hwan Bae and pianist Steven Mayer perform Beethoven's A-Major Sonata (Op. 30, No. 1); cellist Fred Sherry joins them for piano trios by Haydn (in G Major) and Ravel. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Oct. 13 at 7:30 and Oct. 16 at 4.)

Marc Ponthus—Pianist, concluding his survey of Stockhausen's piano music. (Miller Theatre. Oct. 13 at 8.)

Natsuko Uemura—Harpsichordist, playing both French classical works (by Louis Marchand and Armand-Louis Couperin) and modern compositions for her instrument (by Takemitsu, Martinů, Maurice Ohana, and Robert Muczynski). (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. 242-4770. Oct. 13 at 8.)

David Russell—Classical guitarist, performing works by Torroba, Ponce, and Barrios Mangore, among others. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. 749-2802. Oct. 13 at 8.)

Opperman Reed Trio—An ensemble of oboe, clarinet, and bassoon performs works by Ibert, Ladislav Kubik, and Florent Schmitt; pianist Carolyn Bridger assists in music by Glinka and Poulenc. (Weill Recital Hall. Oct. 13 at 8.)

Schoenberg String Quartet—In its New York début concert, the Netherlands-based foursome plays quartets by Zemlinsky (his Third) and Webern, as well as works by Louis Andriessen and Klaus Devries. (Miller Theatre. Oct. 14 at 8.)

Cadek Trio—Performing piano trios by Beethoven (in G Major, Op. 1, No. 2), Smetana, and Frederic Goossen. (Weill Recital Hall. Oct. 14 at 8.)

"New York Women Composers"—Eight of the organization's members will have their compositions presented on this program: Elizabeth Bell, Victoria Bond, Margaret De Wys, Margaret Fairlie-Kennedy, Ann Silsbee, Ludmilla Ulehla, Laura Carnibucci, and Beth Wieman. (St. Michael's Church, Parish Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Oct. 15 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Florence Gould Hall Chamber Players—The French chamber group's program includes Chausson's Piano Trio, Turina's sextet "Scène Andalouse," and Martinů's String Quintet, as well as pieces by René Herbin and Marcel Landowsky (featuring clarinettist Michel Lethiec). (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6100. Oct. 16 at 3.)

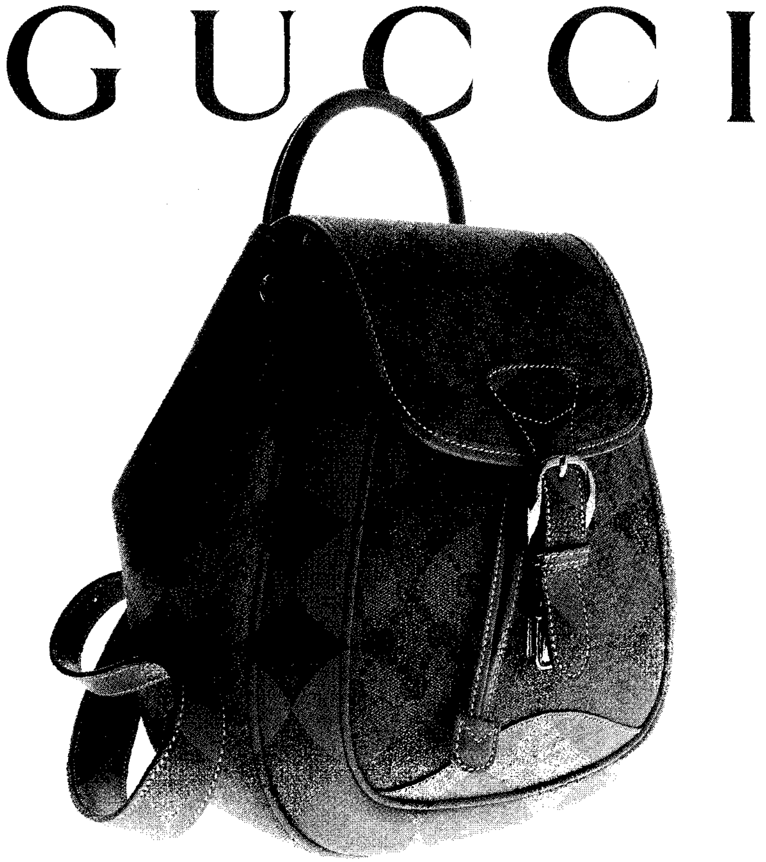
New York Camerata—The chamber group performs a Quartet in D Minor by Telemann, trios by Jiri Matys (his "Poetické Vety III") and Brahms (his C-Minor Piano Trio), and songs by Schubert and Arlene Zallman. (St. John's-in-the-Village, 11th St. at Waverly Pl. Oct. 16 at 4. For information about tickets, call 866-3459.)

Nancianne Parrella—Organist, performing Bach's G-Major Fantasie (BWV 572) and B-Minor Prelude and Fugue; movements by Couperin, Pierre DuMage, and Vierne; Franck's "Prélude, Fugue et Variation"; and Tournemire's "Choral Improvisation sur le 'Victimae Paschali.'" (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Oct. 16 at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Michael Parloff—The principal flutist of the Metropolitan Opera, performing works by Griffes, Martinů, Debussy, and Luening; with pianist Dennis Helmrich, harpist Deborah Hoffman, violist Larry Dutton, and cellist Jerry Grossman. Presented by the New York Flute Club. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Oct. 16 at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Barbican Piano Trio—A young British ensemble, performing trios by William Sterndale Bennett, Schumann (his Third), and Tchaikovsky. (Weill Recital Hall. Oct. 16 at 8:30.)

Smithsonian Chamber Players—The period-instrument specialists perform the first two of Couperin's "Concerts Royaux," as well as works written closer to our time: Elgar's Serenade for Strings, Barber's Adagio for Strings, and Strauss's "Metamorphosen." Kenneth Slowik conducts. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Oct. 17 at 8.)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CLASSICAL MUSIC–Cont'd

Naji Hakim—The Lebanese-born organist, who served as organist of Paris's Basilique du Sacré-Coeur for nearly a decade before succeeding Olivier Messiaen (in 1993) as organist of La Trinité, performs music by Bach, Jean Langlais, and Franck, in addition to his own compositions and improvisations. A benefit concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. 757-7013. Oct. 18 at 7:30.)

Meridian String Quartet—Presenting a casual concert focussing on Dvořák's Terzetto. (Turtle Bay Music School, 244 E. 52nd St. 753-8811. Oct. 18 at 7:30.)

Festival Chamber Music Society—Performing Mozart's "Kegelstatt" Trio, David Schiff's Divertimento from "Gimpel the Fool," and Brahms' B-Major Piano Trio. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Oct. 18 at 8.)

Lydian String Quartet—Performing John Harbison's Quartet No 3, William Schuman's Quartet No. 2, Ives' Quartet No. 2, and Allen Anderson's "Variations on S.K. and R.L." (Miller Theatre. Oct. 18 at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—Performing quartets by Dvořák (in F Major, Op. 96, the "American") and Janáček (his Second, "Intimate Letters"), as well as Dvořák's A-Major Piano Quintet (with pianist Menahem Pressler). (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 18 at 8.)

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Walk the Plank—Theatreworks/USA offers an hour-long adaptation of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island." Recommended ages: eight and older. (Promenade Theatre, Broadway at 76th St. 677-5959. Oct. 15 at 12:30. Through Oct. 29.)

"ArtsConnection"—A new season of family programs opens on Oct. 15. At 12:30: The Thunderbird American Indian Dancers host a workshop, "Following the Steps of Native American Dance." . . . ¶ At 3: In anticipation of Halloween, the Child's Play Touring Theatre presents "One Monster After Another." (120 W. 46th St. For reservations, call 302-7433.)

Marionettes Make Merry—"The True Story of Rumpelstiltskin," a production of the German folktale. (Swedish Cottage Marionette Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Saturdays and Sundays at noon and 3. For reservations, which are required, call 988-9093.) . . . ¶ "Harmony Castle," the Puppet Company's new musical fairy tale. Recommended ages: three to eleven. (Metropolis Café, 31 Union Square W., at 16th St. Sundays at 1 and 3. For reservations, which are required, call 741-1646.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Thundering Paws—E. B. White once described his dachshund Fred as having "a look of quiet amusement . . . coupled with his usual look of fake respectability." Expect to see innumerable examples of this doggie mien at the annual Dachshund Octoberfest, which includes the Grand March of the Dachshunds around the fountain in Washington Square Park. Wiener dogs, their owners, and friends will gather under the arch on Oct. 15 at noon, for the parade and a two-hour get-together. Sponsored by the Dachshund Friendship Club.

The Face of Humankind—Highlights of the Margaret Mead Film & Video Festival, established in 1977, a year before the anthropologist's death, will include Carma Hinton and Richard Gordon's films about rural China and several films about foreign countries, made by native filmmakers. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Oct. 12-13 and Oct. 17-18, from 6:30 to 10:30; Oct. 14, from 6 to 8:30; and Oct. 15, from 11 to 8:30. For additional schedule and ticket information, call 769-5305.) . . . ¶ In conjunction with the film festival, New York University is offering a two-day symposium, "The Ties That Bind: Re/Viewing Kin and Community," focussing on indigenous women filmmakers and documenting family life. (American Museum of Natural History. Oct. 13, from 1:30 to 4, and Oct. 14, from 10:30 to 12:30 and from 2:30 to 4:30. For more information, call 998-8550.)

Parker Over Coffee—The first in a series of monthly literary breakfasts, which will be presided over by the publisher Harold Evans, will be held in the mad. 61 restaurant at the uptown Barneys store, on Oct. 13 at 8:30. A panel featuring Kitty Carlisle-Hart, Brendan Gill, Lauren Hutton, Ann Magnuson, Charlie Rose, and Barbara Walters will discuss "The Legacy of Dorothy Parker." (Madison Ave. at 61st St. Call 691-8543 for ticket information.)

Eastern Exposure—Everything's coming up Asian at the New York Botanical Garden. A bonsai exhibition in the main building rotunda, on Oct. 13-16, will include a plant clinic and lecture by bonsai master Yuji Yoshimura. Chrysanthemums will be at their peak in time for the festival, on Oct. 15-16. Korean hybrid mums and a Chinese lion's parade will be featured. (Bronx Park. 1-718 817-8700.)

Lore of Yore—They don't call it Old Home Day for nothing. Artisans at Historic Richmond Town will demonstrate blacksmithery, wool spinning, and chair caning, among other Colonial arts. House tours and performances of Early American songs will also be featured. (441 Clarke Ave., S.I. 1-718 351-1611. Oct. 16, from 10 to 5.)

Czech Mates—Lee Grant and Robert Stone are among those who will read work by Václav Havel and Eda Kriseová, among others, as part of a two-month-long celebration of Prague. (Stuyvesant High School auditorium, 345 Chambers St., at West St., Battery Park City. Oct. 13 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Immortal Bards—Anne Bradstreet and Hart Crane will be inducted into Poets' Corner at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Rachel Hadas, Linda Pastan, John Hollander, and Galway Kinnell will read from the honorees' works, at a vespers service on Oct. 16 at 7. (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. No tickets necessary.)

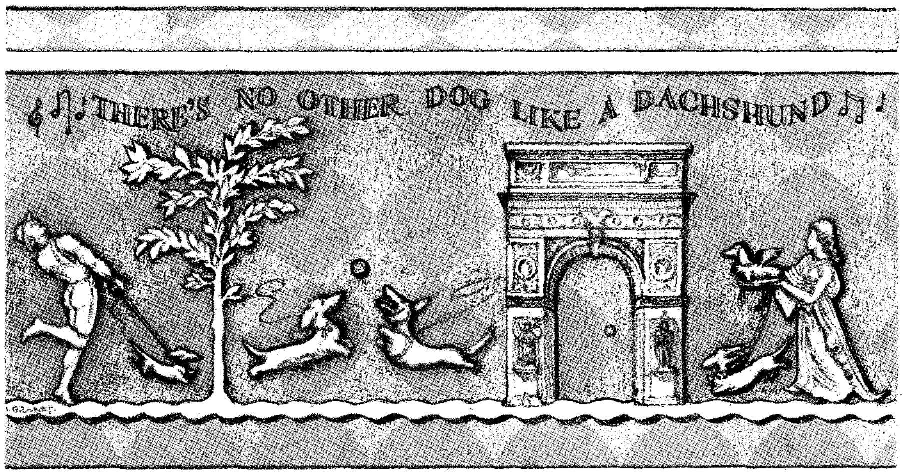
Stage Stuff—Original cast albums, opera broadcasts, and Playbills from hundreds of Broadway shows, among other show-business memorabilia, will be offered at the annual performing-arts bazaar at the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts. (Lincoln Center. Oct. 16, from 10:30 to 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the event.)

Kudos for Cooper—Poets House will present "Green Notebook, Winter Road," a seventieth-birthday tribute to the poet Jane Cooper, which will include readings and discussions of her work by Thomas Lux, Grace Paley, and Adrienne Rich, among others. Ms. Cooper will also read from her own work. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. Oct. 13 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Readings—Oct. 13 at 7: Poetry from "Beyond Spring: Tz'u Poems of the Sung Dynasty," in the original Mandarin, with English and Cantonese translations. (Chinatown History Museum, 70 Mulberry St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 8: Stephen Spender will read from his recent book of poetry, "Dolphins," and from his autobiography, "World Within World." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.) . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 7: Rebecca Brown, Andrew Solomon, and Matthew Stadler will read from their own fiction. (Limbo, 47 Avenue A, at 4th St. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—Oct. 12 at 6: Delilah Jackson, a theatre-and-dance historian, will talk about the Harlem Renaissance. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.) . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 6:30: Historian Howard Zinn will talk about his involvement with social change. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the talk.) . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 8: A panel discussion about the casting of opera and theatre, titled "Non-Traditional Casting: A Debate," with Martina Arroyo, Albert Innaurato, and Daniel Swee, among others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave., at 54th St. For tickets, call 769-7028.)

Walks & Tours—Oct. 15 at 3:30: Adventure on a Shoestring will toddle over to Astoria, Queens, for a look at this Greek neighborhood. For more information, call 265-2663. . . . ¶ Oct. 15-16, from 11 to 5: A free open-studio weekend at 41 Union Sq. W.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SPORTS

FOOTBALL

Giants—Away until Oct. 23, when they'll face the Pittsburgh Steelers.

Jets—Vs. the New England Patriots, Oct. 16 at 1.

HOCKEY

Nota Bene—The two-week suspension of the hockey season is scheduled to come to an end on Oct. 15. If the season does resume on that date, games will pick up mid-schedule (the dates and times below reflect that hope); missed games will be added during the season or at its end.

Rangers—Away until Oct. 20, when they'll face the Los Angeles Kings.

Islanders—Vs. the Detroit Red Wings, Oct. 15 at 7. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Kings, Oct. 18 at 7:30.

Devils—Away until Oct. 19, when they'll face the Washington Capitals.

(The Giants and the Jets play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111; the Rangers may play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; and the Islanders at Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300.)

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THE MOVIES

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

BOSNA!—Bernard-Henri Levy and Alain Ferrari directed this documentary about wartime Sarajevo and the events leading to the recent carnage. In French. Opening October 12. (Film Forum.)

THE BROWNING VERSION—Albert Finney stars in Mike Figgis's adaptation of the 1948 play and the 1951 film script, both by Terence Rattigan. With Greta Scacchi, Matthew Modine, Ben Silverstone, Julian Sands, and Michael Gambon. Screenplay by Ronald Harwood. Opening October 12. (Paris.)

EXIT TO EDEN—Garry Marshall ("Pretty Woman") directed this comic version of Anne Rice's erotic novel, set at a resort for sadomasochistic vacationers. With Dan Aykroyd, Rosie O'Donnell, Dana Delany, and Paul Mercurio. Written by Deborah Amelon and Bob Brunner. Opening October 14. (First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Criterion Center.)

HOOP DREAMS—A documentary about two inner-city Chicago basketball stars who aspire to make it to the N.B.A. Directed by Steve James, Frederick Marx, and Peter Gilbert. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) Opening October 14. (Orpheum VII, Film Forum, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

I LIKE IT LIKE THAT—Family fights, romantic complications, and the hassles of life on 167th Street in the Bronx are the subjects of Darnell Martin's feature début. (She also wrote the script.) With Lauren Vélez, Jon Seda, Rita Moreno, and Griffin Dunne. Opening October 14. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

IMAGINARY CRIMES—In Portland, Oregon, in the early sixties, Harvey Keitel is an improvident dad who dreams of striking it rich in a series of mining schemes, while his two daughters (Fairuza Balk and Elisabeth Moss) long for a more stable life. With Kelly Lynch, Chris Penn, and Vincent D'Onofrio. Written by Kristine Johnson and Davia Nelson. Directed by Anthony Drazan. Opening October 14. (Village East Cinemas and First & 62nd Cinemas.)

LITTLE GIANTS—When super-jock Ed O'Neill ("Married . . . with Children") becomes the coach of a kids' football team and gets rid of the weak players, his brother (Rick Moranis) assembles the rejects into a rival team. Directed by Duwayne Dunham. Opening October 14. (Village East Cinemas, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Criterion Center.)

LOVE AFTER LOVE—Isabelle Huppert stars in Diane Kurys' film about a novelist whose love life provides material for her fiction. With Bernard Giraudeau and Hippolyte Girardot. Kurys wrote the screenplay with Antoine Lacomblez. In French. Opening October 14. (Quad Cinema.)

PULP FICTION—Quentin Tarantino's tale of hit men, lovers, mobsters, and dames won the Palme d'Or at Cannes. (See brief review on page 40.) Opening October 14.

WES CRAVEN'S NEW NIGHTMARE—The filming of a new entry in the "Nightmare on Elm Street" series becomes a horrifying experience for one of the stars, played by Heather Langenkamp. With Robert Englund, John Saxon, and Miko Hughes. Written and directed by Wes Craven. Opening October 14. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, and Criterion Center.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre addresses and phone numbers are listed on page 39.)

THE ADVENTURES OF PRISCILLA QUEEN OF THE DESERT—Paragons of camp become campers, of sorts, in this cult-pleasing tale of a transsexual (Terence Stamp) and two drag queens (Hugo Weaving and Guy Pearce) who take a lip-synching act from Sydney to a resort in arid central Australia. Stephan Elliott, the writer-director, has one original idea—posing creatures of the night in wild sunbaked settings. As crossover drag sagas go, it's neither as robustly funny as "La Cage aux Folles" nor as lively and poetic as the best parts of "Outrageous!"—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, New York Twin, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THE ADVOCATE—A black comedy set in medieval France. With Colin Firth as an idealistic lawyer and Amina Annabi as the owner of a homicidal pig. Also with Nicol Williamson and Lysette Anthony. Written and directed by Leslie Megahey. (57th St. Playhouse.)

BARCELONA—The second film by the writer and director Whit Stillman ("Metropolitan") is a culture-clash comedy about a pair of conservative young Americans (played by Taylor Nichols and Chris Eigeman) in early-eighties Barcelona. Although the picture begins promisingly, its charm peters out fast. Every scene seems to make the same not very interesting point: that Americans get a bum rap from foreigners. Stillman's style is placid and a little smug—prematurely gray. In just two movies he has found the sort of rut that most filmmakers take decades to settle into. Also with Tushka Bergen and Mira Sorvino.—T.R. (8/15/94) (Eastside Playhouse, Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

BLUE SKY—The last movie directed by Tony Richardson—he died shortly after completing it, in 1991—is a fitting end to his long, erratically brilliant career. The picture is set in the early sixties. Tommy Lee Jones plays a quiet Army scientist assigned to a nuclear-testing project; Jessica Lange plays his volatile wife, to whom he is utterly, incomprehensibly devoted. Both actors are extraordinary; Lange's performance might be her best. The action feels contrived and a little fuzzy in the last half hour, but the movie is so strong that its flaws don't seem to matter. Richardson frames his stars' work with a mysterious tenderness, as if to reward them for vindicating his lifelong faith in the actor's art. His direction is a touching embodiment of the movie's theme: the rigors and the joys of constancy. Also with Amy Locane, Powers Boothe, Carrie Snodgress, Chris O'Donnell, and Anna Klemp. Screenplay by Rama Laurie Stagner, Arlene Sarner, and Jerry Leichtling.—T.R. (10/3/94) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Plaza, Orpheum VII, Waverly, and Criterion Center.)

CAFÉ AU LAIT—The début feature from Mathieu Kassovitz, a young French director trying very hard not to be the Jewish Spike Lee, and only just succeeding. Kassovitz plays Félix, an annoying young bike messenger smitten by a dreamy young heroine (Julie Mauduech) who refuses to confine her charms to a single man. Félix has a rival for her affections, a wealthy black student (Hubert Kounde); after a raucous and unconvincing

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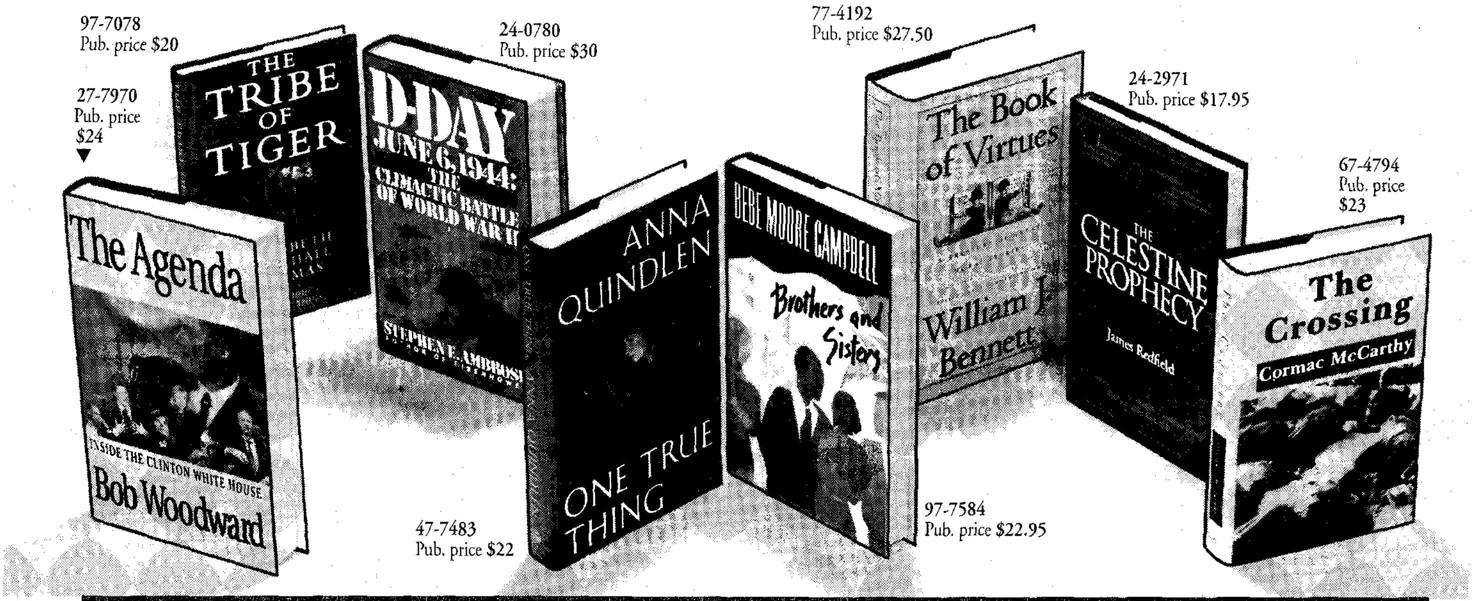
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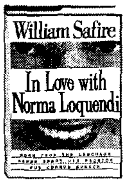
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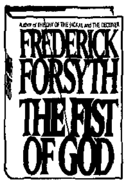
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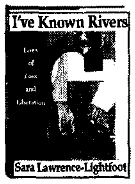
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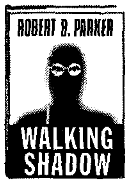
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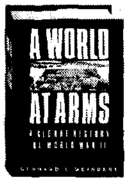
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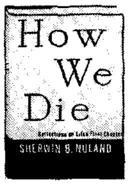
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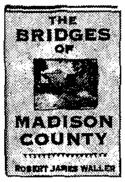
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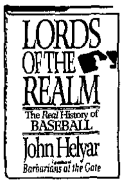
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The Real History of Baseball
John Helyar
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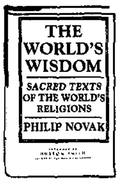
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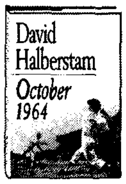
Sacred Texts of the World's Religions
Philip Novak
37-4936
Pub. price $22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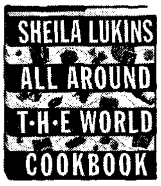
Pub. price $24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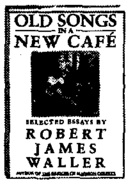
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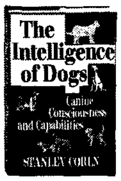
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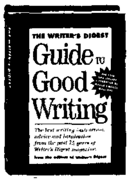
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CURRENT FILMS—cont'd

start, the movie settles down nicely into a good-natured love triangle. In French.—A.L. (9/12/94) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Caro Diario—Nanni Moretti was named best director at Cannes for this first-person account of his daily life in Rome. The three sections of the film are titled "On My Vespa," "Islands," and "Doctors." In Italian. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Clear and Present Danger—Further adventures of Jack Ryan (Harrison Ford), the courageous and incorruptible C.I.A. analyst who is the hero of Tom Clancy's ungainly novels. The director, Phillip Noyce, whose "Patriot Games" (1992) was a surprisingly elegant Clancy adaptation, has once again taken a tub of prose and sweated it into a sleek, classically proportioned suspense picture. Also with Henry Czerny, Willem Dafoe, Donald Moffat, James Earl Jones, and Anne Archer.—T.R. (8/15/94) (Village East Cinemas, East 85th Street, 23rd St. West Triplex, Cinema 3, and Embassy.)

Corrina, Corrina—It's the fifties, and Ray Liotta is a widowed atheistic jingle writer searching for a housekeeper who can also play surrogate mommy for seven-year-old Tina Majorino. He lucks out with Whoopi Goldberg. She gives a varied, even jazzy performance as Ms. Wonderful. But the movie is hopelessly pedantic—chock-full of lessons about grief, racism, and, so help us, God. Jessie Nelson produced, directed, and wrote the semi-autobiographical script.—M.S. (Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

Opening October 14, Rosie O'Donnell and Dan Aykroyd in "Exit to Eden."

DAVID SMALL

Eat Drink Man Woman—Another film comedy from Ang Lee, the director of "The Wedding Banquet." The aging Mr. Chu (Sihung Lung) is a widowed chef, living in Taipei with his three daughters, each of whom is getting itchy for the world beyond. (Watch out for the exquisite Chien-Lien Wu as Jia-Chien, the pushiest of the three.) Mr. Chu is a King Lear of the kitchen: a master on his own ground, slapping fish around and blowing air into a boiled duck, but gradually losing his sense of taste and his power to rule. The movie is more likable than memorable; you come out running for the nearest restaurant. In Mandarin.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Ed Wood—Tim Burton's biography of the filmmaker who inflicted "Plan 9 from Outer Space" and "Glen or Glenda" on fifties moviegoers tries to persuade us that its hero is a sort of holy fool of cinema. The picture is superbly shot, in black-and-white, by Stefan Czapsky, and most of the actors—Bill Murray, Sarah Jessica Parker, Jeffrey Jones, and Martin Landau (as Bela Lugosi)—are engaging. But there's a strong whiff of pointlessness to the whole enterprise. Wood (played by Johnny Depp) is depicted as a wide-eyed, boyish innocent, and he simply isn't interesting enough to hold our full attention for two hours. His moviemaking fever doesn't feel like a mad passion; it's more like puppy love. Also with Patricia Arquette and Lisa Marie. Screenplay by Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski.—T.R. (10/3/94) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, and Columbus Circle.)

Forrest Gump—As all the world now knows, Tom Hanks plays Forrest Gump, a simple Alabama soul who serves his country without hurting a fly; he saves his comrades in Vietnam, woos the dippy Jenny (Robin Wright), and runs back and forth across the continent. Hanks does his best to convince us that Gump is, in fact, a character, and not merely a bulging sack of virtues, but the movie takes the fight out of him. With Sally Field and Gary Sinise. Directed by Robert Zemeckis.—A.L. (7/25/94) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Baronet, Orpheum VII, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Embassy.)

Frosh—A documentary that follows the academic and social lives of ten freshmen at Stanford University. Directed by Dayna Goldfine and Dan Geller. (Cinema Village.)

I Don't Want to Talk About It—In this dark comedy, set in the nineteen-thirties, a stranger (Marcello Mastroianni) falls in love with a dwarf and scandalizes the residents of a Latin-American town. Written by Jorge Goldenberg and the director, Maria Luisa Bemberg. In Spanish. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Jason's Lyric—Jason (Allen Payne) is the hero; Lyric is the name of his lover (Jada Pinkett). The title is just one indication that Doug McHenry's tale of romance and death in Houston's inner city belongs on a double bill with John Singleton's "Poetic Justice." Like Singleton, McHenry and his screenwriter, Bobby Smith, Jr., strive for poetry and achieve doggerel. Jason and Lyric both have family problems. Jason's dad, Maddog (Forest Whitaker), seen in flashback, was a volatile Vietnam vet. His alcoholic brother, Joshua (Bokeem Woodbine), joins some aspiring bank robbers—who happen to be led by Alonzo (Treach), Lyric's brother. The held-back revelation of who killed Maddog makes for the worst kind of trick Freudian melodrama.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

Killing Zoe—The first-time director is Roger Avary, one of a new breed of filmmakers who appear to conceive of cinema as a superior form of abattoir. (He co-wrote "True Romance" and "Pulp Fiction.") Eric Stoltz plays a safebreaker who comes to Paris to see an old friend, Eric (Jean-Hugues Anglade). Together with their band of merry men (the merriment is all heroin and liquor), they try to rob a bank and foul it up. From time to time—during the opening credits, or at the start of the raid—the movie kicks into life, with traces of Godard in its hectic insouciance. But this eagerness to find a style has nothing to launch from—no obsessions, no arguments, no strong feelings, just a vague desire to rub our noses in the dirt. Also starring Julie Delpy as a whore with—of course—a heart of gold.—A.L. (8/22-29/94) (Angelika Film Center.)

The Mask—Genial goonery. Jim Carrey stars as a sweet loser who gets an id tune-up when he puts on a super-powered Norse mask and becomes a zoot-suited jolly green giant. Since Carrey looks as if he were made of Play-Doh anyway, the computer animation that allows him to bounce and gyrate appears to spring from his own pliable core. The funniest moment comes when Carrey mimes the effects of the Mask *without* special effects. With Max as Milo the plucky terrier. Directed by Charles Russell.—M.S. (Village East Cinema, 86th Street East Twin, and Criterion Center.)

Nanni x 7—A retrospective program of seven films by Nanni Moretti, from "Io Sono un Autarchico" (1976) to "La Cosa" (1990). In Italian. (Little Theatre.)

Natural Born Killers—"Bonnie and Clyde" in a blender. Oliver Stone uses fractured, blindingly fast editing to depict the warped consciousness of Mickey (Woody Harrelson) and Mallory (Juliette Lewis), a pair of young socio-

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THEATRE ADDRESSES

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EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000).
Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171).
Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th (477-6600).
Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th (982-0400).
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th (924-3363).
Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th (529-6799).
19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th (260-8000).
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th (689-6548).
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th (532-5544).
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th (683-0255).
Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th (755-3020).
Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th (759-1411).
Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th (759-2262).
Plaza, 42 E. 58th (355-3320).
Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th (935-6420).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th (759-4630).
Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th (355-1663).
Cinema 1, Cinema 11, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th (753-6022).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd (752-4600).
Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th (832-1670).
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th (737-2622).
New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th (744-7339).
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th (734-0302).
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st (879-1313).
East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th (249-5100).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th (534-1880).
Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th (876-2400).
86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th (249-1144).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110).
Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd (929-8037).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th (255-8800).
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd (691-4744).
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd (989-0060).
Guild, 33 W. 50th (757-2406).
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583).
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th (765-7600).
57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th (581-7360).
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th (265-2520).
Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th (586-1900).
Paris, 4 W. 58th (980-5656).
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th (752-5959).
Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st (247-5070).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd (265-7466).
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd (757-2280).
Regency, B'way at 67th (724-3700).
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th (877-3600).
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th (222-1200).
Olympia 1 and 11, B'way at 107th (865-8128).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th (354-0900).
Embassy 1, B'way at 46th (302-0494).
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th (730-7262).
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way (869-8340).
National Twin, B'way at 44th (869-0950).

PROJECTIONS

Chekhov List

If there were only two upcoming movies based on Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," it could be chalked up to coincidence, but the fact that there may be as many as five suggests some kind of cosmic convergence. André Gregory, whose collaboration with the director Louis Malle has resulted in the first of these films, "Vanya on 42nd Street" (to be released next week), recently suggested, in his characteristically ruminative way, some reasons for "Vanya"'s popularity—a popularity that may soon bring us screen versions from Australia, Sweden, and Poland, as well as an English production directed by, and starring, Anthony Hopkins.

"For one thing, there's an enormous concern in the culture right now about death," Gregory said. "Not only about individual death but about the decay of culture. 'Uncle Vanya' certainly addresses this theme, in part through the motif of fading beauty." It's a motif that Gregory and Malle develop by setting their film in the decaying New Amsterdam Theatre.

"A second theme that the play addresses, and that seems very contemporary, is the worry about money," Gregory continued. "This worry, of course, points to something else: fear of the future. When he wrote this play, a hundred years ago, Chekhov intuitively felt that an enormous, global change was coming, and anyone who has lived through the past few years, with the fall of Communism and the failure of any new monolith to replace it, can't help but share that feeling." Gregory added that "for an age when people, because of things like AIDS, are faced with the question of hope much earlier than they thought they would be, the play poses the question of whether there is in fact something *beyond* hope."

Gregory also pointed to a less philosophical reason for the directorial challenge of this story, set on an aging professor's estate: "Like most Chekhov—and unlike most Shakespeare—the play doesn't 'read' well. You have to hear it performed to grasp the subtleties." And, one might add, it helps to hear it performed by a cast as well knit as the one Gregory and Malle have assembled: Wallace Shawn, Larry Pine, Brooke Smith, Julianne Moore, Phoebe Brand, Lynn Cohen, George Gaynes, and Jerry Mayer.

(Filmgoers should also note a retrospective of films by Louis Malle, at Symphony Space, through December 6.)

—Brendan Lemon

CURRENT FILMS—Cont'd

paths in love. They're familiar types, and Stone's "ideas" about American violence turn out to be the same glib received notions that we've seen in countless other outlaw-couple movies. The oddest thing about this would-be satire is that, for all the gore and hysteria, the film doesn't feel particularly impassioned; it's a frivolous barrage.—T.R. (9/5/94) (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Manhattan Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

The New Age—A wicked straight-faced satire of despair and false hope amongst the hip. The writer-director, Michael Tolkin (author of the book and film "The Player"), is an L.A. Antonioni with a sense of humor. He and his sensor-sharp cast (Judy Davis, Peter Weller, Adam West, Patrick Bauchau, Patricia Heaton) nail a deadly portrait of shallowness and self-absorption—and make it deadly funny. Davis and Weller are unhappy marrieds who seek advice from New Age guru Bauchau and open a chic clothing store called Hipocracy. Tolkin captures all the anxieties about fashion and fulfillment that spread through L.A. smog and infect on contact. Davis is a genius at turning feelings that her character can't get a fix on into tense, scrunched-up expressions.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas and Tower East.)

Only You—Norman Jewison directed and Marisa Tomei stars in a romantic comedy about a young woman who abandons her fiancé and flies to Italy in search of her true love, whose name she discovered during a session with a Ouija board. With Robert Downey, Jr. Written by Diane Drake. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Pulp Fiction—Everybody wants to work with Quentin Tarantino; for this bright and startling new picture, his first since "Reservoir Dogs," he mustered an amazing crew that includes Samuel L. Jackson, Uma Thurman, Tim Roth, Harvey Keitel, Christopher Walken, Bruce Willis, and—best of all—John Travolta. They parade through two and a half hours of complicated, cross-weaving Los Angeles plots, some of which are more gripping than others; the talk is dirty and funny, the violence always waiting just around the corner. Watching the result is like going to a long, loud party. The next day, it seems like a dream: the film attacks your senses and gives you almost nothing to remember it by, let alone to nourish you. It had to happen, and Tarantino is the man to deliver it: cinema as fast food.—A.L. (10/10/94) (Angelika Film Center, Murray Hill Cinemas, Beekman, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, and Embassy; starting Oct. 14.)

Quiz Show—Robert Redford's movie is a speedy, absorbing chronicle of a trivial show-business scandal of the fifties: the rigging of big-money quiz shows. The screenplay, by Paul Attanasio, tries hard to sell some sweeping ideas about the class dynamics of American society, and doesn't quite succeed. The picture's real strength is its witty, vigorous evocation of the fifties media world. It hums along like a well-constructed farce, and its crazy momentum carries it over the bumps of social significance. Ralph Fiennes, John Turturro, and Rob Morrow have the largest roles, but they're outshone by the supporting players: Paul Scofield, Mira Sorvino, Christopher McDonald, Allan Rich, Hank Azaria, Barry Levinson, and—best of all—David Paymer.—T.R. (9/19/94) (Village Theatre VII, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Red Rock West—A clever thriller about a good-hearted loner (Nicolas Cage) who trips and falls into a murder plot. It makes spooky use of the setting—a small, windblown Western town—and its surprises actually add up: for once, an angular narrative serves to sharpen the characters. Cage's shaggy hangdog charm and core of intelligence and rectitude keep the audience rooting for the hero after several dumb moves. John Dahl's direction, like the script he wrote with his brother Rick, is sure and economical. With Dennis Hopper, J. T. Walsh, and Lara Flynn Boyle.—M.S. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Risk—A New York artist and part-time nude model (Karen Sillas) lets herself get picked up by a duplicitous stranger (David Ilku) whose true character begins to emerge after the couple steal a car and head out of town. With Molly Price and Jack Gwaltney. Written and directed by Deirdre Fishel. (Quad Cinema and Angelika 57.)

The River Wild—A family led by plucky supermom Meryl Streep goes on a white-water-rafting vacation out West and gets a hairier trip than it bargained for: the raft is hijacked by a pair of desperate crooks. The audience, however, gets precisely what *it* bargained for: safe, predictable thrills, with a light spray of dysfunctional-family drama. Curtis Hanson's direction is expert, but the screenplay, by Denis O'Neill, is so formulaic that the picture is never more than moderately exciting; you can see around every bend in this river. Imagine Virginia Madsen in Streep's role and you'll understand what this picture really is—a made-for-cable movie in wide-screen disguise. Also with Kevin Bacon, David Strathairn, Joseph Mazzello, and John C. Reilly.—T.R. (34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Regency.)

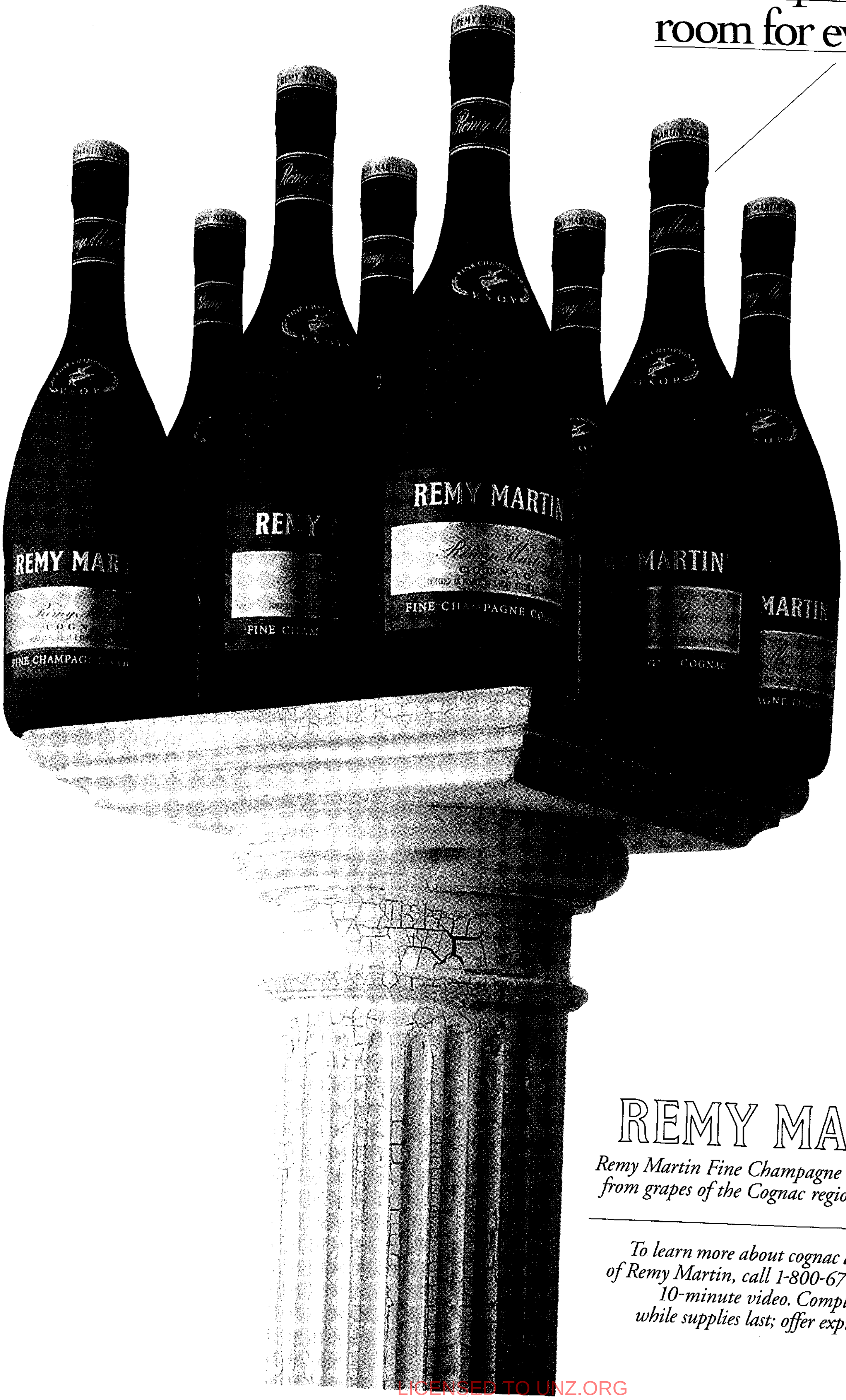
The Scout—A baseball movie that comes down with multiple-personality disorder. The first and best act is a hard-nosed farce about a desperate scout (Albert Brooks). The second centers on his maladjusted discovery (Brendan Fraser), who, along with searing fastballs, pitches wobbly comedy-drama. The third supplies an abrupt "Rocky" finish. The director, Michael Ritchie, promises confrontations between Brooks and Fraser's shrink that never happen—a big letdown, since Fraser's shrink is Dianne Wiest. The funniest moments are barbed interactions between Brooks and real-life baseball figures, such as Bret Saberhagen and George Steinbrenner. The script, credited to Andrew Bergman, Brooks, and Monica Johnson, bears virtually no resemblance to the source material: Roger Angell's 1976 *New Yorker* article "Scout."—M.S. (Murray Hill Cinemas, Gotham Cinema, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Criterion Center.)

Second Best—William Hurt, a lonely middle-aged postmaster in a Welsh village, decides to adopt a son (Chris Cleary Miles). With Prunella Scales, Alan Cumming, and John Hurt. Written by David Cook, from his novel. Directed by Chris Menges. (Village Theatre VII and New York Twin.)

The Shawshank Redemption—Tim Robbins returns to his best form with his haunted, cunning portrayal of Andy Dufresne, a young banker sentenced to life imprisonment in the nineteen-forties. Frank Darabont's movie never grabs at you, preferring to work patiently on your sympathies and nerves while finding time for casual jokes. What at first seems like a plotless tale of companionship—principally between Andy and a fixer named Red (Morgan Freeman)—tightens into excitement. The picture stays on track and leaves you, appropriately enough, with a surging sense of release.—A.L. (9/26/94) (Village Theatre VII, Coronet, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and National Twin.)

Sleep with Me—Eric Stoltz and Meg Tilly are the lovers, but Craig Sheffer, the couple's best friend, loves Tilly, too. The romantic triangle unfolds in six acts, each section by a different author: Duane Dell'Amico, Roger Hedden, Neal Jimenez, Joe Keenan, Michael Steinberg, and Rory Kelly, who also directed. (Village East Cinemas and Carnegie Hall Cinemas.)

Spanking the Monkey—A movie about mother-



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CURRENT FILMS—Cont'd

son incest may sound like a daring writing-directing début, but David O. Russell, the fledgling auteur, stacks the deck like an old sharpie. The mother (Alberta Watson) is frustrated, careless, confined to bed with a broken leg, and medicated for pain and depression. When the son (Jeremy Davies) returns from his freshman year at M.I.T., his father (Benjamin Hendrickson) orders him to take care of her. All too obvious psychological dynamics stunt the black comedy, and the only completely lucid and spontaneous performances are by young Carla Gallo, as the boy's would-be girlfriend, and Matthew Puckett, as his cheerfully stupid buddy.—M.S. (Quad Cinema.)

The Specialist—Sharon Stone and Sylvester Stallone take on the Miami mob in this guns-and-bombs thriller. Directed by Luis Llosa. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Terminal Velocity—In this dumb-jock extravaganza, a daredevil skydiver (Charlie Sheen) hooks up with a mysterious beauty (Nastassja Kinski) to preserve the stability of the New Russia and thus the Free World. Sheen's "Hot Shots!" and "Major League" facetiousness invades his thriller persona; he shoots himself in the foot every time he opens his mouth. His character's nickname is Ditch, which leaves the radiant Kinski in the awful position of sobbing "Ditch . . . Ditch" at the climax. The skydiving scenes have several cool gimmicks, but pale before the ones in the equally ridiculous "Point Break." David Twohy's script marks the nadir of hardboiled jocularity. Deran Sarafian directed.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Timecop—The come-on: Jean-Claude Van Damme's emergence as a superstar. The plot: In 2004, a time-travel enforcement agent (Van Damme) discovers that a senator (Ron Silver) has been looting the past to buy the Presidency. The reality: Van Damme and the movie are stiffs. Peter Hyams directed.—M.S. (34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

Totally F*ed Up**—Gregg Araki ("The Living End") wrote and directed this rowdy comedy about the joys and travails of being a gay teen-ager in Los Angeles. (Quad Cinema.)

True Lies—James Cameron and Arnold Schwarzenegger join forces for their first outing since "Terminator 2," and it's a bumpy ride. Schwarzenegger stumbles into James Bond territory as a suave international spy named Harry Tasker; it's a stiff and rather sad sight. The middle chunk of the film defies belief—not with special effects, unfortunately, but with humdrum misogyny. Harry suspects his wife (Jamie Lee Curtis) of adultery, kidnaps her, and subjects her to a series of humiliations, apparently in an effort to win back her love. Yeah, right. Tom Arnold saves the show as Harry's sidekick.—A.L. (7/25/94) (59th Street East Cinema, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

What Happened Was . . .—Written and directed by Tom Noonan, this pathos-laden two-character study stars Noonan as an overqualified paralegal and Karen Sillas as an executive assistant in the same law firm. It takes place in the woman's Manhattan apartment, where he arrives for a dinner that she intends to be a full-blown date. Savvy and emotionally volatile observational humor meshes with psychological show-and-tell. On paper it doesn't amount to anything more than an expression of sympathy for crippled, melancholy souls. In performance the lanky, intimacy-deflecting Noonan and the fleshy, moody Sillas make it a virtuosic turn: a dissociated duet.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center.)

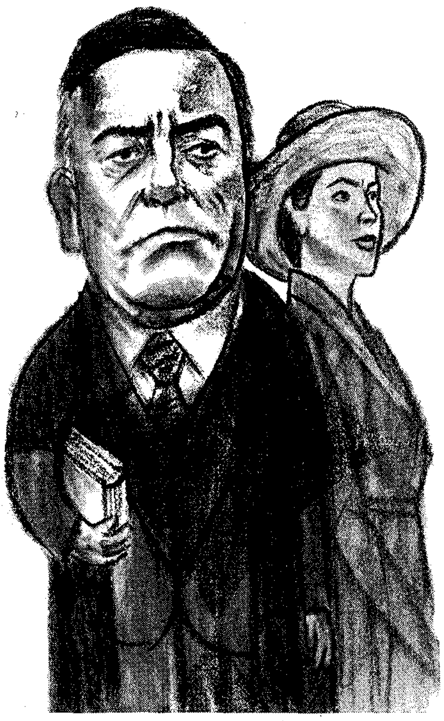
REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the film-library listings following these notes.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. In French.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; Oct. 14-17.)

Broken Blossoms (1919)—D. W. Griffith's stylized lyric tragedy—a small-scale film that is one of his most poetic, and one of his finest. With Lillian Gish as a childish waif (the source, possibly, of the Giulietta Masina role in "La Strada"), Donald Crisp as the brutal Zampan-like prizefighter, and Richard Barthelmess as the lonely Chinese dreamer. Silent.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Oct. 14.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—This was the first film Vincente Minnelli directed and his approach was fresh and enthusiastic. It's a joyful, stylized treatment of faux-naïf Negro folklore, with an all-black cast, and it's one of the best musicals ever made in this country. It becomes even better with the years: now it's easier to ignore the weaknesses in the script, because it's so exciting to see legendary artists, such as Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and Bubbles (John William Sublett), as they were in the forties. The slinky dancing of Bubbles (to the song "Shine") is a high point; so is Ethel Waters singing "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," and so is Lena Horne on "Honey in the Honeycomb."—P.K. (Queens Museum of Art; Oct. 15.)


Opening October 12, Albert Finney and Greta Scacchi in "The Browning Version."

AHMET GÖRGÜN

Le Corbeau (1943)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's gall-and-wormwood thriller about a town terrorized by a series of vicious poison-pen letters that drive various townspeople to crime and suicide. The plot—tracking down the blackmailer—is rather mechanical, but Clouzot can give an audience the cold creeps. At the time, the depravity and political corruption revealed in this slice of provincial life were nastily shocking; there's not a likable person in the entire film, and, since it was released during the Occupation, it was thought to serve the interests of the Nazis. When France was liberated, both Clouzot and the picture's star, Pierre Fresnay, were accused of unpatriotic activity. In French.—P.K. (Symphony Space; Oct. 18.)

Friendly Witness (1989)—Warren Sonbert's thirty-two-minute autobiographical collage is a viewer-friendly experimental movie: the ebullience of the real-life imagery and the rhythms of the music (which ranges from "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow" to a Gluck overture) keep it hopping. Sonbert compels viewers to make personal, imaginative connections between visual and musical content—he asks audiences to follow the bouncing ball kinesthetically, without using any device as literal as a bouncing ball. The energetic, yearning tones of "Runaway" and "Please Mr. Postman" expand the power of romping scenes of carnivals, kittens, Manhattan, San Francisco, and the Middle East. Sonbert builds naturally to the majesty of Gluck and harsher images of soldiers and riot police.—M.S. (Museum of Modern Art; Oct. 14 and 16.)

Salvatore Giuliano (1961)—Francesco Rosi is one of the great modern directors, but he has a tendency to be both political and abstract, and often when seeing a Rosi movie one is awed by the compositions and the vividness of the incidents while being flummoxed by the conception. As writer-director of this account of the life and death of the famous Sicilian outlaw, Rosi develops the semi-documentary style that Rossellini had used in "Paisan." The images are never less than arresting, but the ambitious Marxist point of view is bewildering; somehow Rosi fails to invite us into the story. It may be that his brilliance does not include a gift for simple dramatization. In Italian.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Oct. 14-17.)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)—A program of films by Jean Renoir. Through Oct. 13: "The Testament of Dr. Cordelier" (1959, in French) and "The Elusive Corporal" (1962, in French). . . . Oct. 14-17: "The Rules of the Game" (1939, in French) and "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (†). . . . Oct. 18: "Nana" (1926, silent), "Charleston" (1927, silent), and "La P'Tite Lili" (1929, silent).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Oct. 13 at 2:30 and 7: "Don Quixote of Orson Welles" (1992), a recently compiled film based on footage shot by Welles between 1955 and 1969. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 3 and 6: "Fighting Ministers" (1993, William Jersey) and "A Time for Burning" (1966, Jersey and Barbara Connell). . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 2:30: "Broken Blossoms" (†). . . . ¶ A program of films by Warren Sonbert. Oct. 14 at 3 and Oct. 16 at 5: "Hall of Mirrors" (1966) and "Carriage Trade" (1971). . . . Oct. 14 at 6:30 and Oct. 16 at 3:30: "Where Did Our Love Go?" (1966) and "Rude Awakening" (1975). Mr. Sonbert will be present. . . . Oct. 14 at 8 and Oct 16 at 2: "Noblesse Oblige" (1981) and "Friendly Witness" (†). . . . Oct. 15 at 2 and Oct. 18 at 6: "The Cup and the Lip" (1987) and "Short Fuse" (1991). . . . Oct. 15 at 3:30 and Oct. 18 at 3: "Holiday" (1967), "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1967), and "Honor & Obey" (1988). . . . Oct. 15 at 5 and Oct. 17 at 3: "Amphetamine" (1966), "Truth Serum" (1967), "Divided Loyalties" (1978), and "A Woman's Touch" (1983). . . . ¶ A program of eight films from Hong Kong, all in Cantonese. Oct. 14 at 6 and Oct. 16 at 5: "From Riches to Rags" (1980, John Woo). . . . Oct. 14 at 8:15 and Oct. 15 at 2: "Chunking Express" (1994, Wong Kar-wai). . . . Oct. 15 at 5 and Oct. 17 at 2:30: "City on Fire" (1987, Ringo Lam). . . . Oct. 16 at 2: "Bullet in the Head" (1990, Woo). . . . Oct. 18 at 2:30: "Gangs" (1988, Lawrence Ah Mon). . . . Oct. 18 at 6: "Hong Kong 1941" (1984, Leong Po-chi). . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 6:30: A program of films by Phil Solomon, who will be present.

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Oct. 12 at 2, 6:15, and 9 and Oct. 13 at 2: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968, Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood. . . . ¶ A program of films directed by Francesco Rosi. Oct. 14 at 2, Oct. 15 at 9:15, and Oct. 16 and 18 at 4: "The Challenge" (1958). . . . Oct. 14-15 at 4, Oct. 16 at 6, and Oct. 17 at 4:15: "Bizet's Carmen" (1984). . . . Oct. 14 at 7 and 9:15, Oct. 15 at 7, Oct. 16 at 9, and Oct. 17 at 2 and 7:15: "Salvatore Giuliano" (†). . . .Oct. 17 at 9:30 and Oct. 18 at 2: "The Swindler" (1959). . . . ¶ Oct. 15-16 at 2: "The Master of Ballantrae" (1953, William Keighley).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Oct. 16 at 7, author and cartoonist Jennifer Camper will introduce her favorite film, Russ Meyer's "Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!" (1965).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Oct. 12 at noon, Oct. 13 at 3:30, Oct. 14-15 at noon, and Oct. 16 at 11:30: Five different programs of short films and videos. . . . Oct. 12 at 4: "West Is West" (1988, David Rathod). . . . Oct. 13 at 1:15: "Salaam Bombay!" (1988, Mira Nair). . . . Oct. 13 at 6:15: "Courtesans of Bombay" (1983, Ismail Merchant). . . . Oct. 14 at 2: "One Hand Don't Clap" (1988, Kavery Kaul). . . . Oct. 14 at 4: "An Unremarkable Life" (1989, Amin Q. Chaudhri). . . . Oct. 15 at 3:30: "In Custody" (1993, Merchant). . . . Oct. 16 at 3:30: "Mississippi Masala" (1992, Nair).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Through Oct. 23: "My Name Is Barbra" (1965), with Barbra Streisand. (Showings Tuesdays through Sundays at 2.). . . ¶ Through Nov. 27: A series of videos, changing each week, about Martha Graham and her dance works. (Showings Tuesdays through Sundays at 3:30.). . . ¶ Through Nov. 20: Episodes of "Star Trek: The Next Generation." (Showings Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 2 and 4, Thursdays at 2, 4, and 6, Fridays at 2, 4, 5:45, and 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4.)

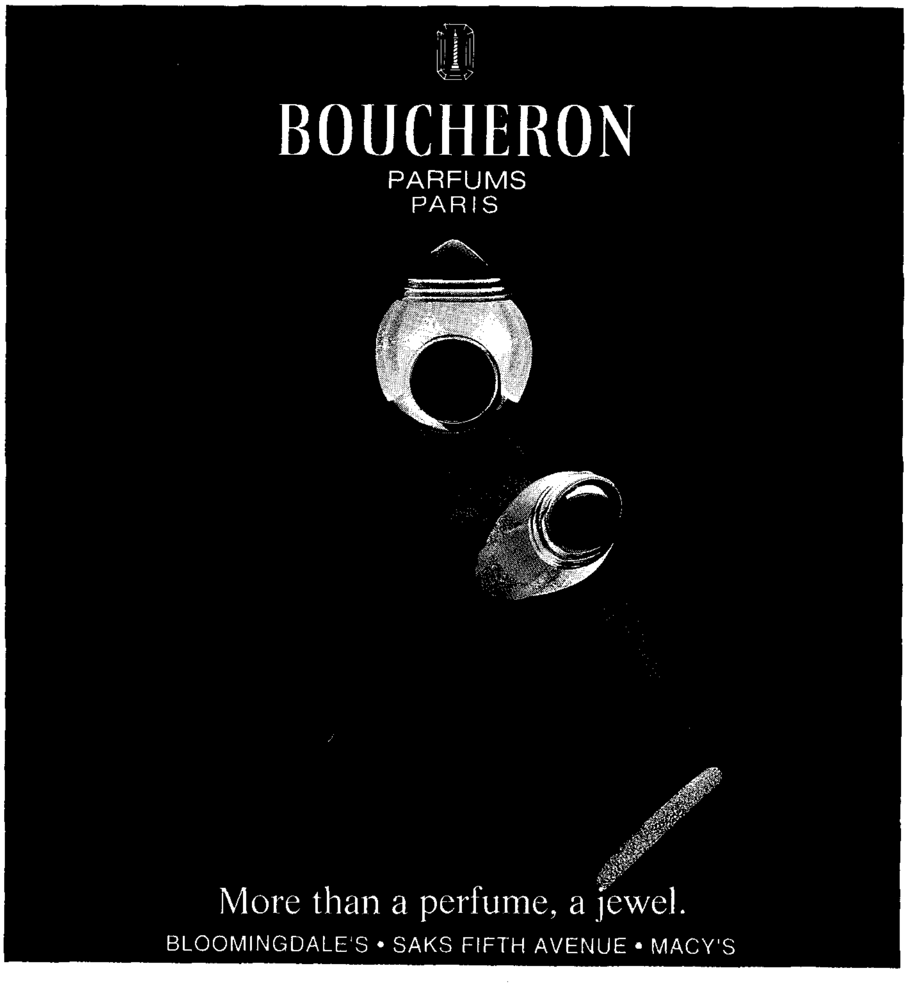
Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. (870-1630)—On Oct. 15 at 1, as part of a series called "Four Centuries of French Music," the library will be showing three films featuring music composed by Georges Auric, all directed by Jean Cocteau: "Blood of a Poet" (1930), "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), and "Orpheus" (1949).

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadows Park. (1-718 592-9700)—Oct. 15 at 2: "Cabin in the Sky" (†).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Oct. 18 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Blue" (1993, Krzysztof Kieślowski; in French), with Juliette Binoche.

Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—Oct. 18 at 7: "The Fire Within" (1963, Louis Malle; in French), with Maurice Ronet. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 9:15: "Le Corbeau" (†).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A weekend devoted to the production designer Patrizia von Brandenstein. Oct. 15 at 2: Miss von Brandenstein will show film clips and discuss her craft. . . . Oct. 15 at 5: "Billy Bathgate" (1991, Robert Benton). Miss von Brandenstein will introduce the film. . . . Oct. 16 at 2: "Amadeus" (1984, Milos Forman). . . . Oct. 16 at 5: "The Untouchables" (1987, Brian De Palma).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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

DID THE DEVIL MAKE HIM DO IT?

THE spectacular fall from grace of Secretary of Agriculture Mike Espy raises a delicate question: Is Don Tyson the Devil? Is the chairman of the world's largest chicken processor actually Satan, Lucifer, the Evil One, the Prince of Darkness, the Archfiend, the Angel of the Bottomless Pit, the Father of Lies, His Satanic Majesty, Old Scratch, Old Horney, Old Gooseberry, Mephisto, Ahriman, Belial, or Beelzebub?

Let's consider the evidence. The Devil tempts people. He is, in fact, "the tempter of mankind," as Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary neatly puts it. Ideally, at least from the Devil's point of view, the Devil tempts virtuous people; it is no great thing to tempt, say, George Steinbrenner. In several cases, Mr. Tyson has famously tempted the virtuous. In 1978, he tempted a young candidate for governor of Arkansas named Bill Clinton to agree secretly to support an increase in the weight limits of trucks allowed in Arkansas, so that Mr. Tyson's (dark Satanic?) poultry mills could ship chickens more cheaply. That same year, Tyson attorney James Blair, who may or may not be an imp, tempted the exceedingly virtuous Hillary Rodham into what may have amounted to accepting a gift of a hundred thousand dollars, in the form of a series of sweetheart commodities deals.

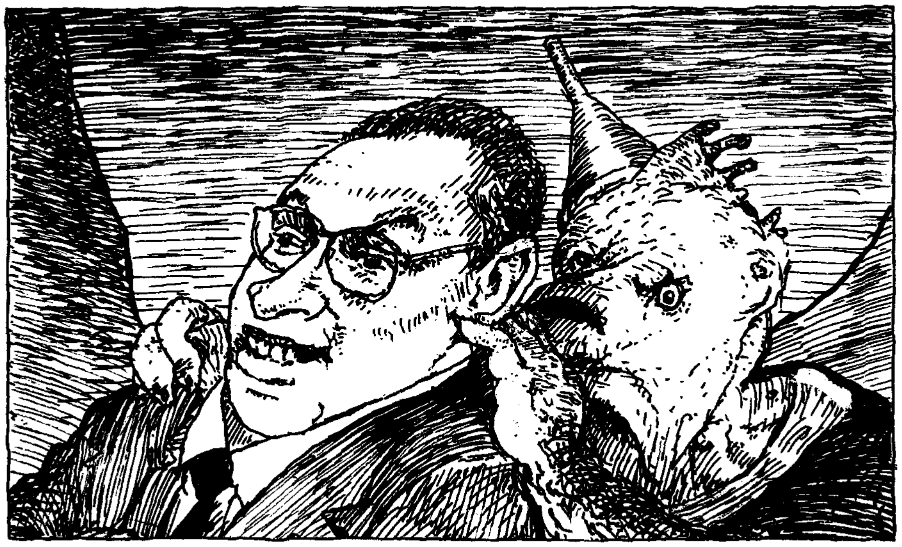
Now, we have the case of Mr. Espy, a man who until recently enjoyed a blameless reputation as the first black representative elected from Mississippi since Reconstruction, and who was appointed Secretary of Agriculture by President Clinton. Then came the reports of Tyson's penny-ante temptations and Espy's round-heeled surrenders: rides in corporate jets and corporate cars, a night's free lodging here, a skybox at a ballgame there. And, finally, the last temptation of Espy: the fatally embarrassing case of the Girlfriend and the Tuition Bill.

What is interesting about all this—if Mr. Tyson is the Devil, and no one is saying he is, only asking the question and not at all trying to pick a fight with someone who may or may not control the powers of darkness—is how *cheap* it is to tempt a Washington official. The total of what Mr. Espy and his girlfriend got from Mr. Tyson's minions comes to a few thousand dollars. And the low cost of Mr. Espy is not an exception in Washington. The outgoing Secretary was priced right in the middle of a remarkably stable market. The temptation of a public servant in twentieth-century Washington is apparently the only commodity in America that is resistant to inflation. President Eisenhower's chief of staff, Sherman Adams, went down for a vicuña coat, forget about mink. Spiro Agnew gave away the Vice-Presidency for a matter of about twenty-five thousand dollars. Richard Allen, President Reagan's first national security adviser, fell for a couple of wristwatches and a thousand dollars.

In other markets, souls do not come at all cheap; you may have to give the Devil his due, but he has to give you yours, too. To buy Dr. Faustus's eternal damnation cost the Tempter the essential knowledge of all mankind. In Washington, where it appears that the price of even a Cabinet-level soul runs to no more than the cost of a good suit, the Devil is everywhere. Get thee behind me, Tyson.

IT'S A GYM THING

THERE will be a point when the phrase "Have a nice workout!" will fall into the same disrepute as "Have a nice day," but that point has not yet arrived. Until then, "Have a nice work-



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JARRETT HUDDLESTON

out!" will remain the standard salutation when you enter a gym, and you will still feel obligated to respond with something aerobic and perky—something like "Say, thanks!" or "Boy, hope my quads hold out!" Or, possibly, "Hey, you, too!"—which would be the most satisfying deflection, except that the person saying "Have a nice workout!" is *coincidentally* very rarely about to work out, too. Ergo, it would appear that said person making the initial comment does not technically have jurisdiction. And anyway, when did this begin? What happened to a simple "Here's your towel, sucker"? And when did working out ever entail the possibility of being *nice*? Nice is you alone in a room with an eating utensil and a banana cream pie. Nice is *not* the StairMaster Crossrobics 1650 LE CardioSquat set for twenty minutes at heart-attack pace.

GOOD OR BAD KOPP: THE HUBBUB OVER TEACH FOR AMERICA

WENDY KOPP has been a media favorite ever since she burst on the scene, in 1989, when, as a twenty-one-year-old Princeton senior, she used her thesis to plan a national teacher corps and then set to work to bring a version of it to life. In five years, she has raised more than twenty million dollars for her program, Teach for America, and recruited some twenty-eight hundred young college graduates for two-year stints in public schools. In Arkansas, the Clintons endorsed T.F.A., and a photograph of Kopp shaking hands with Al Gore is one of the few personal touches in her office—a bleak barn overlooking Wall Street. She is not, therefore, someone you would expect to see described, as she just was in an article in *Phi Delta Kappan*, one of education's most distinguished journals, as the proprietor of a "fly-by-night operation."

Kopp is not exactly an innocent victim in the article, a thirteen-page, thickly footnoted demolition by Linda Darling-Hammond, a professor at Columbia Teachers College, and she's painfully aware of the fact. "Three years ago, I was set up," she says. "When I appeared on panels, I would be introduced as 'the alternative to traditional university-based schools of education.' I would allow that. And now I'm painted as a brash maverick."

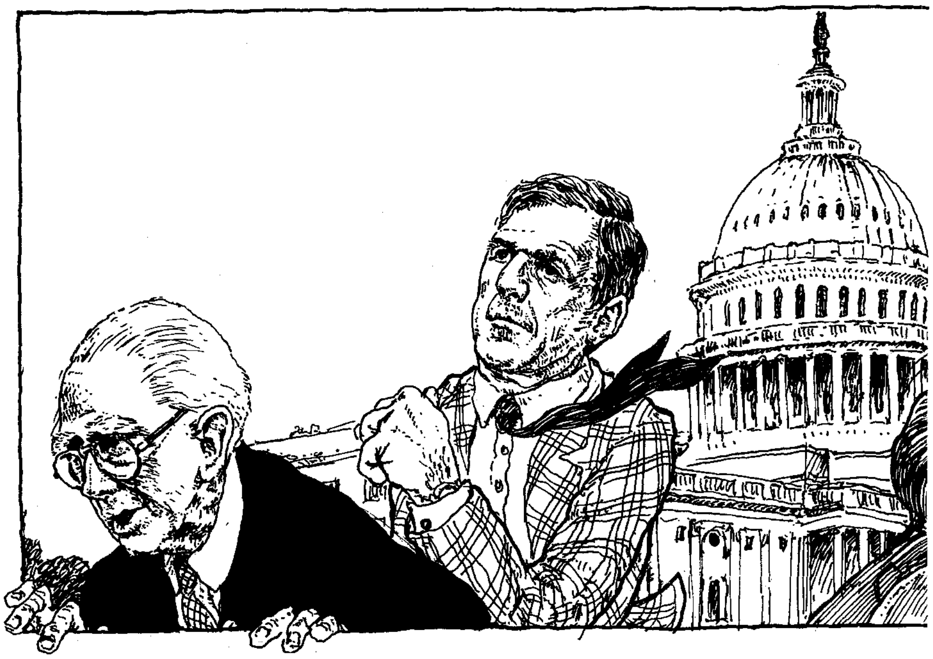
The Teach for America training program certainly seems to suggest self-confidence on the part of its founder. Kopp believes that her staff can take recent college graduates with no classroom experience and produce in just five weeks teachers who are competent to keep order and to deliver quality instruction in inner-city classrooms. That passionate amateurism has produced hundreds of young teachers who hadn't previously considered education as a career. It has also produced failures: Darling-Hammond's article is filled with accounts of overwhelmed recruits flying blind in the classroom.

THE brouhaha over Teach for America would have remained unpublicized had Kopp not taken a recent step that has the appearance of outright hubris. She proposed that school districts license teachers on the basis of their summer T.F.A. training, their time spent in the classroom, and some ongoing mentoring. For Kopp to recruit college graduates who might otherwise have gone into law or business was one thing; for someone who had never taught or studied teaching to set herself up as an alternative to traditional postgraduate teacher training was quite another.

Like Wendy Kopp, Linda Darling-Hammond has Ivy League credentials (she graduated magna cum laude from Yale in 1973), and after college she joined a program much like Kopp's and spent a year as a public-school teacher. But thereafter she chose a different path: she acquired a doctorate in education and has written so many articles that her vita fills sixteen pages. Married and a mother of three, she describes herself as "a frumpy professor, neither young nor blond."

Kopp may still be young and blond enough to wear her hair pulled back in a scrunchy, but only her PowerBook and her black power-suit seem crisp; she hasn't taken a vacation in two years, and as she distractedly twirls a used teabag over a paper cup at her desk she has the look of a Wall Street analyst who has been working late every night for a month. It's not just fatigue, though, that leads her to see a personal grudge behind Darling-Hammond's article. "I met with a funder who joked that Linda has one goal—to put Teach for America out of business," Kopp says. "O.K., so we don't see eye to eye on how to get kids to achieve. But that *is* a goal we share. Given the educational system today, it's amazing that people who are trying to effect change are at war with each other."

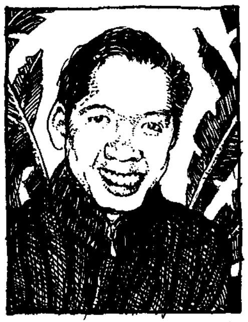
While Kopp believes that she and Darling-Hammond, despite their differences, are on the same side, Darling-Hammond disagrees. "When I started teaching, I was considered enthusiastic and hardworking," she says. "But only later, when I went to ed school, did I discover that there was knowledge around—about how children learn, how



different children learn differently, and what to do when children have difficulties—that would have enabled me to save kids. Teach for America sends untrained teachers into elementary schools—into classrooms where kids have to learn how to read. To me, that's throwing those kids away for a romantic idea that has never worked."

Last year, the State of New York suggested that if Kopp really wanted it to accept T.F.A. experience as a substitute for a graduate degree her group should engage the services of an academically respected evaluator. Accordingly, T.F.A. hired Robert Roth, the chairman of the Department of Teacher Education at California State University, Long Beach, to spend time at its summer training workshop and write up his observations. Roth began a conversation about that experience with some caution—hardly unexpected from an academician who has cashed Kopp's checks. But he eventually reached some harsh conclusions. "Teach for America's public documents reveal no structural framework, no sense of a curriculum or what a teacher needs to know," he said, "and yet they believe that in five weeks they can make a teacher who's capable of taking on a classroom." Roth suggested that Teach for America focus on what it does best: recruiting talented college graduates for urban schools that are hard to staff. "T.F.A. fills a niche," he said. "The problem is going beyond that and wanting to be a player."

FROM SAIGON TO THE EAST VILLAGE



Indochine turns ten this month, though nobody is sure of the exact day it opened. It was the eighties, after all, and for a lot of people—especially the people who made the restaurant hum the way it did back then—the eighties were a fuzzy time. "These four booths were *the* place to be," Jean-Marc Houmard, the restaurant's laconic, Swiss-born maître d', said one recent afternoon, gesturing to the four crescent-shaped green booths in the dining room. "We used to have the whole Studio 54 crowd here every night: Mick, Bianca—Steve Rubell would come in once a week and order a steak, even though it wasn't on the menu." Huy Chi Le, a former Vietnamese boat person who was a busboy at the restaurant back then, nodded, smiled, and added, "He never touched it."

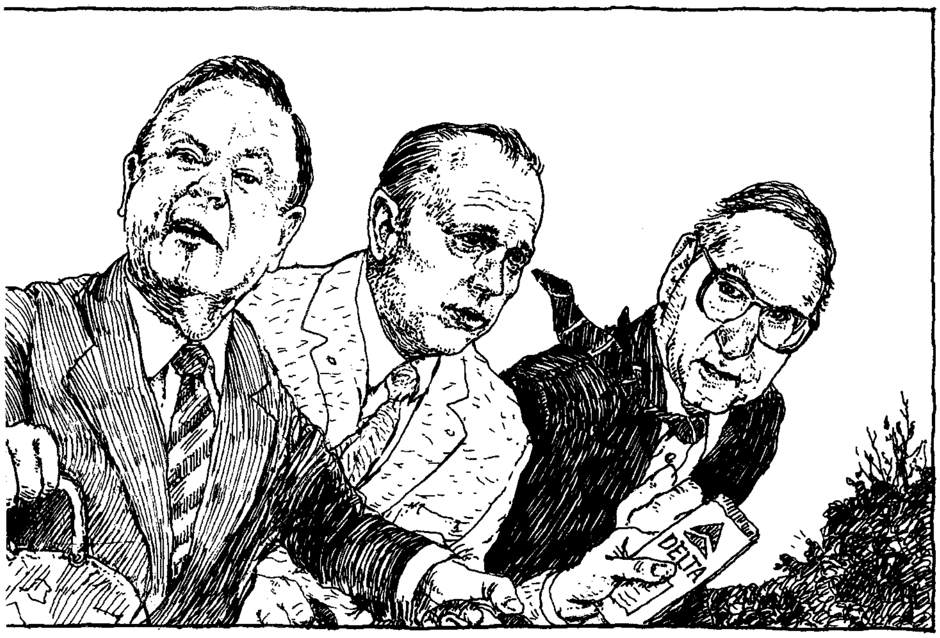
Lots of things have changed since then. Houmard is still the maître d', but Steve Rubell is dead, and Huy Chi Le is no longer clearing away uneaten T-bones. Now he's the owner.

Le was once a law student in Saigon, but his family lost everything when the Communists took over his country, in 1975. After that, he made his way to New York, and Brian McNally, the original owner of Indochine, hired him as a busboy, and later made him a waiter, and then a kind of ad-hoc manager.

At nine-thirty in the morning, Le would arrive to work the lunch shift at an Italian restaurant in the South Street Seaport, and then go straight to Indochine, where he'd work until two or three o'clock in the morning. On the way home, he'd often fall asleep on the subway and wake up at the end of the line, in Coney Island. But for someone who once sold sugar on a street corner in Saigon, the money was good. On a busy day, Le could make two hundred and fifty dollars. Meals were free, so his only real expense was rent. After six years of working seven days a week, Le had enough money to bring his parents and three sisters to New York from Vietnam. Two of the sisters now work at Indochine.

As Le's fortunes rose, McNally's hit a snag. By the early nineties, the restaurateur had overextended himself, and he didn't have enough to pay the taxes on Indochine. The restaurant was closed, a padlock was put on the door, and its insides were auctioned off to the highest bidder.

Among the customers for items such as the green booths, a battered maître-d' stand, and the dying palm trees that had given the restaurant its tropical ambience was Le. The building's landlord thought Le would make a good owner, and offered him the much sought-after lease on the restaurant. Le invested his current life savings—more than eighty



GETTING OUT

It used to be one of the great American jobs—a United States Senator didn't have to do much, and the phrase "senatorial privilege" meant a whole glorious way of life. But now constituents demand, work never stops, moneymen want more for their money, and you need more of their money. It's time to go home. Next month, after an average of sixteen years, Howard Metzenbaum, of Ohio, John Danforth, of Missouri, David Boren, of Oklahoma, Dennis DeConcini, of Arizona, and George Mitchell, of Maine, will retire from what is rapidly becoming the world's most excoriated club. May they rest in peace, or at least quiet.

thousand dollars—and reopened Indochine. Same staff, same menu, new palm trees.

While McNally may have moved on to run the bustling midtown media cafeteria 44, his former employees at Indochine have not forgotten one of the lessons he taught them. When Houmard was asked if any non-famous but good customers would be invited to the tenth-anniversary party in a few weeks, he shook his head. "It's costing us a lot of money," he said. "We need good press. You get that with celebrities."

Did that include Brian McNally?

"Of course," Houmard said.

Le added, "You never forget the person who feeds you when you're hungry."

MISS DUNHAM'S HAITIAN HOME

THE United States Army invaded a botanical garden in Port-au-Prince not long ago expecting to find an arms cache and an underground training facility for terrorists loyal to the exiled President, Jean-Bertrand Aristide. They found no arms—found nothing at all, in fact, except a few slack-jawed gardeners and a cast of Haitian musicians and dancers rehearsing a voodoo-inspired number. The owner of the estate, the legendary dancer and choreographer Katherine Dunham, was in a hotel room in New York when she learned about the raid. "I thought the whole thing was so amusing and sweet when my friends called to tell me," Miss Dunham said. "Haiti is always a place of rumors, and if you've lived there a long time you know that. But those poor American soldiers didn't know any better. They'd been told that there was a hidden cache of military equipment on the property, but they'd been told that by—I don't know, I heard it was someone who was selling drugs or drinking. You never know."

Miss Dunham, whose sensual choreography, with its African and Caribbean accents, once brought a blush to more puritanical critics, was in New York to attend a dance celebration at Town Hall in honor of her eighty-fifth birthday. When she was a student in Haiti nearly sixty years ago, Miss Dunham said, she fell in love with the place, and she bought the thirty-acre property in 1944. The estate, Habitation Leclerc, was once the home of Pauline Bonaparte, Napoleon's sister, and now it is a kind of fallen beauty, a slightly seedy oasis of greenery and wildlife not far from the shantytown of Carrefour, one of Port-au-Prince's worst slums.

Miss Dunham suffers from arthritis, recurrent malaria, and other ailments, which keep her confined to a wheelchair these days, but among her many projects is the avid support of Aristide's return to power. In 1992, she went on a forty-seven-day hunger strike on his behalf, and now she has every intention of spending time both in East St. Louis, her long-time base, and at Habitation Leclerc. "Haiti is home," Miss Dunham said. "I'm an honorary citizen. Aristide asked me to go back with him, but I think that I'll wait a little while longer to see if there's any turmoil. If all goes well I'll be back a month after Aristide, and, good Lord, that will be fine."

PHONE-PHOBIC

HERE'S a modern affliction: Call Reluctance. According to the cover story in the October issue of the magazine *Selling*, "Call Reluctance strikes men and women, rookies and veterans, and people in every selling field. It's as common as the common cold but a lot more deadly—it can kill a sales career."

Call Reluctance involves an aversion to using the phone to make sales calls, or to set up appointments for meetings. One man who had it said, "I had an actual fear of the telephone." Salesmen and saleswomen often catch Call Reluctance from one another. "Certain forms of Call Reluctance are highly contagious," the magazine says. One woman who had Call Reluctance says that an attack brought on "big purple hives" all over her face and that to conceal them she wore blouses with high collars and let her hair grow.

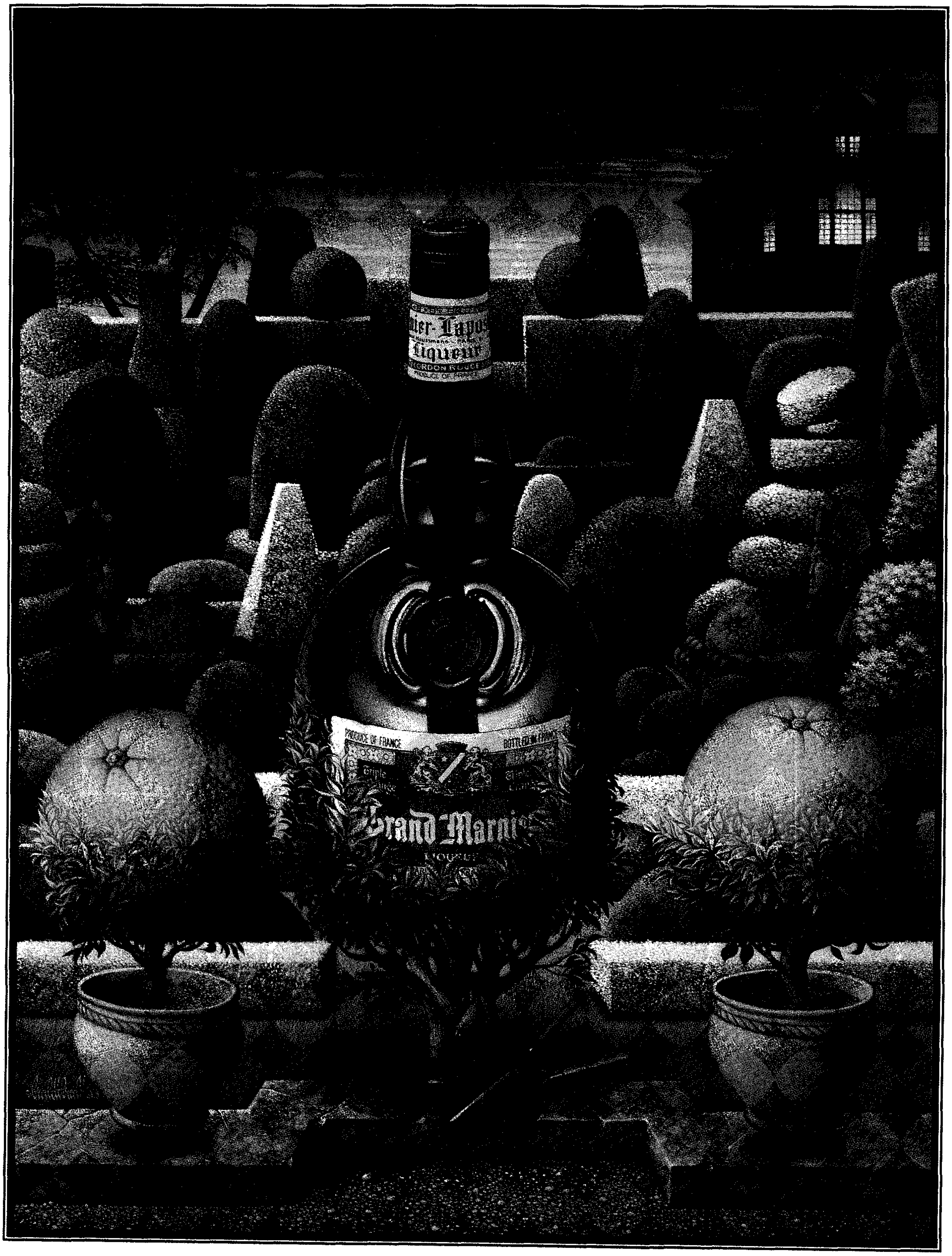
A person might think of Call Reluctance as a salesman kneeling in the dark, narrow lobby of a building with one elevator. It is late in the afternoon. The salesman has a sample case. He is leafing through a collection of business cards, trying to think if there is anyone in the neighborhood who will see him on the spur of the moment, since he couldn't call ahead. He *used* to call ahead, but one day he couldn't anymore. He would sit in his office at Rake's Progress Sales, the blinds drawn, eyeballing the phone, cracking his knuckles, exhaling deeply, then picking up the receiver. He would ask the woman who answered if she had time to see him and his new line. His wife has become frightened by this charade. When he says, "I think you'll be very excited with our new products. How about I bring them by tomorrow?" she says, "Harry, what's the *matter* with you?"

The answer used to be nothing, until, through some kind of casual contact—a handshake, one of the paper cups at the water fountain, the toilet seat, for Christ's sake, who the hell knows—he contracted Call Reluctance.

When he tries to use the phone, he breaks out into a fine sweat that bathes his body, making his face shiny in bright light. He feels like he runs out of breath before he reaches the end of what he has to say. He thinks, "If I can get through the door, I *know* I can sell them. I just can't make the *call*."

In the dreary lobby now, he rises and drops a coin into the slot on the phone. The sound of the dial tone fills him with dread. The air feels heavy. He imagines humiliations, conspiracies at the other end of the line. His palms are damp and his fingers leave little smudges on the card he has been gripping so tightly that it is crumpled. He closes his sample bag and decides to get a drink and take an early train home. He'll make new calls tomorrow. Everyone will be gone by now anyway. ♦

This week's contributors: Michael Kelly, Susan Orlean, Jesse Kornbluth, Rebecca Johnson, David Remnick, Alec Wilkinson.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LETTER FROM VATICAN CITY

THE POPE IN CRISIS

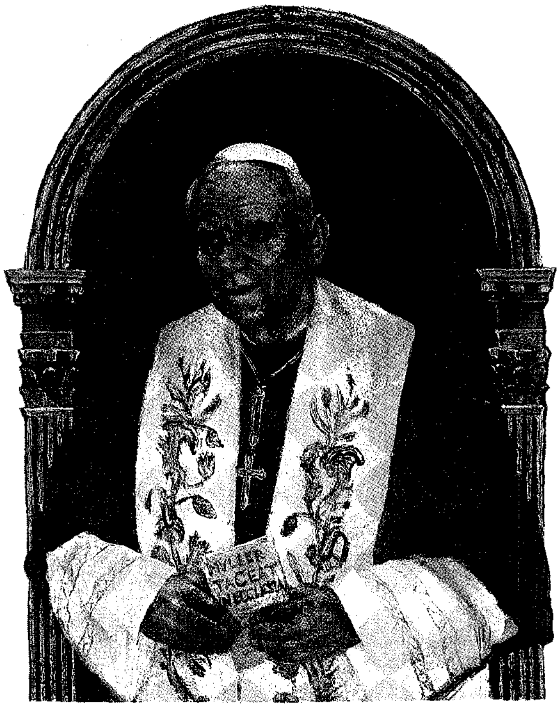
The decline of the Pope's health focusses concern on the future direction of his divided Church, but he is determined to resolve its crises in his own way.

BY DAVID REMNICK

JUST after dawn on September 4th, a priest and thirty congregants in a chapel at St. Peter's Basilica said a requiem Mass for the soul of the Vicar of Christ, Pope John Paul II. Karol Wojtyla, who was elected in the Sistine Chapel sixteen years ago and proceeded to revolutionize the Vatican as its first media-age pilgrim and politician, was surely dead. There had been no official announcement, but the signs of transition were unmistakable. A while before, at five o'clock, someone had seen one of the Pope's closest friends, Andrzej Maria Cardinal Deskur, from Kraków, being driven at terrific speed through one of the main gates of the Vatican. Why would Deskur come to the Vatican so early, and with such urgency, except in an emergency? And what other emergency could there be?

It was no secret that the Pope had been ill. For months, Romans and churchmen in the Vatican bureaucracies had talked of little else. Although the Pope had rebounded quickly from an assassination attempt in St. Peter's Square in 1981 and resumed his gruelling trips around the world, he was now showing undeniable signs of age. Two years ago, doctors had removed from his colon a tumor invariably said to be "the size of an orange." Some medical sources admitted that the tumor was on the brink of malignancy, though still technically benign. Last November, during an audience at the Vatican, the Pope tripped on the carpet and dislocated his shoulder and fractured a bone in his arm; five months later, he fell once more, this time in his bathroom, and broke his thighbone. On various public occasions, the Pope has slumped in his throne or clutched his side in pain. An aide said that when the Pope saw photographs showing him in obvious discomfort, he was not pleased, and asked, "Don't people in the press ever feel pain?"

But, as a media-conscious pontiff who has always advertised his athletic rigor—the ski trips, the hikes, the non-stop travel—the Pope could not now deny what was so visible to the doctors and the television cameras. He is seventy-four and weak. The Vatican's spokesman, Joaquín Navarro-Valls, spent much of his time trying to minimize the troubling mood in the Vatican of the *fin de régime.* The Pope is never officially sick until the Pope is officially dead, the saying goes—and for good reason. To acknowledge fully the Pope's decline would invite untoward speculation and, worse, political intrigue—subtle grabs for power in the Roman Curia over issues of influence and



Just out of a sickbed, John Paul told the assembled at St. Peter's, "Understand why the Pope was in hospital again, suffering again: understand it, think it over!"

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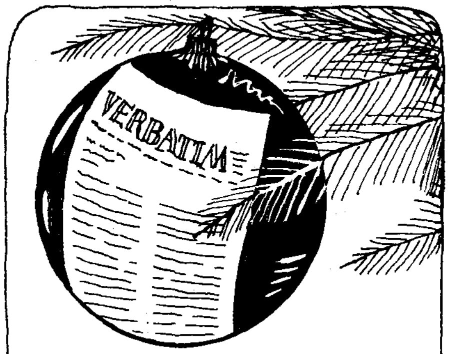

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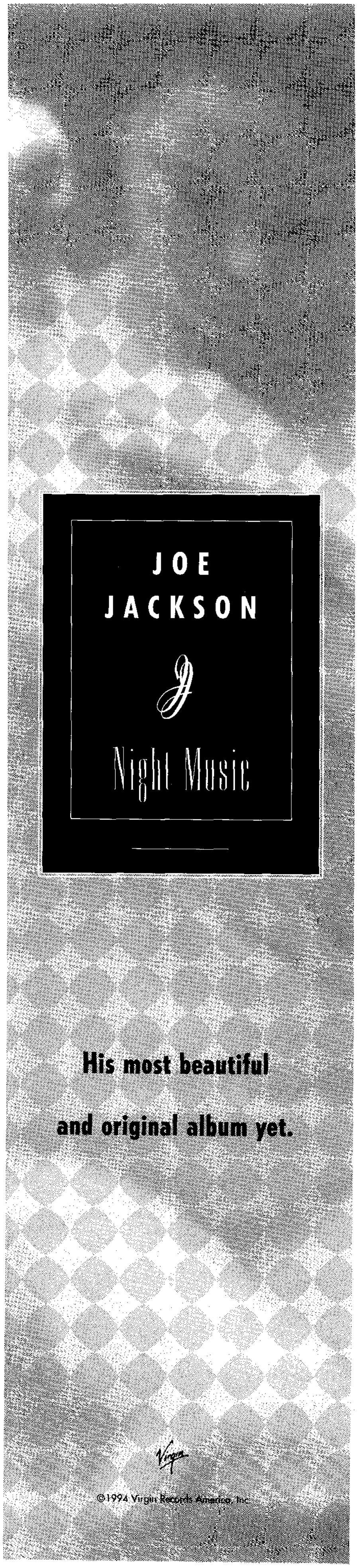
succession. Time and again, Navarro-Valls has rushed to deny the stream of rumors that have been the talk of Vatican City and of all Italy: the Pope does not have bone cancer (as one cardinal, Aloísio Lorscheider, of Brazil, reported on the radio); the Pope does not suffer blackouts; he does not have Parkinson's disease. And yet, for all the spokesman's efforts, the snowballing of rumor and fact together made it painfully easy for the congregants at St. Peter's on September 4th to believe that the time to say Mass for a departed Pope had come.

As it turned out, of course, the Pope was not dead. He was in fact preparing to say his own Mass at Castel Gandolfo, his summer residence, outside Rome. Cardinal Deskur, for his part, was merely returning to the Vatican after a vacation. There was no emergency. Soon the congregants in St. Peter's were put straight—for the time being, at least. Just under a week later, when the Pope appeared in the Croatian capital, Zagreb, using a cane and gasping for breath, they felt once more the shiver of grief.

WITH the rise of media scrutiny, the decline of a Pope has become a public process, and surely no papal decline could be more public or more pitiless than this one promises to be. According to Church law, a Pope has the right to resign, but not one has stepped down since Celestine V, in the Middle Ages. Indeed, no Pope could be less likely to retire than Karol Wojtyla. When he was elected Pope, in 1978, his mentor in Poland, the late Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, told him, "If the Lord has called you, you must lead the Church into the third millennium." Poles, especially, and Wojtyla, in particular, are engrossed by the idea of anniversaries, and no anniversary is more profound than a millennium. That he had survived the shooting at St. Peter's and that he had lived to help liberate his homeland, and all Eastern Europe, from Communist rule only intensified his mystical belief in Wyszyński's admonition. "I shall go on as long as Providence gives me strength," he has said. The Pope has already begun making plans for the year 2000. He wants to visit Jerusalem. He has spoken of holding an interfaith conference on Mt. Sinai. To the horror of not a few cardinals, he has even considered a thorough review of Church history and error, so that Catholicism might enter the new age having confessed to the sins of the Inquisition, the excommunication of Luther, the execution of Savonarola.

No matter what the extent of his health problems may be, the Pope is also determined to reverse what he sees as the multiple crises of the Church—principally, an erosion of moral purpose and of obedience to hierarchical authority. Much of his thought escapes categorizing—his critique of capitalism, for instance, is not traditionally left or right—but he has revealed himself to be deeply conservative on issues of authority and sexuality. Although the Pope has pledged his loyalty to the decisions of the Second Vatican Council under Pope John XXIII, his main ideologist, Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, who is the head of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, has spoken of the need for "restoration." Neither the Pope nor Ratzinger will criticize Vatican II. Popes find it almost impossible to make a blunt renunciation of a recent predecessor; change comes slowly, geologically. But to huge numbers of Catholics the tone of this papacy is willfully unresponsive to reality—to the population explosion and the rise of equal rights for women, for instance. At the recent United Nations population conference in Cairo, the Vatican showed that it was not ready to alter its stand on contraception and abortion significantly. The demands issuing from a hundred-and-eight-acre state became the focal point of the conference.

In Rome and around the world, the Pope has revealed an extraordinary talent for empathy, a gift for remembering the private sorrows of ordinary people. An acquaintance in Rome whose child was murdered more than a decade ago has since been invited to the Vatican many times; on each occasion, the Pope is warm and sympathetic, and asks about the other children by name. Such examples abound. Where Church dogma is concerned, however, his tone is quite different. In the past, the Pope has initiated disciplinary action against various theologians for "unorthodox" views of sexuality, and he continues to take a hard line against the use of contraceptives even to prevent the spread of AIDS. During his reign, some of his churchmen have suggested that AIDS may well be divine retribution for deviant sexual behavior. The late Giuseppe Cardinal Siri, of Genoa,



said, "It is right that those who sin should pay." The priests and theologians who have been called to the Vatican for a dressing down have found the experience harrowing. Bernhard Häring, of Germany, one of the leading theologians in the modern Church, who is a survivor of the Nazi terror in Europe, has said that his experience of being summoned to the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith to account for his views on human sexual conduct was reminiscent of his days in one of the courts of the Third Reich. "The Hitler trials were certainly more dangerous, but they were not an offense to my honor, while those of the Holy Office were a grave offense," Father Häring wrote in a furious letter to Ratzinger's predecessor. The Pope signalled his impatience with dissent in general when, about a year after his election, the Vatican disciplined another prominent theologian, Hans Küng, who in his book "Infallible? An Inquiry" had dared call into question the absolute authority of the papacy. The Church survived without the infallibility doctrine until 1870, and yet no Pope has guarded it more jealously than this one.

These are not easy times to be Pope. All around him, John Paul sees the erosion of his authority, a widening gap between doctrine and obedience. In the modern world, he can no longer hope to dictate; he must persuade. Despite his journeys and his mastery of the media, he is losing. Especially in the developed world, people may admire their Pope, even love him, but they do not necessarily accept his rendering of the Truth. David Willey's recent biography of the Pope, "God's Politician," makes it plain that Catholicism, as a two-thousand-year-old institution and orthodoxy, is struggling. In the United States and elsewhere in the world, polls have shown, Catholics are just as likely to use artificial contraceptives as non-Catholics. A majority of American Catholics favor sex education and the distribution of condoms in the schools; support the ordination of women; and insist that they should still be considered good Catholics even while dissenting from certain Church teachings. "There has been a radical breakdown in the bond of obedience to the holy will of the Creator, which was the basis of human dignity," a frustrated Pope told a conference of moral theologians. Privately and in his writings, John Paul has shown anger at those who would pick and choose among Church doctrines; they are mere "cafeteria Catholics," he says. He once told a visitor, "You cannot take a vote on Truth. You cannot pick and choose."

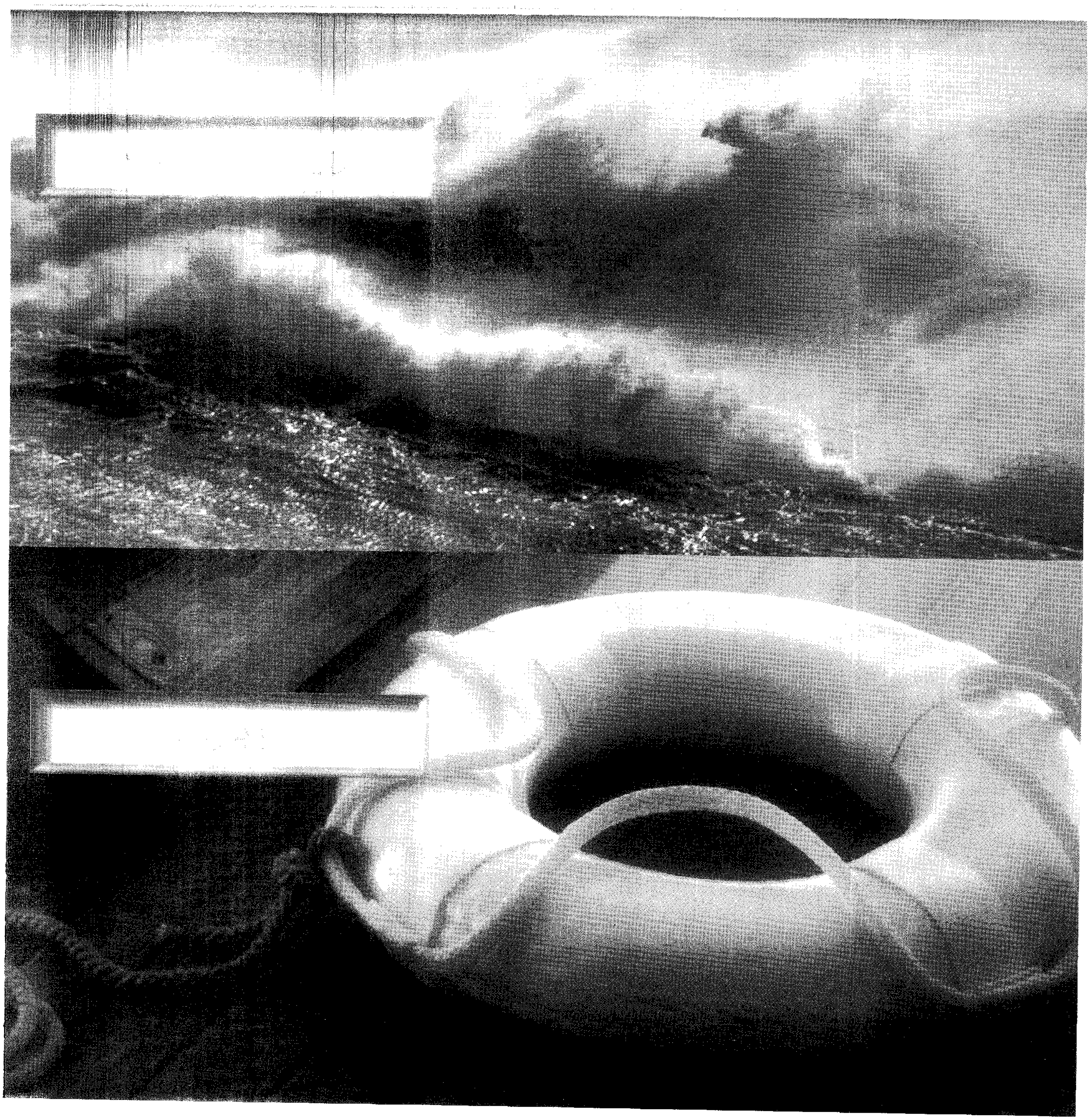
Bernard Schoenbaum

"My mother doesn't understand me."

There is no doubting the Pope's determination or his focus on his millennial goals. "No doctor or bureaucrat is going to stop him," Father Giuseppe Pittau, the rector of the Gregorian University, in Rome, who is a friend of the Pope's, told me. "He has a sense of mission. He jokes with elderly people now, saying he understands their problems better these days, but he is not a man who feels he can relax." Last May 29th, the Pope made his first public appearance at the Vatican since undergoing a hip-replacement operation, and in a remarkable talk in St. Peter's Square he revealed just how seriously he took his mentor's words, how he understood his sense of mission through his own physical pain: "This is what Cardinal Wyszyński said to me. I understood that I have to lead Christ's Church into this third millennium by prayer, by various programs, but I saw that this is not enough: she must be led by suffering, by the attack thirteen years ago and by this new sacrifice. Why now, why this year, why in this Year of the Family? Precisely because the family is threatened, the family is under attack. The Pope has to be attacked, the Pope has to suffer, so that every family and the world may see that there is, I would say, a higher Gospel: the Gospel of suffering by which the future is prepared, the third millennium of families, of every family and of all families. . . . Understand it, understand why the Pope was in hospital again, suffering again: understand it, think it over!"

But, for all his determination, it is clear to everyone in Rome that the Pope is running a race with his own mortal flesh. His energy is in short supply and must be parcelled out, day by day. He has grown more dependent on a small circle of aides, and especially on his ever-present personal secretary, Monsignor Stanislaw Dziwisz. To his evident dismay, the Pope now reaches out to the arm nearest him, holding on for balance. One humbling incident follows another. Since the St. Peter's scare of September 4th, he has been forced to postpone a trip to the United States later this month, and the rest of his schedule is now a matter of constant speculation. Vatican insiders wonder whether he will be able to make an extended trip to Asia in January.

His spokesman's assurances that all that ails John Paul is the difficult adjustment to a new artificial hip do nothing to brighten the twilight feeling in Rome.



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dimming.
And that was the place to cross,
treading the cold, my bare feet snagging a depth
of fish skin and weed,
that was the kingdom of pike, where the body was laid
a finger's width under the sand.

The far side was stranger's country, a half mile away:
a back road far in the heat, a gust of wind,
cow parsley, mare's tails, a glimmer of slate in the distance,
and out in the open field a dog fox,
pausing in his stride to scent the air,
the only spirit I could understand
that black awareness rooted in his eyes.

A heresy; and yet the soul becomes
indelible, immersed in viscera,
and mind endures, in wisps of meat and bone;
at twilight, crossing the river, I always knew
something was close, but all I ever saw
was blood-warm, vivid, wholly physical:
the sparrow hawk sweeping the air, the questing owl,
the stoat in the wall, that knows where its hunger is going.

—John Burnside

In September, as I followed the Pope from Zagreb to Rome and on to Lecce, near the Adriatic, and back to Rome, it was clear that the media death watch had become round-the-clock. The Vaticanisti, the full-time papal correspondents, have taken to measuring every wince in a papal appearance; every hint of a spiritual testimony in a papal speech. Even the American networks, which began losing interest in the Pope years ago, when the international trips became routine and newsless, have begun sending crews to Rome to accumulate advance material for an obituary. Vaticanisti are being asked to provide the networks with advance comment in the past tense. "It is a very strange sensation," Marco Politi, *La Repubblica's* Vatican correspondent, said. "I hear myself saying things to the TV people like 'This Pope was one of the great figures of the century,' or 'The Pope played a crucial role in the collapse of Communism.' But I know that this period of decline could go on for years, for all we know. He could outlive us all."

If the darkest rumors prove untrue, John Paul may well live quite a few years longer, but that will not necessarily reverse the mood of transition in the Church. "People are saying that this is the beginning of the end," Margaret Steinfels, the editor of the Catholic magazine *Commonweal*, told me. "You have to read a lot into this. There is probably a growing desire among many people in the Church to strike out in a new direction. So they may be reading a lot into the Pope's fragility. In a way, and I hate to say it, but on the part of some people it may be a case of wishful thinking."

When Wojtyla became Pope, he followed John Paul I, who died after just thirty-four days on the throne, and, before him, Paul VI, who had been ill for years. From the first day that John Paul II appeared before the crowds in St. Peter's, and in the months to come, he described a physical vitality, an inexhaustible taste for travel and personal meetings, that gave rise to nearly instant hagiography. "The Holy Father is the kind of physical specimen that fitness experts would call a 'man of steel,'" the French writer André Frossard wrote in his 1988 book "Portrait of John Paul II." "The day he became Pope, when he went out in front of the crowds for the first time, his white cassock and broad shoulders leaving a broad wake behind him and his face glowing with health from being out on the steppes in the sun and wind, he gave an impression of incredible strength: he was like the heavy, ironclad cruiser *Potemkin* steaming into harbor at St. Peter's, like a cavalry troop suspended in midcharge, or like a hurricane harnessed."

From the start, it was clear that this Pope's ambitions were at least as great as his physical stamina. To the political world, his enduring contribution was his irreplaceable support of the Solidarity movement in Poland—the movement that, after all, set off the chain reaction of rebellion throughout Eastern Europe. The Pope's trips to Poland and the defiant crowds they attracted made it plain to the Communist Party leaders in Warsaw, and to their superiors in Moscow, that, contrary to Stalin's mockery, the Pope was the commander of many divisions. The Vatican was Solidarity's spiritual and political, and even its financial, sponsor—the link between workers and religious intellectuals. It was, through various channels, the supplier of meeting places, telex machines, fax machines, and computers. The rumor still persists that the Pope prevented a Soviet invasion of Poland when he wrote a letter in 1980 to Leonid Brezhnev warning that he himself would go to the barricades in Warsaw if Moscow intervened. "Everything that happened in Eastern Europe in these last few years would have been impossible without the presence of this Pope," Mikhail Gorbachev admitted in a 1992 article for *La Stampa*.

Part of the Pope's over-all project as a political and spiritual leader was to reach the modern world, to make himself and his moral teaching a presence wherever that was possible. To that end, he has covered hundreds of thousands of miles on more than sixty trips abroad; he has said Mass along the riverbanks of Zaire, he has spoken in the soccer stadiums of Brazil. He has also reached out to other Christians and other religions more than any of his predecessors. Though he in-

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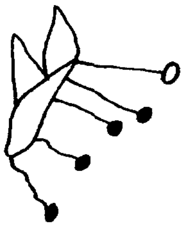
curred criticism for bestowing a papal knighthood on Kurt Waldheim, John Paul has built a bridge to the Jews. Reversing a decision by Jozef Cardinal Glemp, of Warsaw, he ordered the ejection of Carmelite nuns from Auschwitz; overrode the objections of some of his own diplomats by sealing diplomatic relations with Israel; and became the first Pope ever to attend a service at a synagogue.

The Pope became determined to reach those he could not see or touch, and to do so through modern communications. He set out to use the media as never before—hence his decision to bring in a powerful press operative. The Vatican still retains a vast architecture of official media which is as stodgy as anything permitted in Brezhnev's Soviet Union. The official newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, is the Holy See's *Pravda*—a compilation of papal speeches and official editorials that can be read with insight only by trained Vaticanisti. The real media, the Pope understood, were elsewhere. In 1984, he replaced an ineffectual spokesman, a priest named Romeo Panciroli, with Navarro-Valls, a Spanish journalist who had also been an apprentice bullfighter and a physician. Navarro-Valls, a man made up of equal parts sophistication, loyalty, and mystery, has long made clear his distaste for the old ways. To the despair of the Italian print reporters, he gave preference to television networks in the shaping of the Pope's global image. To the shock of some of his colleagues, he ordered an extravagant renovation of the press center on the Via della Conciliazione, and now it is far grander than the pressroom at the White House. And, to the chagrin of nearly all journalists, he has shown a willingness to mock the truth in the alleged service of the papacy. This summer, when the Pope said a public Mass during his vacation in the mountains of Valle d'Aosta, he was in obvious pain and looked as though he were not recovering well from the hip-replacement operation. The next day, Navarro-Valls told Italian reporters that the Pope was walking in the hills for ninety minutes a day. Few believed him.



Many of the Vaticanisti have further suspicions of Navarro-Valls because he is a member of the conservative and highly secretive Opus Dei. This group, which began in Spain and was close to the Franco regime, tries to recruit top lay professionals as a way of forming a kind of élite order that might combat the influence of the intellectual left, especially in Latin America and Europe. One of the clearest signs of the Pope's conservatism has been his embrace of Opus Dei and its projects. Last year, Navarro-Valls's secretary called several Vatican correspondents, leading them to think that they would get an interesting story if they appeared at the spokesman's house a couple of months hence. But when the reporters arrived at the house they were treated to a recruiting film for Opus Dei.

The Vaticanisti have finally concluded that there is not much to be gained from Navarro-Valls, especially when it comes to the Pope's health. A lame-duck Pope is not in the interests of the Church. The predicament for the Vaticanisti is that this spokesman is unusually close to his master. "Navarro-Valls is getting closer and closer to the Pope," Father Antonio Pilayo, a correspondent for the Spanish newspaper *Ya*, told me. "Now that the Pope is getting more fragile, Navarro will control more and more decisions. This is not good for us."

THE Pope's trip to Zagreb on September 10th and 11th was a turning point in his pontificate: the moment at which it became undeniable that he was an old man. As a Slav and a politician, Wojtyla wanted desperately to make three stops on a tour of the former Yugoslavia: Belgrade, Zagreb, and, most important, Sarajevo. Belgrade was struck from the schedule because of fierce objections from leaders of the Orthodox Church there. As for Sarajevo, the Pope's advisers were terrified that there was a potential for disaster. The Pope's diplomats took note that the city rests in the center of a deep bowl, with Bosnian Serbs still in the surrounding hills. The risk of a massacre, despite the ceasefire, was plain. It might have been possible to protect the Pope from snipers, but the crowds would still be in danger. The Pope, insiders say, was deeply frustrated, even showing uncommon signs of temper in private meetings. Finally, at the last minute, the Pope conceded and cancelled, all the while vowing that he would get to Sarajevo eventually.

Like the rest of the reporters gathered in Zagreb, I waited for the Pope to emerge from his Alitalia jet expecting him to be a little the worse for wear, weaker than before, perhaps, but when he finally came into the door frame, a cane in his left hand, his gaze timid and bewildered, it seemed that he was truly suffering. He went down the steps carefully, in a way that made one think he could fall at any moment. The aides around the Pope wore nervous looks and made tentative movements in his direction, as if they wanted to hold him up but knew they could not risk a scene. Then came the most affecting moment of all. It had always been Wojtyla's habit, when he was visiting a country for the first time, to drop to his knees and kiss the earth. Now he was in no shape for this ritual. Instead, two young men approached the Pope carrying a huge bowl of Croatian soil. The Pope made the sign of the cross over the soil, and the young men lifted the bowl for him to kiss it.

It took a long time for announcers on Croatian television to make any mention of the Pope's frailty. It was only when Wojtyla climbed into his Popemobile—the bulletproof vehicle designed after the St. Peter's assassination attempt—that an announcer said, as an aside, that it was obvious the Pope was "very weak and suffering from various illnesses." The entire twenty-four-hour trip was filled with painful hints of the Pope's distress. As he sat on his throne in the Zagreb cathedral, his chest heaved with strain. As he climbed in and out of cars, various bishops gave him their arm for support. For an outdoor Mass at the Zagreb racetrack, the Vatican constructed a concealed elevator behind the stage, enabling the Pope to bypass the long stairs to the altar. If these scenes were a surprise to the Vaticanisti, they were devastating to the clerics who had travelled to Zagreb. Bishops, archbishops, and cardinals wandered around the lobby of the Inter-Continental Hotel looking worried, gossiping. After the Sunday Mass, I met with one of the gathered bishops—Želimir Puljić, of Dubrovnik. A handsome man in his late forties, he seemed at once moved and stricken by what he had seen at the track. "To watch this man, who is himself old and suffering, and yet greatly strong, it was inspiring," the Bishop told

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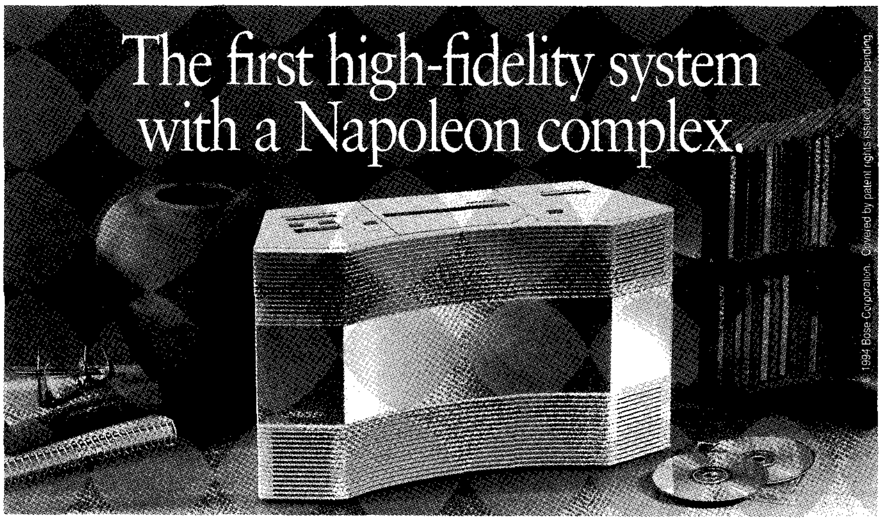
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me. "There was strength in him, but, yes, it was surprising to see him as an old man. I had always thought of him all these years as an athlete. It will be very hard to find his successor."

NEARLY all reporting at the Vatican is done at one or two removes, with aides, with acquaintances of aides, with friends of friends. It reminded me of the way reporters covered Moscow in the bad old days—everything at a distance, everything shrouded in doubt, every source a potential blind alley, a fount of equal parts information and error. Moscow has become an open city; there is little chance that that will happen at the Vatican.

There are professionals who have tried to describe the unseeable for many years running. In Rome, I looked up Marco Politi, of *La Repubblica*, who is an old friend. Marco covered the papal beat for *Il Messaggero* for fifteen years before going to cover Russia from 1987 to 1993. He has a reputation as the most irreverent of the beat reporters. In Moscow, we worked together on many stories at the Kremlin, and Marco often remarked, in passing, on how much the ways of the Communist Party resembled the bureaucracies and the codes of the Vatican. This time, we met for lunch near the Spanish Steps, and Marco looked as dapper as ever, but harried. He is writing a biography of the Pope with Carl Bernstein, of Watergate fame, while working the Vatican beat full time. The pressures of the Pope's illnesses, combined with the competition of at least two other biographies in progress (one by Tad Szulc, another by Jonathan Kwitny), were taking a toll. We ordered sufficient wine to reverse it. After a while, I asked Marco why the Pope's illness seemed to cause so much anxiety. After all, Romans have always had their blithe aphorism *Morto un Papa, se me fa un altro*, meaning that when one Pope dies you always make another.

"Well, the Vatican is a complex system, like the court of Constantinople in the Middle Ages or the kingdom of Boris Godunov's Russia," Marco said. "In such a system, the death of the emperor is far more meaningful than the election of a new head of state in a democracy. When there is a change in Popes, it often means there is a change in the system and in the ideology. The same in the Communist Party. Brezhnev was not Andropov, and Andropov was not Gorbachev. The Party line, the whole mentality, can change. What's happening now in the Vatican is a sense of pause and caution, a distancing effect, people crawling into their holes. At the Vatican, there are two trends of thinking on the Pope's health. One is to downplay it by saying, 'He's old, he works too much, he's had a hip operation,' and so on. The other way is to say, 'Yes, he doesn't feel well'—but they don't really say what he has. In Zagreb, everyone could see on television that there was something wrong. He looked so miserable.

"He is so remote these days. When the Pope was healthier, when he went on trips abroad, he would come out from the first-class section of the plane and talk with us in the back. And you could ask him questions and he'd answer. Now he tends to come and answer two or three or not come back at all. You have to keep going to meetings, conferences, Masses, funerals, where you think you might bump into a cardinal. And even then you get things very late. The cardinal will say, 'Ah, well, yes, last month. . . .' It's all a sort of puzzle.

"The hardest part about covering the Vatican is that you can't live there. You can't go around within the Vatican. The whole state is restricted. So you are left talking with the few people you can talk to and reading the signs that are given you. I now read *L'Osservatore Romano* the way you had to read *Pravda* in the old days. I look for little shifts in the party line, the placement of certain articles, the space they give to each one. Right before the scheduled trip to Sarajevo, for instance, *L'Osservatore Romano* ran scary headlines about shootings, snipers, tension growing. There was never very much about the potential joy of the visit or about some bishop looking forward with all his heart to seeing the Pope. It all meant that *L'Osservatore Romano*, which is controlled by the Vatican's secretary of state, was out to be cautious and underline the dangers. There was a struggle going on inside the Vatican over whether to cancel or not."

The end-of-regime mood in Rome, I

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said, was reminiscent of Moscow in the late seventies, when reporters checked the radio for unscheduled classical-music broadcasts and other hints to see if the long-reigning emperor, Leonid Brezhnev, had finally died. Which was the greater puzzle?

“I’d say this,” Marco replied. “I understood the Kremlin better because of the Vatican experience I’d had, and when I came back I understood the Vatican better because of the Kremlin experience. In both situations, you had a system that had a strong separation between inside and outside, a system that doesn’t allow the appearance of open conflict—doesn’t allow it officially. The fights are fought through symbols—a way of speaking, of using one word instead of another. For example, the word ‘pluralism.’ Or ‘freedom of conscience.’ Or ‘enculturation.’ The way a single churchman relates to those words reveals his position in the Church. ‘Enculturation’ is very important to the African Church. You may use it to allow African songs in the Mass. O.K., that’s for a modern conservative. But what if you begin to dance a little during the Mass? This Pope allows a little dancing during the offering. But what happens if, in the African tradition, you conceive of marriage not as a precise moment—a wedding—but as a process that is completed only with the birth of children? Some open-minded priests would try to understand the need for African traditions in tribal societies to come into play. It all depends on what you mean by that single word.”

Many of the regulars in the Vatican press corps—Politi, of *La Repubblica;* Luigi Accattoli, of *Corriere della Sera;* Marco Tosatti, of *La Stampa;* William Montalbano, of the Los Angeles *Times*—will pursue the details of the Pope’s illness and the subtle effect it is having on the diplomatic and religious politics in the Vatican. And yet one of the strangest things about the Vaticanisti is their tangle of ambitions and intentions. There is a long tradition of smoothing out the details of papal life. Even in the early sixties, during the reign of John XXIII, the press was reluctant to make a Pope seem too human. Once, on a car trip through the little town of Ostia, John XXIII stopped and petted a pig. The Vaticanisti wanted to transform the pig into a lamb, but stopped when they realized that there was a photograph of the Pope and the pig.

Many of the current Vaticanisti have religious training, and some have abandoned careers as monks or priests; a few, like Dominik Morawski, a Pole, purposely look away from internal Vatican disputes. “I know this sounds strange to you, but if I found out something embarrassing about this Pope I would not print it,” I was told by Morawski, who writes for the Italian religious daily *Avvenire* and a small Polish newspaper. “Maybe because as a Pole, as a Catholic, feeling close to him, I could not betray that sense of order. I just couldn’t do it. I would be burning my position. I’d never again be able to talk with the Polish entourage of the Pope the way I can now.

“But I think I can add other pieces of knowledge to the picture. What fascinates me is the messages, the diplomacy. I fully realize that the Pope is not well. There was the assassination attempt, the falls, the tumor. I think he’s paying the price physically. And psychologically. But there is another psychological factor that I know now also weighs very heavily on him. In 1989, after the great turning point, he was flying over Soviet airspace on the way to South Korea. On the flight, I remember, he came back and said, ‘*Lux ex oriente,*’ meaning ‘The light comes from the East.’ To him, the West is secularized. He believes that the long period of the Communist regime in the East prepared the people—who suffered, who lived without civil liberties—to become a source of renewal in the Church. His hope was that renewal would begin in the East and spread to the West. It was a hope, maybe a certitude, for him. A great wave of renewal. But then the years started to go by—1991, 1992, 1993. He began to realize that his desire was turning out to be an illusion. So there is this profound disappointment. Now the East is subjected to the wild capitalist vulgarity. Spiritual values have not become the center of life. The worst aspects of capitalism have filled the vacuum left behind by Communism.”

JUST six days after the trip to Zagreb, the Pope went to Lecce, on the heel of the Italian boot. A few years ago, the lead Vaticanisti would not have bothered

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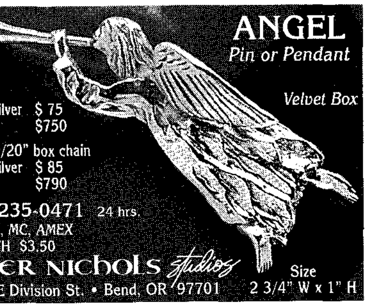

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with such a routine trip. They might have sent their backups. No more. The weekend flights to Lecce were lousy with reporters. But in Lecce mercy prevailed. The Vaticanisti did not get what they came for. The Pope, in fact, looked stronger than he had in Croatia. Once more, he used a cane and, at the customary outdoor Mass, a jury-rigged elevator—a forklift holding a huge wooden box. But there was more color in his face. His voice was stronger. He was quicker to improvise in his speeches, at one point warning darkly about the "ambitious" in the Church—a caution, Politi wrote in his dispatch for *La Repubblica*, to those who would dare count this Pope out and plot for the future. In all, a routine story.

Then something went strangely, comically wrong. At around eight on Sunday evening, with deadlines looming and the prospect of dinner in sight, phones started ringing at every desk in the makeshift press center. Why, the editors in Rome and Milan wanted to know, was the Italian news agency ANSA saying that the Pope had participated in a karaoke performance? What was going on? Where was the karaoke angle? In reality, of course, there was no karaoke angle. At a meeting with the young people of Lecce, the Pope had sung along with the kids for about ten seconds: as a gesture of participation, he barely mouthed the words, and then he shut up entirely. That was about all. But the editors were loath to let this detail get in the way of a good story. The reporters made their various concessions to the karaoke angle and then the editors made them all the broader, especially in the headlines.

The next morning, before flying back to Rome, I bought the Italian papers.

Il Giornale: "PAPA WOJTYLA FA IL KARAOKE."

Il Messaggero: "ANCHE IL PAPA FA IL KARAOKE."

Corriere della Sera: "LECCE, GIOVANNI PAOLO II FA IL KARAOKE CON 15 MILA RAGAZZI."

La Repubblica: " 'EVVIVA WOJTYLA' A TEMPO DI RAP."

At the airport, waiting out a long delay for the plane to Rome, the Vaticanisti took the morning readout in stride: a little foam on the cappuccino, nothing more. "You have to understand," Tosatti, of *La Stampa*, said. "We are not always

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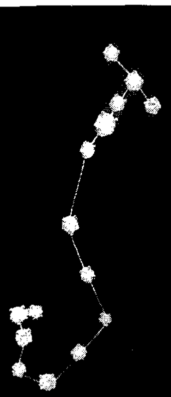

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dealing with reality here. We are dealing sometimes with virtual reality."

THE aging of the Pope leads to an obvious question, but even the most flamboyant of the Vaticanisti know they cannot predict with any certainty who might succeed John Paul II. They know that Wojtyla may defy expectations and nature, and endure—perhaps to the year 2000 and beyond. In time, contenders will come and go, will be proposed and then mulched by the grinding of the Roman rumor mill. And yet when I raised the subject, with Vatican reporters and churchmen alike, there was no dearth of shortlists. Names abounded. The only thing, they warned, is that nearly all predictions come to nothing.

"A papal election is an odd process," the English Vatican expert Peter Hebblethwaite has written. "It is quite unlike any other election, and the smoke-filled rooms of Cook County, Chicago, [are] not an illuminating parallel. In most elections, the candidates hope to win, present would-be attractive programmes to that end, and solicit support. In a conclave, candidates are supposed to be dragged unwillingly to the pontifical throne, they are not encouraged to present programmes, and they are positively forbidden to make pacts in advance. Moreover the Holy Spirit brings an added element of uncertainty into the process."

Wojtyla himself was a compromise candidate—a Pole elected mainly because the conclave could not decide on an Italian. As the conclave opened, there were two clear favorites, or *papabili:* Giovanni Benelli, Archbishop of Florence, and Giuseppe Siri, Archbishop of Genoa. Over the years, as details of the conclave have been leaked piecemeal to the press, it has become clear that the cardinals, in the opening ballots, came to a deadlock over Benelli and Siri. Despite all the rules of propriety, Siri, for one, proved that it was quite possible for a cardinal to betray too much ambition and therefore destroy his chances. He gave an interview to a provincial newspaper, *Gazzetta del Popolo;* the reporter had promised that the article would not appear until the cardinals were incommunicado in the conclave, and Siri had believed him—which was unwise. The article appeared in time for the cardinals to read it. In print, Siri seemed rash, ill-tempered. He even berated the journalist for the simplicity of his questions, as recounted by Hebblethwaite in "The Year of Three Popes." At one point, Siri said, "That's a question I would take only from my confessor. I don't know how you could ask such a stupid question. If you really want an answer you will have to sit there and shut up for three hours." The conclave turned to the even-tempered Pole.

With the understanding that the intentions of the Holy Spirit cannot be doped out in advance, the pundits of Rome invariably provided me with the name of the same lead contender: the cardinal from Milan, Carlo Maria Martini. I was told at one lunch and dinner after another that Martini, a moderate, is the candidate of the liberal press and of the liberals within the Church. "If only it could be Martini," I kept hearing. To the people in the Catholic Church hoping for "movement" on such issues as contraception, celibacy vows for priests, and women in the Church, he is neither so bold nor so unwise as to call for change outright; but his manner, open to the modern world, suggests the *possibility.* A well-regarded scholar of the Scriptures, a versatile linguist, and an author of best-selling books on the Bible and spirituality, Martini also has a good reputation as a pastoral priest. He is both a warm and a commanding presence, intellectually and in the media, yet he has not let himself become too much of a spectacle.

The same qualities that make Martini attractive to liberals inside and outside the Church would likely make him suspect to the majority of cardinals. To expect the election of an unabashed liberal would be totally unrealistic. John Paul II has had time to choose more than seventy per cent of the cardinals who will eventually elect a new Pope, and may choose about twenty more this year; he has made a hard-line position on these issues almost a litmus test for appointment as cardinal or bishop. Martini was appointed cardinal by John Paul but has fallen out of favor, especially on the issue known as collegiality. Martini is one who has put his faith in the collective influence of bishops' synods and other gatherings; the Pope resists that influence, insisting instead on the importance of his direct contact with individual bishops.

As etiquette dictates, Martini routinely denies any desire to be Pope, saying that he would like to retire to Jerusalem as a

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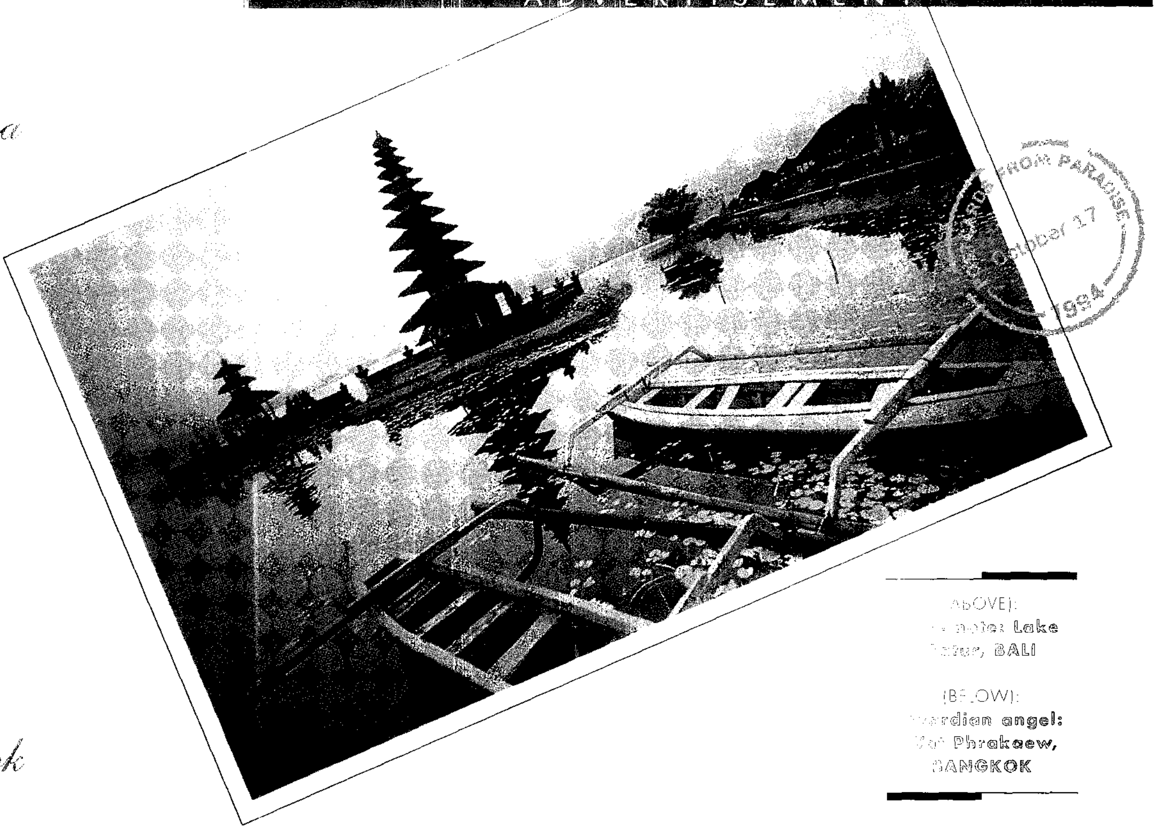

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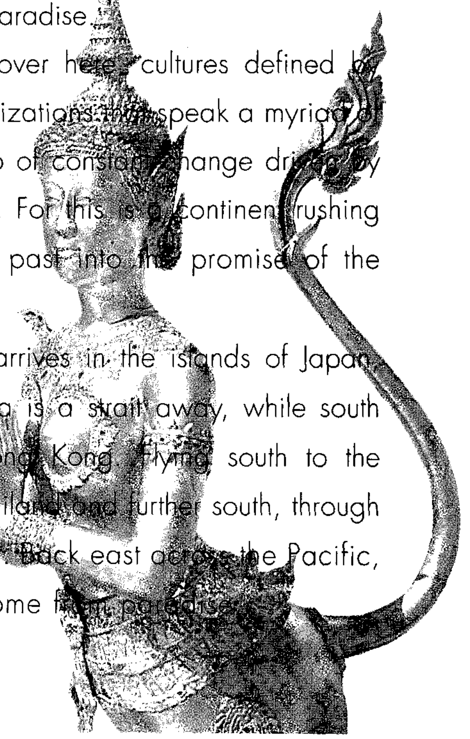

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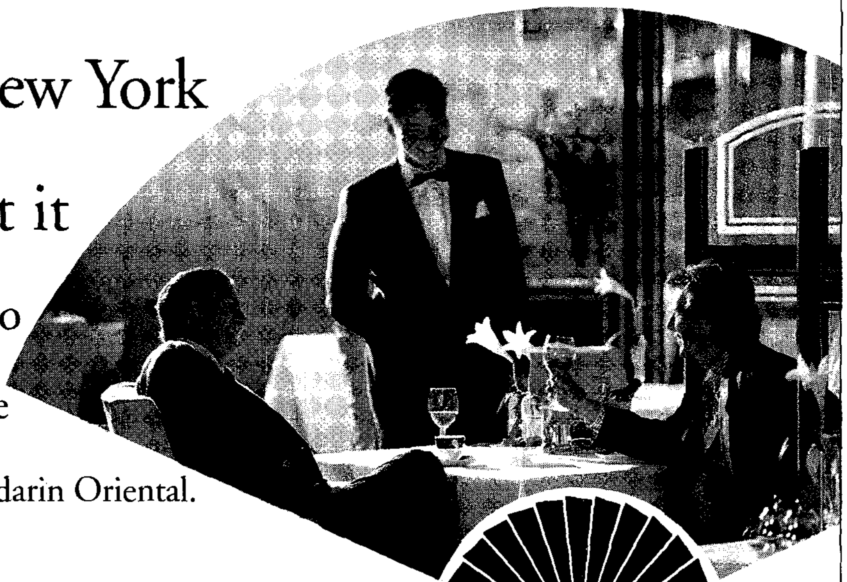

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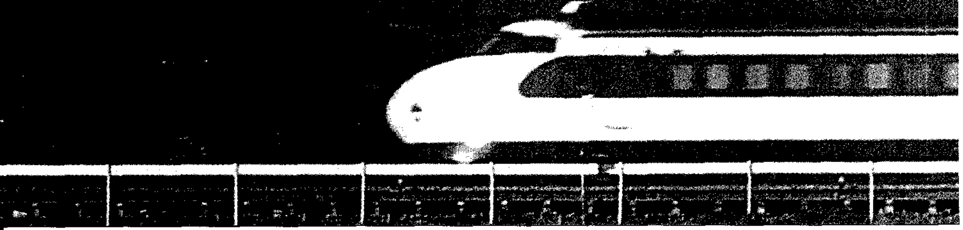
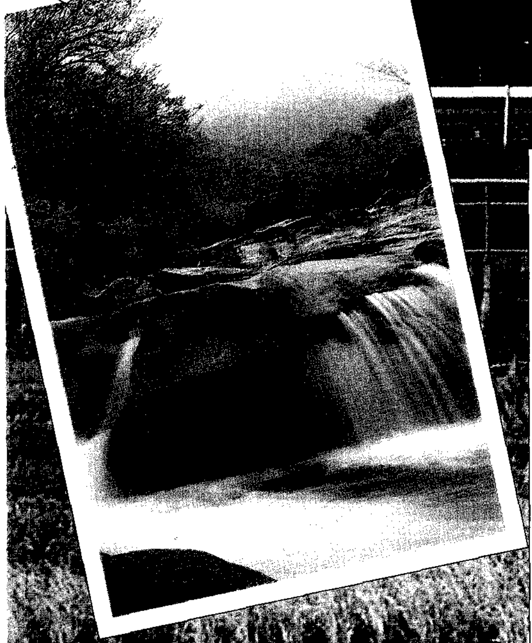
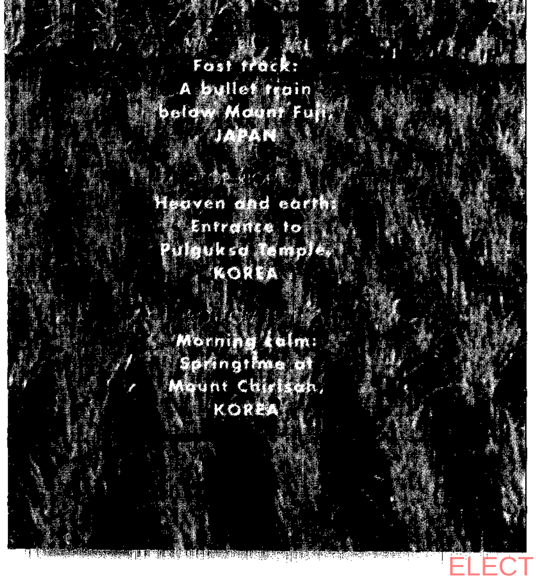
Japan

A whirlwind tour o[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]tus meant to sail here in 1492, lured by the words of M[illegible] [illegible] had heard in China that Japan's temples and palaces were [illegible] [illegible] gold. Seems that trade deficit may have been around a little longer than I'd imagined. Wish we had more time to explore farther, but we're off to Korea tomorrow.

Fascinated by the temple architecture in Tokyo, we traveled south from Seoul to Kyongju. Korea's "museum without walls". Pulguksa Temple's features were much heavier, earthier than what we saw in Japan. Above the temple, set in a cavern in the hills, the serenity of the Buddha of Sokkuram Grotto brought tears to my eyes. Thought the P'osokchong Watercourse might make a splendid addition to the garden — the kings of the Shilla dynasty would hold poetry readings round this channel, floating cups of wine to guests. As they say in Korea, gun bae hap si da!







Fast track:
A bullet train
below Mount Fuji,
JAPAN

Heaven and earth:
Entrance to
Pulguksa Temple,
KOREA

Morning calm:
Springtime at
Mount Chirisan,
KOREA

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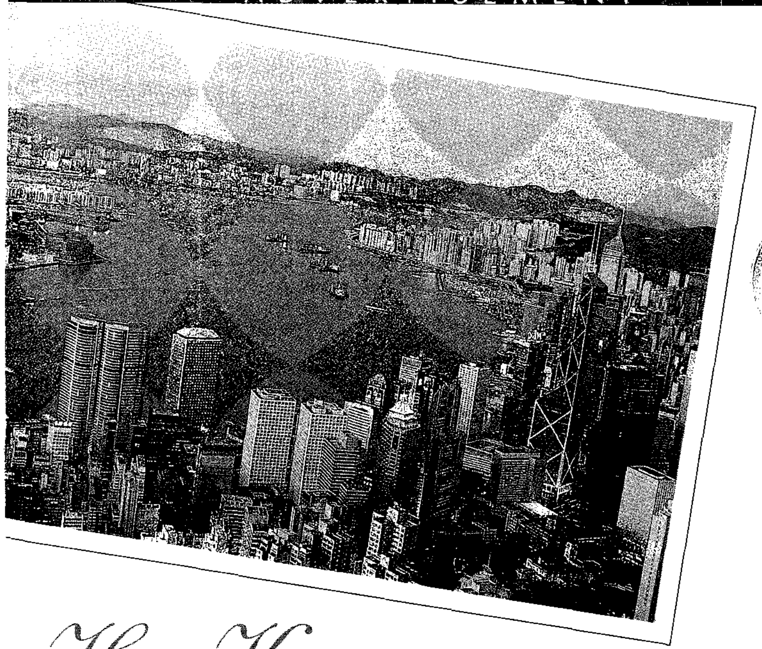
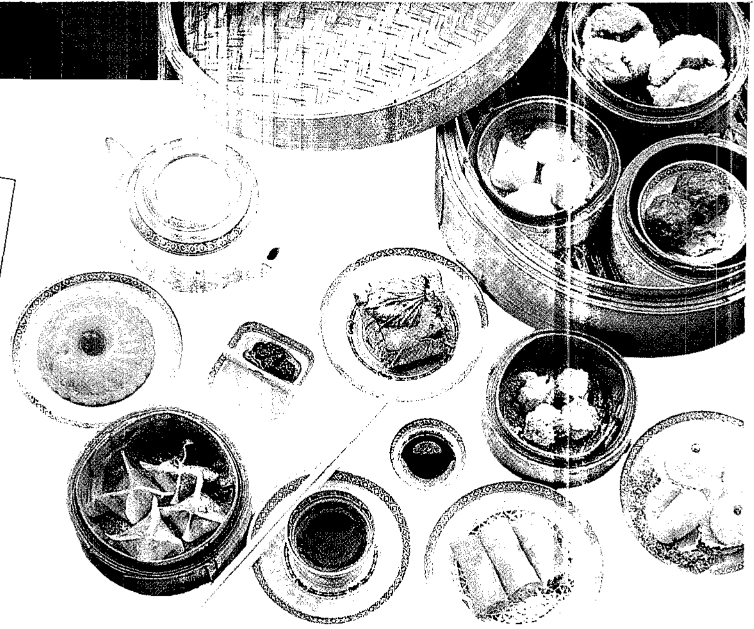




Hong Kong

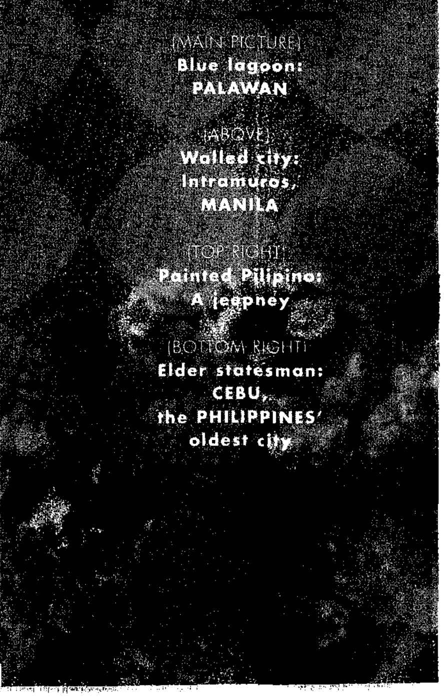
I'm not surprised that Hong Kong, once described as a "barren rock", has been dubbed a "Manhattan with mountains". The skyline is astonishing, the surreal beauty of gleaming towers rising 75 storys against the backdrop of lush hills. The streets bustle with contradiction and contrast, East meeting West, capitalist meeting communist. We have found the Wall Street, Madison and Seventh Avenues of China. In Central particularly, the banks tower over the designer names of Fifth. The cars, the watches, even the architecture express power. The Standard Chartered Bank is like a pink granite rocket, ready to blast away from the gantries of Norman Foster's billion-dollar Hongkong and Shanghai Bank building. *It sits in the shadow of* I.M. Pei's knife-like Bank of China, which is across the road from Paul Rudolph's delightful cubist blocks.

But Hong Kong is not all sidewalks and skyscrapers. Today we took a slow boat — not to neighboring China — but to the outlying island of Lantau, home to the world's largest outdoor Buddha. It was built using the same techniques as the Statue of Liberty. Tomorrow I shall watch for it, glinting gold against the green hills, as we fly off to the Philippines.

(ABOVE LEFT):
Eastern horizons:
HONG KONG's
harbor

(TOP RIGHT):
Tea time: Dim Sum,
a Cantonese
specialty,
HONG KONG

(BELOW RIGHT):
Gentle giant:
The Buddha at
Po Lin Monastery,
HONG KONG



(MAIN PICTURE)
Blue lagoon:
PALAWAN

(ABOVE)
Walled city:
Intramuros,
MANILA

(TOP RIGHT)
Painted Pilipino:
A jeepney

(BOTTOM RIGHT)
Elder statesman:
CEBU,
the PHILIPPINES'
oldest city

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The Philippines

Stayed two days in Manila before flying to Palawan, an island that lies southwest of Manila, between the South China and Sulu Seas. Manila is hectic and colorful — especially the jeepney, enlarged Jeeps garishly individualized by their owners. We opted for the quiet cobbled streets of Intramuros, the ancient walled city built by the Spaniards.

Enough of cities, so flew to Palawan, traveling on to the high black cliffs of El Nido, where swift nests are harvested for their saliva, an essential ingredient in the pricey bird's nest soup I didn't try in Hong Kong. Spent the next few days at the charming resort, snorkeling and feasting on shrimp and lobster. Wish I'd had time to travel further north to do a spot of fishing at Malampaya Sound — they call it the "fish bowl of the Philippines" But it's time to get back to Manila, to catch our flight to Thailand.

POSTCARDS FROM
October
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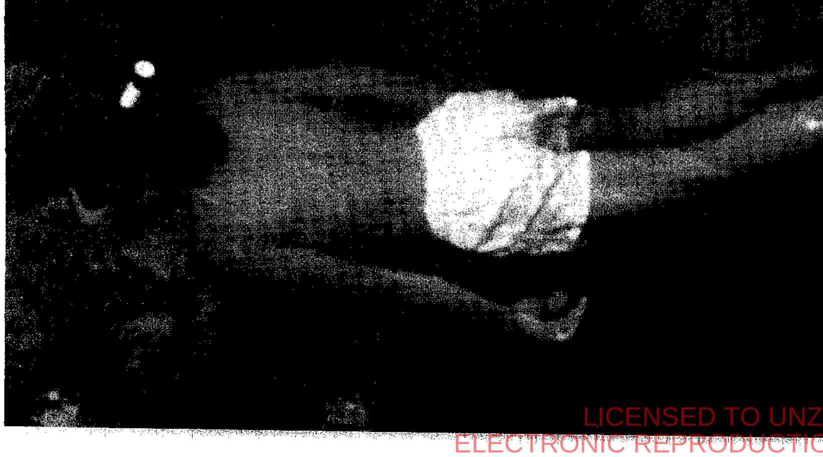

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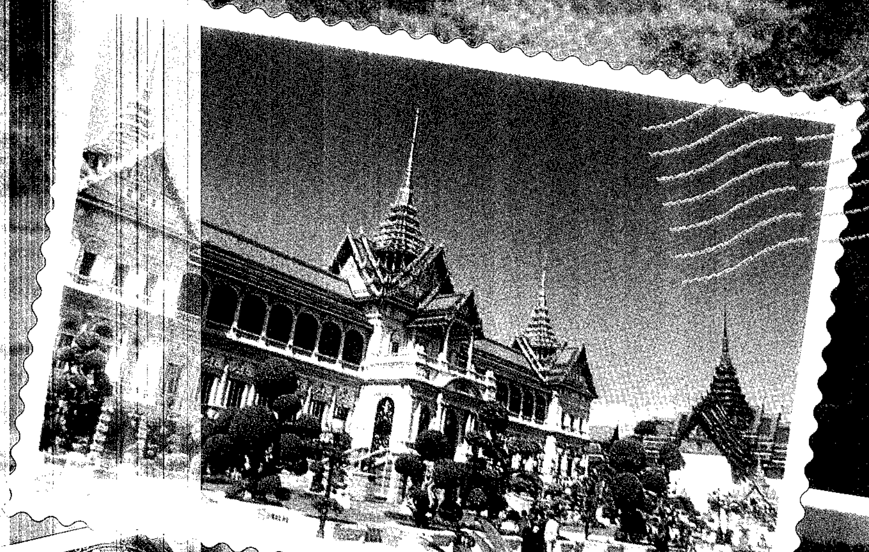
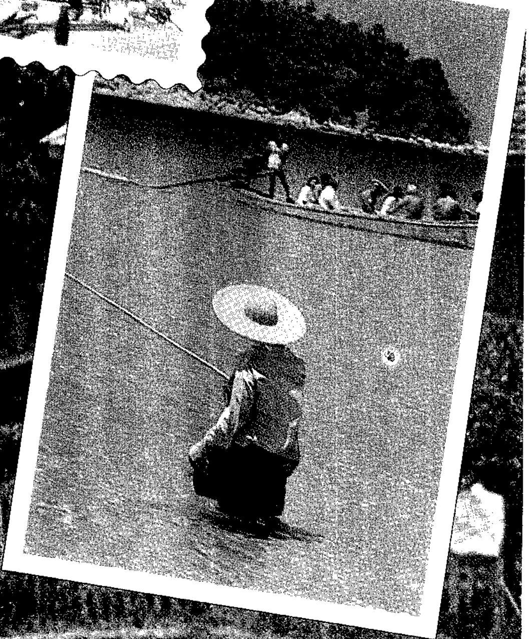




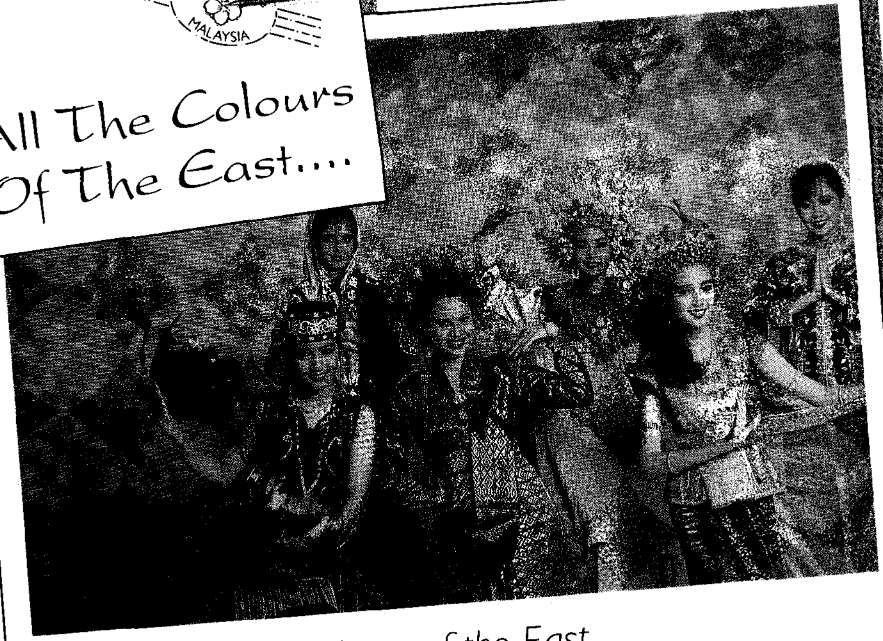
Thailand

Decided to begin in the center, Bangkok, City of Angels, before traveling south and north. We have made great use of the river shuttles that ply the Chao Phraya, River of Kings. The shuttles stop at all the riverside hotels. Went by river to the landmark Temple of the Dawn, which rather resembles a sacred Eiffel Tower, studded with porcelain. There are 400 temples here, many with roofs like stacking tables adorned with elaborate curved prows. We were enchanted by the stunning gilded Grand Palace complex. Inside we visited the Temple of the Emerald Buddha, an image so sacred that no one is allowed to photograph it. Did get a picture of myself dwarfed by the feet of a giant reclining Buddha, his feet inlaid with exquisite mother of pearl.

From Bangkok we traveled south, to the island of Koh Samui. It's smaller and quieter than Phuket. Enjoyed the quiet resorts, some rustic, some fabulously luxurious, the silvery sands, and the exotic fruit.

MAIN PICTURE:
Terrace incognita: AYUTTHAYA, in the Central Plains

All The Colours Of The East….



Faces of the East.

Mightly dragons dance through the streets, alongside Malay, Chinese and Indian beauties in woven threads of red and gold.

A tribal chief walks by, resplendent in head-dress, complete with blowpipe and arrows.

Elsewhere, a charming Orang-utan has breakfast with a visitor….

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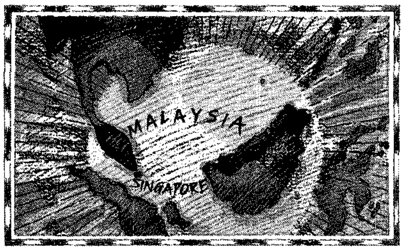

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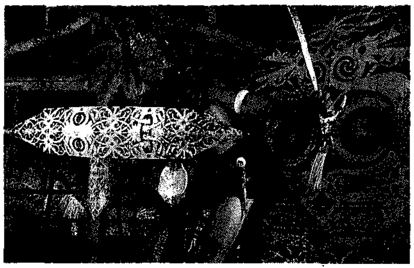

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Thailand

The north was quite a change from the Moslem south. It's much cooler here, in the mountains. We took a four-day trek, spent a day teetering on the back of an elephant, and spent the nights in the villages of the fascinating hill tribes who still live much as they have for hundreds of years. Tomorrow we fly back to Bangkok, where we board the Eastern Orient Express for Kuala Lumpur.

(CLOCKWISE FROM ABOVE): Trunk [illegible]: Elephant trekking at the [illegible] CHIANG MAI

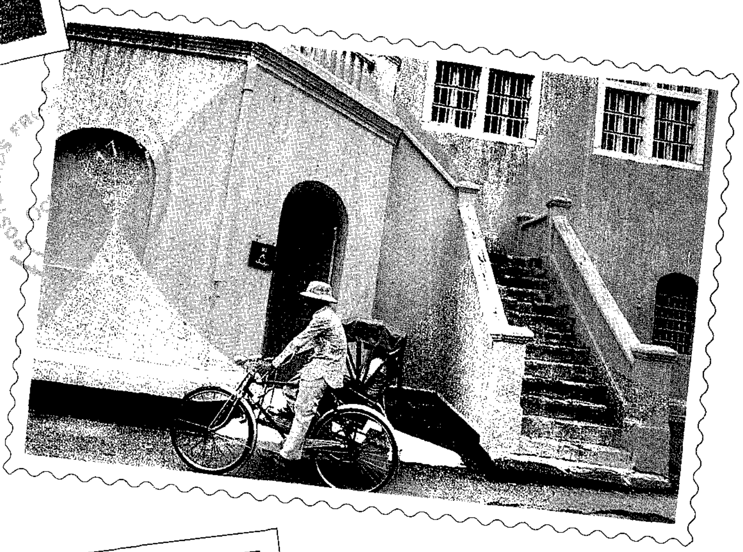
[illegible] Free wheeling: [illegible] MALACCA

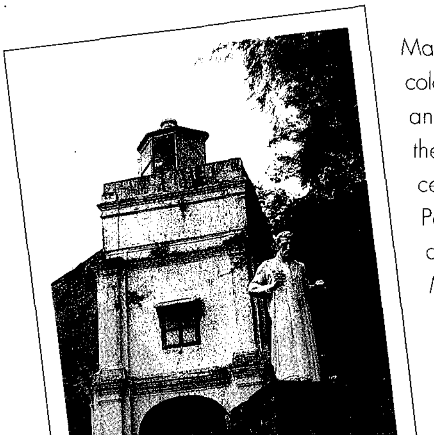
(MIDDLE): Soul man: Statue of St. Francis Xavier, MALACCA

(BELOW): House of Islam: Tranquerah Mosque MALACCA

Malaysia

We rented a car in Kuala Lumpur, deciding to drive south along the west coast to Malacca. About one-and-one-half hours from Kuala Lumpur, we stopped at Port Dickson for a day on its 11 miles of beaches. The next day we stopped off at Cape Rachardo, a lighthouse built by the Portuguese in the 16th century. I tried to imagine its beacon guiding the great old sailing ships on to Malacca, just minutes down the road.





Malacca was colonized by the Portuguese, the Dutch and the British, and they have all left their mark, most poignantly in their cemeteries. From the 16th-century Portuguese fortress at its base, we climbed the hill at the mouth of the Malacca River to a Portuguese church the Dutch renamed St Paul's. St Francis Xavier was buried here until 1553, when his body was moved to Goa.

From the hill we followed the path down to the old Dutch square that is still the site of the traditional Stadhuys and Christ Church Melaka, a lovely example of classic Dutch architecture. Outside Malacca, we climbed the hills of Bukit China, once home to the Ming Emperor's daughter who married the Sultan Mansor Shah. At the foot of the hill is the Sultan's well. I cast a penny into its waters, hoping that its legend, that he who stops here will return to Malacca, will come true.

Tomorrow we will visit several mosques, including the Sumatran-style Kampong Kling, before we drive on to Johor Bahru, and across the causeway to Singapore.

(RIGHT):
Founding father:
Sir Stamford
Raffles

(BELOW):
Fortunate future:
A traditional
Chinese shop

(RIGHT): **Lion city:**
The Merlion
Statue on Queen
Elizabeth Walk

(BELOW):
Tower power:
Raffles City

(FAR RIGHT):
Body piercing:
A Hindu devotee

Singapore

Singapore would make the perfect introduction to Asia — it's clean, it's green, it showcases its colonial past, and it celebrates the heritage and cultures of the Chinese, Malays and Indians who live here. We managed to breakfast on *roti* outside a Hindu temple in Little India, lunch on noodles in a traditional Chinese shopfront in Pernakan Place, and this afternoon we are going to wander through Arab Street. Tonight though, we plan to dine in the colonial splendor of Raffles, after having an aperitif in the Writers' Bar. You could think about bringing the kids here — Singapore's got the world's only night safari, a marvellous submarine viewing tunnel at Underwater World, and two Chinese theme amusement parks.

It is not mandatory to dress for dinner.

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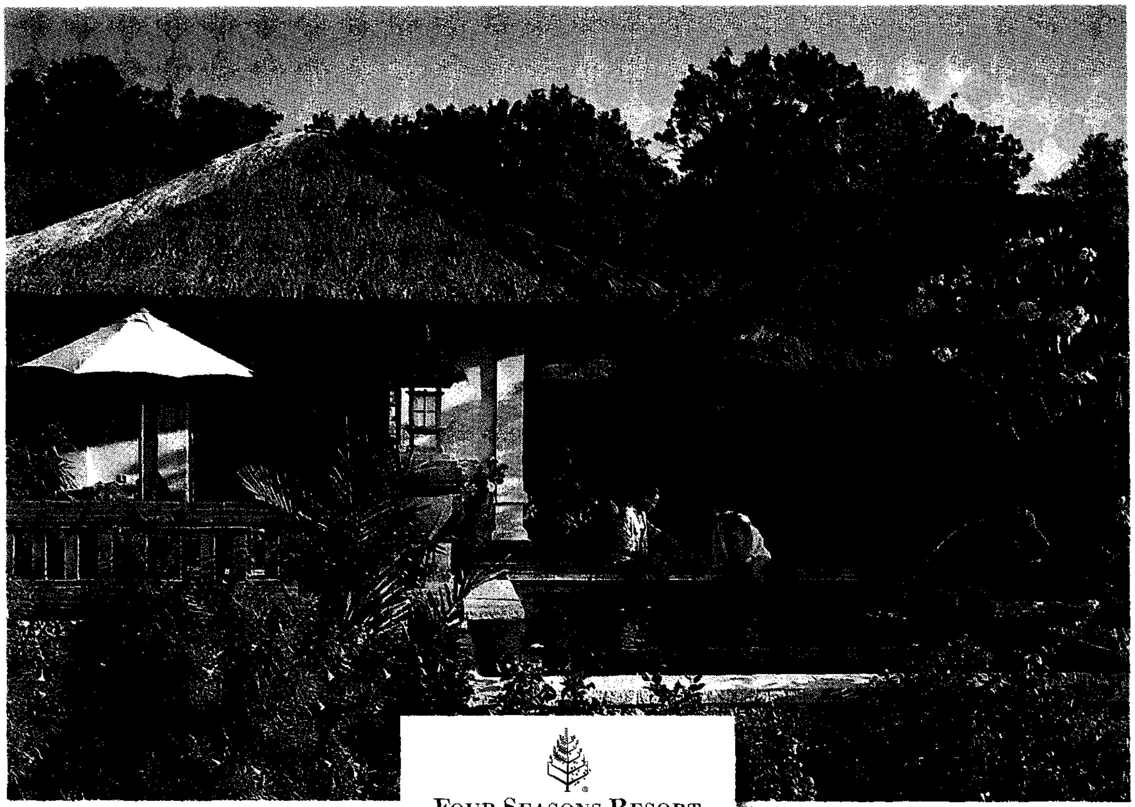

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(LEFT):
Enchanted isle:
Balinese pavilions
at the
Four Seasons

(MAIN PICTURE):
Blue note:
Lake Batur, BALI

Bali & Lombok

An ancient magic fills the air here. The first afternoon, as we were out cycling on mountain bikes rented from the hotel, we heard a call coming from one of the Hindu temples. The women of the village, having heard, obeyed, and soon we were part of a colorful procession. The women carried offerings of fruit piled high on their heads, and we followed them to the temple. Everywhere there is evidence of Balinese devotion — intricately arranged offerings of fruit and flowers at the foot of a tiny shrine, or bright cloth draped around the statue of a god. Temples and shrines spring from between the roots of ancient trees, dot beaches, rice fields, cemeteries and markets, rest in caves and perch high on cliffs above the Java Sea.

(ABOVE):
Woodwork:
Balinese carving

(BELOW):
Clay court:
Pottery in
LOMBOK

Everyone seems to be an artist — a painter, a dancer, a weaver, a carver. In the grounds of our hotel, little children came to practice their dances, all huge dark eyes and sudden shy smiles. In Ubud, home of the painters, the sound of the haunting *gamelan* drew us to a performance of the *legong*, Bali's greatest dance. We drove a jeep to other villages to shop, to Celuk for silver, and to [illegible] for woodcarvings.

We made a short trip across the sea to the island [illegible] because some of Bali's Hindus have [illegible] the west, they say you can find Bali in Lombok, but not Lombok in Bali. We did find quiet beaches and beautiful coral gardens, as well as the weav[illegible] Lombok is famous for. W[illegible] may be the only Hindu shrine in [illegible] the local Hindus and Mosl[illegible]. Tomorrow we begin the long jou[illegible] with a brief stop in Hawaii.

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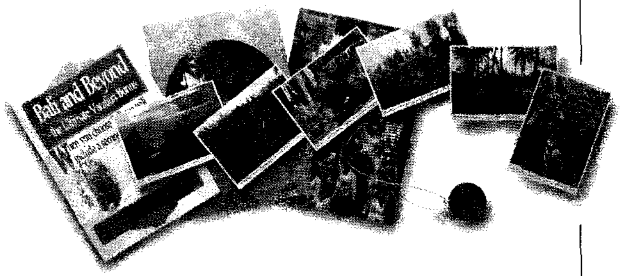

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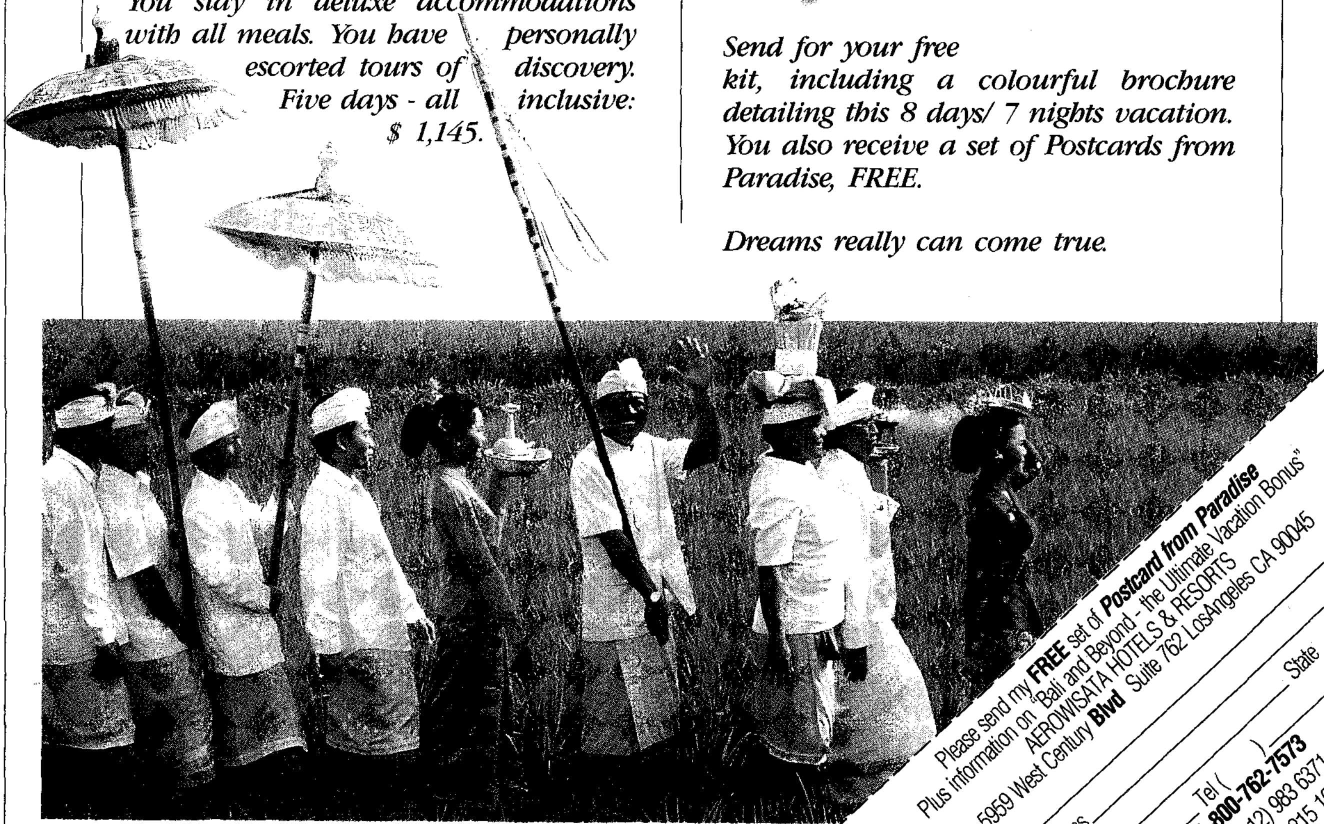

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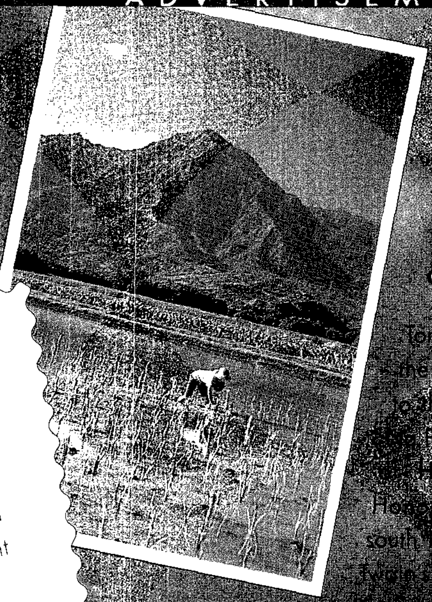
[illegible]-bowl:
[illegible] Valley,
KAUAI

Wave machine:
Waimanalo Beach,
OAHU



Hawaii

The Polynesians measure wealth by how you feel, not what you have, and I feel rich. These islands have become our bridge between time zones, between cultures, between Asia and America. We flew from Tokyo to Honolulu before boarding the plane for the 45-minute flight to Lihue airport on Kauai.

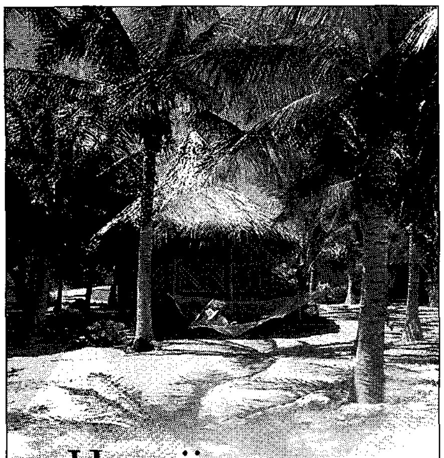
As I sit here with my feet up, drinking a cup of mellow Kona coffee, I am looking forward to a gentle day on this lovely island. The velvet green hills, rising to the crater of Mount Waialeale, described as the wettest place on earth, are rich with flowers. The rain flows down to the sea in great waterfalls. Yesterday we drove to Opaekka Falls to watch the rainbows dance as the Wailula River cascades over a cliff.

Tomorrow we may drive to the other side of the island to the rugged majesty of the [illegible] Pali Cliffs to see the valleys [illegible] Hanakapiai, Hanakoa, Honopu and Kalalau. Further south is Waimea Canyon, Mark Twain's [illegible] Canyon of the [illegible] near the point where [illegible] Hawaii, is 10 miles long [illegible] feet deep.

Or, we may decide to take a [illegible] back in time, down the tunnel of trees that leads to Poipu and Old Koloa Town, a restored sugar plantation. Then again, we may [illegible]

(ABOVE)
Rhythm and blues:
Hawaiian improv

(BELOW RIGHT)
On guard:
City of Refuge,
HAWAII



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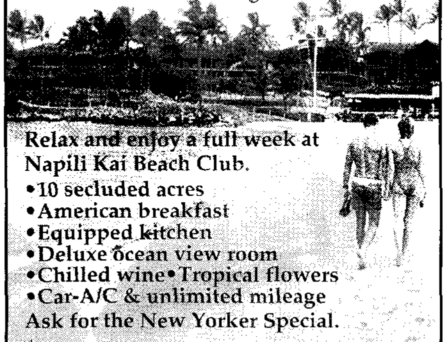

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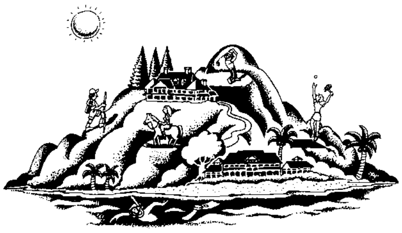

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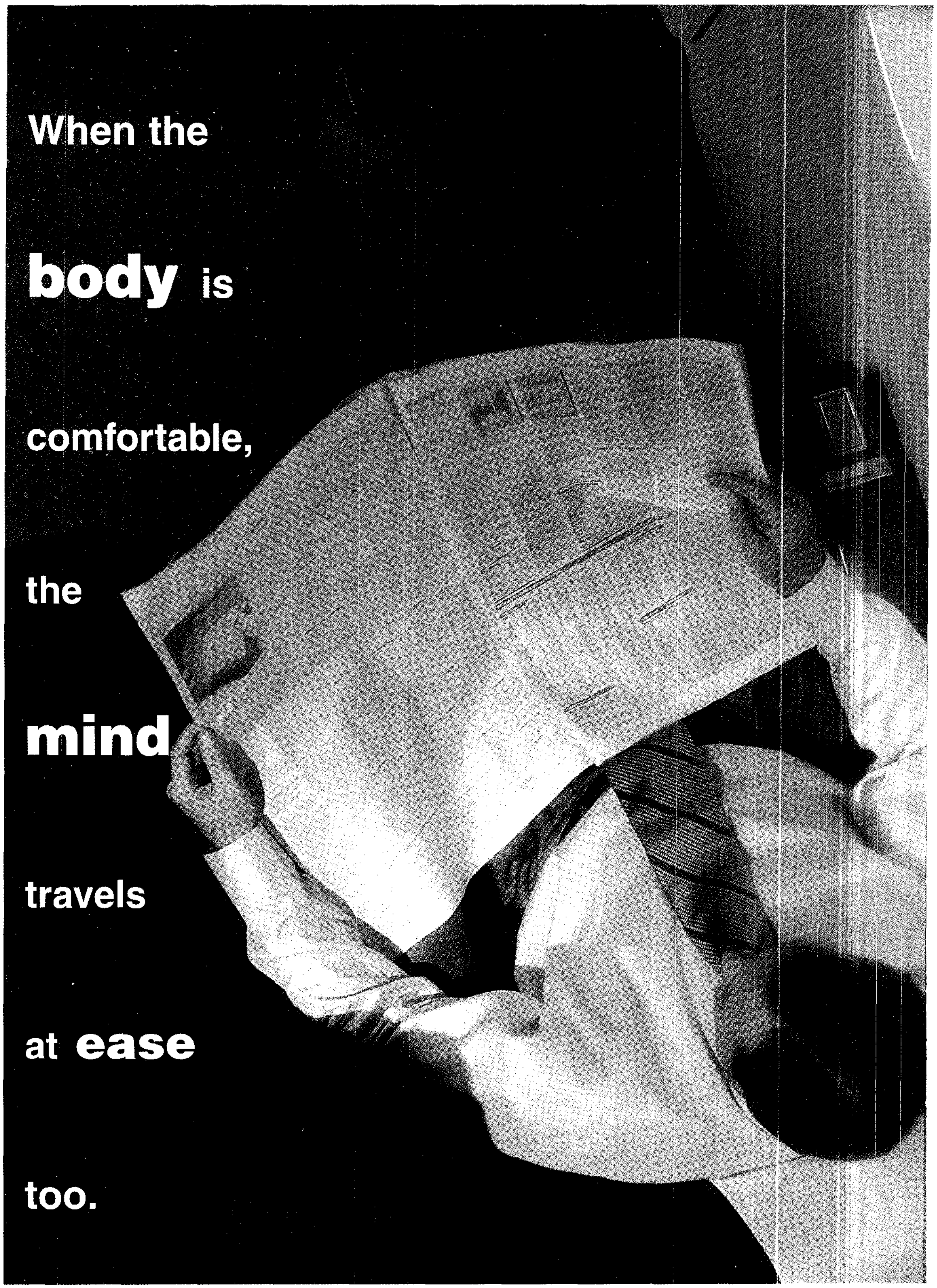

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Biblical scholar, but the simple fact that his name is mentioned so often as a potential successor hurts his chances, since it provides a faint aroma of ambition to his name. Besides, Martini is a Jesuit, and no Jesuit has ever been elected Pope.

Two other Italians are mentioned quite often: Pio Cardinal Laghi and Giacomo Cardinal Biffi. Laghi is an experienced diplomat, who has been the papal nuncio to the United States. He could well rally the cardinals known as the diplomatic lobby. Biffi is a prominent conservative, to the right of the Pope in rhetoric, if not in dogma. When Biffi was asked what he thought of the idea of allowing women to become priests—a reform supported by the majority of American Catholics—he said that that would be like celebrating Communion with Coca-Cola and *piadina*, a type of minipizza. The name of Achille Cardinal Silvestrini, a moderate working now in the Curia, also came up a few times in interviews, but more as an afterthought.

Certainly there are Italians in the Curia who dream of a return to the Italian papacy. "They say that when Wojtyla dies the Italians will pull up the buses and cart off all the Poles, including the Polish nuns who have been running the papal kitchen," I was told. But the election of Wojtyla has undoubtedly ended the era of Italian dominance. The number of Italians in the College of Cardinals has dwindled, and the Church leadership has increasingly acknowledged the need to "internationalize" itself. The Catholic Church, which has had so much trouble attracting new priests and asserting its doctrinal authority in Europe and the United States in recent years, is fast becoming a non-European flock. After two thousand years, it is entering a new demographic age. More than half of the Church's nine hundred and forty-five million adherents are from the Third World, and by the year 2000 more than half will be from Latin America.

The Latin-American Church, however, is polarized, and that may rule out a Latin-American Pope. Among the most prominent of the Latin-American cardinals, there are those like Aloísio Cardinal Lorscheider, the Brazilian, who are sympathetic to liberation theology—a creed of pastoral politics which the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith has criticized as dangerously close to Marxism. It is unlikely that Wojtyla's cardinals could accept something so radical and so alien to them. Other Latin Americans, like Alfonso Cardinal López Trujillo, a Colombian who is the head of the Pontifical Council for the Family, make Biffi seem the soul of tolerance. They are to the right of the Pope. Another conservative candidate proposed by the Vaticanisti is Lucas Moreiva Cardinal Neves, of Brazil.

A stronger Third World possibility in the next round may well be an African, a black Pope. One Third World name seemed to come up in every one of my conversations with sources inside and outside the Church—that of Francis Cardinal Arinze, of Nigeria. Peter Hebblethwaite, who has just completed a book titled "The Next Pope: An Inquiry," told me that he had Arinze at the top of his shortlist. "His drawback and his advantage are the same: he's black," Hebblethwaite said. "My view is that, after the Communist collapse, if the next task for the Church is to deal with the rise of Islam, then Arinze is the man to do it. He is the head of the Pontifical Council for Inter-Religious Dialogue. He listens. He has good advisers. Some of the early Popes were North Africans. Arinze would be an interesting choice."

There are a couple of European cardinals at the bottom end of the shortlist—Jean-Marie Lustiger, of Paris, who is a converted Jew, and Godfried Danneels, of Brussels—but least likely of all is an American Pope. Of the Americans, the most highly regarded seems to be Joseph Louis Cardinal Bernardin, the Archbishop of Chicago, but the perceived unreliability of American Catholics and their dissident, "cafeteria" quality, as well as Washington's status as the remaining superpower, make an American Pope impossible for most churchmen to imagine. None of the Vaticanisti are betting on it. When the time comes, Ladbrokes of London, which once laid odds on a papal conclave, would probably say two hundred to one, no less.

As John Paul II sets out his twilight agenda—his crusade to reassert Church authority, his critique of West-

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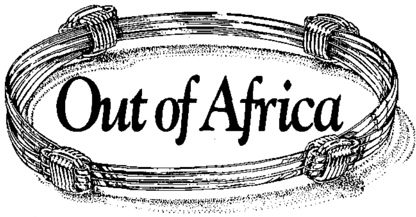

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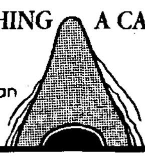

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ern capitalism, his conservatism on issues of sexuality—the chattering classes of Rome, the Vaticanisti and the priests, are not immune to wondering aloud about the Pope's psychology, his habits of mind. Most speak of the importance of the Pope's Polish background. In both his hatred of Communism and his distaste for the vulgar consumerism of the West, the Pope speaks and writes like a certain kind of Polish intellectual. Other churchmen told me that they thought the Pope's obsession with the family—an idealized Western nuclear family—comes from his personal tragedies. By the time he was a young man, Wojtyla was alone: his immediate family—his parents and his siblings—had all died.

Usually, Vaticanisti talk of the Pope as if he were an exceptionally powerful politician. What is often lost is the religious dimension of his personality, his mystical aspect. It seemed that only another believer could speak to that. "His Holiness has the faith of a young child," the Pope's friend Father Pittau told me one morning in Rome. "You see this in the physical way he prays, his filial devotion to the Blessed Mother. I've been with him, celebrated Mass near him, and you feel he has on his shoulders the weight of the whole world. You feel, too, his unity with God, his spiritual sense. So the criticism doesn't bother him. He feels this sense of spiritual power, the sense that his own power comes from above."

Remarkably, the Pope never speaks of death with melancholy. In this he is markedly different from his two predecessors. In the seventies, Paul VI was obsessed with his own approaching demise. He wrote a private spiritual testament and revised it over and over until the day he died. He spoke publicly and often about his imminent death and, some Vaticanisti say, even told close friends and associates that he would resign if doing so would not be such a destabilizing shock to the Church. In August of 1977, as he was nearing his eightieth birthday, Paul VI told a crowd on the Feast of the Assumption, "I see the end of my life drawing near. I see myself approaching the hereafter. It may be that we shall not celebrate this feast together again." He was not far wrong: Paul VI died on August 6, 1978, on the Feast of the Transfiguration. Pope John Paul I, overwhelmed by a sense of his own inadequacy, repeatedly asked his secretary, Bishop John Magee, "Why did they choose *me*? Why on earth did they choose *me*?" His pontificate was bound to be short, he told Magee. In fact, according to the English writer John Cornwell, he wished for death, wished for it constantly, praying, "God, please take me away!" It did not take long for his prayer to win an answer.

One afternoon, I met with Monsignor Diarmuid Martin, a voluble high-ranking Vatican official, and found him utterly relaxed in talking about the latest speculation about the Pope. As part of the Vatican's delegation to the Cairo population conference, Martin was the most engaging and most good humored of the group. Unlike Navarro-Valls, who managed to suggest that Vice-President Al Gore was lying and to offend more than a few delegates, Martin was a relatively soothing presence. And now, in Rome, unlike so many others, the Monsignor approached the spectacle of the *fin de régime* with sympathy and regret, certainly, but not as a dark secret.

"It's true that the Pope in Lecce was not the Pope in Denver last year—he is getting old," Martin said as we lunched outside on a golden Roman afternoon. "But, look, everybody gets old. Young fathers become older fathers, then they become grandfathers. We all get older. Our roles change. It's natural. It's all a question of *how* we age. Cardinal Wyszyński was quite old before he died, but he stayed on as a leader. Some people mellow with age, others become crotchety. How will the Pope deal with this? Very few people really know this Pope. In the Vatican, he is extraordinarily independent. He makes his own decisions. Very few people can predict the way he'll react. But, clearly, he is increasingly uninterested in details, in administration. There are issues far more important to him, and he has made those plain.

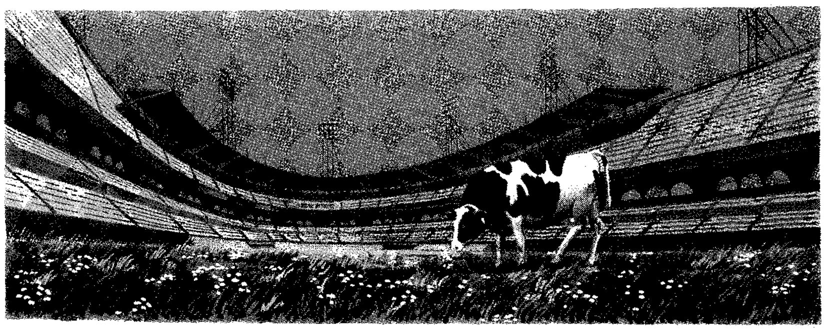
"I can say this. He is a deeply mystical man. In Lecce, he was saying the Rosary as he rode in the Popemobile. He seemed lost in his mysticism—more than people can imagine, more visibly so than any other Pope. Sometimes he seems to be elsewhere. When he is praying, he seems to commune with God. Maybe he senses that death is not long off but sees death in terms of mystical Communion. I think he sees death in terms of passing from one state of being to another—a passage into the Divine." ♦

THE SPORTING SCENE

HARDBALL

The owners, not the players, shut down the 1994 baseball season, but any victory they foresee in the labor wars would come at an appalling price to the old game.

BY ROGER ANGELL

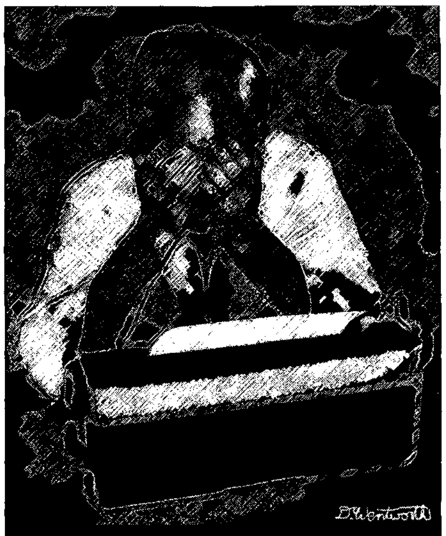


BRUCE MCCALL

"WHAT we've got here is failure to com-*mu*-ni-cate." The prison warden, making little spitting movements as he speaks, tries to sound disappointed, even in his moment of triumph. A bit later on, the gallant, difficult, beaten-down prisoner lies semi-conscious at his feet; the circling guards, toting canes and rifles, are impassive behind their mirrored glasses; and the tattered, worn-down ranks of prisoners stand silent and disbelieving, their last hopes gone. This is a famous movie scene, to be sure, but ever since the major-league baseball season closed in midsummer the tableau has stuck in my mind as a representation of the state of our once carefree and lively pastime. I apologize (a little) for casting Bud Selig, the acting baseball commissioner, in the hateful Strother Martin role, but Selig's hand-wringings and pious expressions of sadness as he announced in mid-September that there would be no further games and no World Series this year make the selection inevitable. *He* didn't bring about this debacle: it was Cool Hand Luke here, who busted loose again, wouldn't listen to reason, wouldn't toe the line. High time he had a lesson. The other labels seem clear. The owners are the guards (this is their joint); we hapless fans are wearing the stripes (no complaining in the ranks, there!); and the game itself is locked down here, silent inside the wire. Will Luke, our player hero, give in to the captains now? We're waiting to find out.

This image is hard on the owners, who are not—well, not most of the ones I know—redneck prison hacks, but the owners don't give a damn about me or the rest of us fans, so let it stand. What has happened, in any case, is no movie; there's no entertainment in it. Major-league baseball, a persevering and changeless (for all its changes) piece of the American summer, was stopped cold by a players' strike engineered and made inevitable by the twenty-eight franchise holders, the owners. The World Series, a unique autumn festival of sport and ritual, has been cancelled for the first time in ninety years. Even dedicated non-fans, people for whom baseball is a boring and antiquated set of mannerisms, an intrusion on conversation or television time, have been startled by the news. "How could they *do* that?" I kept hearing last month. For this old fan, it has felt like a death—a realization that comes back miserably each morning, a moment or two after awakening; and an emptiness, still there each evening, that one puts out of one's mind only with sleep. We had known for a couple of years that this standoff could be coming, but we went on denying the evidence. We were foolish, it seems, to expect that the proprietors of our old Chippendale breakfront would never knock it apart in such a reckless fashion, but we fans have always been secretly thought to be naïve by the players and owners.

The immediate loss was the remainder of the 1994 season—the best part: fifty-two more days on the schedule, which translates to six hundred and sixty-nine games, followed by twenty to thirty-



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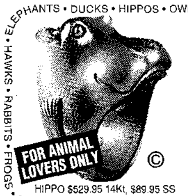

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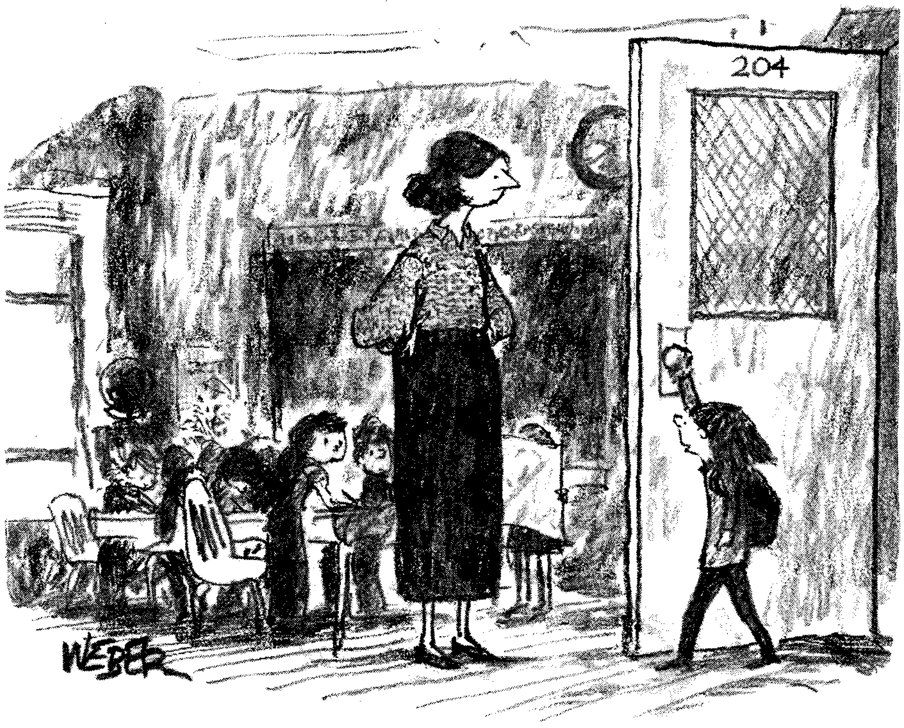
four post-season playoff games (in the new three-division format), and then, at last, the Series. If this wasn't quite "the best baseball season in fifty years," as President Clinton kept calling it, it was one of particular zest and interest, what with the unexpected rise of the habitually feeble Cleveland Indians, who, invigorated by noisy crowds in their new stadium, seemed headed for their first shot at a pennant since 1954, and, elsewhere, with the Yankees' return to a classy and perhaps championship level of ball, some fierce competitive toughness displayed by the low-income Montreal Expos, and good things happening to the Astros, the Reds, the White Sox, and the Dodgers. Even the Mets were decent. Somebody seemed to have sun-dried the baseballs at the factory this year, for home runs had been taking wing like flocks of pigeons in every park—eleven of them in one July game at Camden Yards, for instance. Ken Griffey, Jr., Barry Bonds, Frank Thomas, Matt Williams, Jeff Bagwell, and maybe Albert Belle were within reach of fifty home runs or more by the end of the year, with a couple of them (Williams, the large, mild Giants third sacker, had the best chance, to my way of thinking) conceivably topping Roger Maris's record sixty-one. Bagwell, the Houston first baseman, was leading all comers with his hundred and sixteen runs batted in when play closed down, on August 12th. Like everyone else, I was beginning to get excited about Tony Gwynn's chances for a .400 season at the plate—he was at .394 when last seen—and about Don Mattingly playing his first game ever in the post-season, not to mention the glowering Paul O'Neill grabbing a batting title up in the Bronx. Already, I had planned on some happy evenings of shameless front-running up at the Stadium in September, while Canada geese and the Red Sox' hopes flew south once again. With an eye on the standings, I thought I might also book a flight to Montreal for the final weekend of the season, when the Braves would be coming in for three killer games against the Expos in the crumbling Stade Olympique.

None of this happened, but the fans' sense of loss lies not just in these amputated possibilities and unresolved standings, or even in the clouds of asterisks and explanatory footnotes that will now mar the record books, but in the absence of the particular satisfaction that this sport delivers when a season ends. Baseball is slovenly and excessive in midsummer, with its onrolling daily cascade of line scores and box scores, shifting statistics, highlights and lowlights, dingers and shutouts, streaks and slumps, D.L. listings, rumors, trades, yesterday's blown



"I'm sorry I'm late, Mrs. Mead. We're going through another divorce."

saves, tomorrow's starting pitchers, and (here it comes again on the replay!) the never-seen-before catch at the wall. Of all sports, it requires a summing up and restoration of order at the end of the season: the stillness of the final standings; the orderliness of the last batting and pitching totals in each league. This is a comely game at its heart, and we count on it to take us to clarity at its end, to come to a bottom line. And experienced fans expect something more as well—not just the outcome of the championship playoffs and the World Series but a sense of what this particular season was *about*. This 1994 season could have been the Year of the Braves, or the Year of Frank Thomas's Sixty-four Homers, or the Year of that Amazing Yankees-Astros Fifth Game. It might have felt heroic in the end, like Roberto Clemente's Series in 1971; or stifling, like Brooks Robinson's in 1970; or bizarre and gruesome, like the Red Sox' collapse in 1986. Now it's just the year of the strike: it's nothing.

Whenever baseball is stopped, we realize that it isn't a sport that can be jump-started and then will just take up where it left off. It's too slow, for one thing. The first month or six weeks of the big-league season never means much, because baseball needs to work up a little headway before we can come aboard. It likes to accrue. Cranking up over a period of time, it imposes itself on us slowly, like a stretch of weather. We expect it to be there, somewhere in our consciousness, even when we're barely paying attention; we want to feel that we can go back and rejoin it whenever we're of a mind to, which isn't exactly what we feel about hockey or N.F.L. football or the rest. This is a many-game sport, diurnal and then seasonal, more and then more. Stop it and it comes back to life only slowly. When it's taken away, it feels dead and you wonder if it will ever revive. Every fan knows this. How could the owners not know it?

BIG-LEAGUE baseball has lately fallen a notch or two from the peak of a business boom that in the space of a decade had raised its total revenues from five hundred and twenty-one million dollars to almost two billion in 1993. Individual clubs' revenue figures are hard to come by, since the owners never, but *never*, show us their books, but whenever a franchise changes hands the financial door that creaks open for an instant releases a full-sunlight blaze of dollars. The Orioles, purchased by Edward Bennett Williams for twelve million dollars in 1979, were sold to the venture capitalist Eli S. Jacobs for seventy million in 1989, and then resold, last year, to a Baltimore lawyer, Peter Angelos, for a hundred and seventy-three million dollars. Part of this leap, without doubt, is attributable to the opening, in 1992, of the Orioles' highly popular new park, Camden Yards (whose construction costs, by the way, were defrayed by a Maryland bond issue). Other franchises vary in worth, for predictable geographic and demographic reasons, but one practical measure of their difference—and the source of much of the trouble in the pastime for the last decade—lies in the varying revenues that the different clubs derive from local television and radio rights. Network-television moneys are shared equally among the twenty-eight clubs, and the reduction of the total by almost a hundred and seventy million dollars last year, after the end of the overpriced CBS contract, would have cut the individual teams' network take from fourteen million to about seven million dollars a year, in pre-strike estimations. But local broadcast revenues are mostly retained by the individual clubs, and their worth varies dramatically—from the forty-seven million paid out to the Yankees each year in local television and radio rights down to the six million paid to the Rangers by their home outlet, the five million paid to the Brewers, the five to six million paid to the Mariners, and so on. The result is a permanently skewed market, which limits the have-not clubs severely at player-contract time and, of course, each time their team takes the field.

The players, meanwhile, have not been laggard at the deposit windows, with salaries that have risen by three hundred and sixty-eight per cent since 1984. The average major-leaguer now earns a million two hundred thousand dollars a year—a startler attributable at least in part to a handful of top salaries, such as Bobby Bonilla's five million seven hundred thousand, Cal Ripken's five million six hundred thousand, Joe Carter's five and a half million, and so on. The median major-league salary is probably more to the point: five hundred thousand per annum. Club salary totals vary from the Braves' fifty-two million dollars (the

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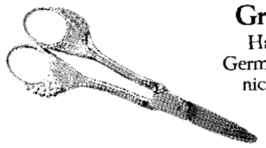

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Yankees and the Blue Jays are not far behind) down to the bare-bones, empty-cellar San Diego Padres' fifteen million. Player salaries, which have increased by twenty per cent annually over the last five years, now eat up fifty-eight per cent of the clubs' total revenue. It is numbers like these that cause old-line owners (and some old-line fans as well) to sway and totter; they also give rise to the "spoiled and greedy" bleat that is always levelled at the players in the middle of a labor crunch, or during a particularly ugly batting slump suffered by some well-paid star. Such characterizations are probably more generational than anything else; they also have something to do with the fact that baseball players, in addition to frequently failing out in the open under the exacting daily demands of their searching sport, are somehow blamed for playing *games* for a living, playing for fun, which is not a charge levelled against inside linebackers in the N.F.L., or, for that matter, against Garth Brooks or Kate Moss or Pete Sampras. "Because it's baseball, the players shouldn't be getting so much," I heard it declared not long ago; this came from a fortyish lawyer at a social gathering, but it had an oracular tone to it—a mysterious message echoing out of a cave.

It is the owners, in any case, who have made this inflated market (with some help from that non-stop Energizer Bunny of salary arbitration), and most of them, I've noticed, have had the good judgment to remain silent about "overpaid stars." Pirates fans were heartbroken when Barry Bonds became a free agent at the end of the 1992 season and went off to play for the Giants at a salary that was scheduled to reach eight million dollars a year by 1996; the following summer, as Bonds won his second successive Most Valuable Player award in the National League, the Giants' attendance went up by a million fans, and their revenues by an estimated twenty million dollars.

What to do about those Pittsburgh fans remains the symbolic central question for the game just now. Baseball owners and players are engaged in an extended and dramatic power struggle over the division of spoils in their rich, unstable industry; the big players, in uniform and in the front office, will continue to do very well for themselves, but small-franchise owners and fans are out of luck. Jim Leyland's tenacious Pirates came within a hairsbreadth of climbing into the World Series in 1991 and again in 1992. That team is gone; its top stars—Bonilla and Bonds and the pitcher Doug Drabek—attained free agency and went off to play for much richer clubs, who could pick up the tab for their hugely increased value. The Pirates finished fifth last year and were thirteen games back in their division this year when play was halted. The team, which is owned by a local business consortium, has lost sixty million dollars since 1985, and is now for sale. The same thing will probably happen within a couple of years up in Montreal, another small-market franchise, which has climbed into contention by shrewdly assembling and holding on to a nucleus of talented young players—Marquis Grissom, Larry Walker, Moises Alou, Ken Hill—and hoping they can snag a pennant before free agency and the big bucks snatch them away. The premature ending of the 1994 season hit the Expos, and their president, Claude R. Brochu, harder than any other club in baseball. It is no accident that some small clubs have become the hardest of hard-liners in the current labor disruption.

GEARING up for this summer's Waterloo began three years ago, when the owners hired a tough and ambitious labor negotiator, Richard Ravitch, at a salary of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which exceeded Commissioner Fay Vincent's stipend by a neat hundred thou. Then they forced Vincent out of office, for assorted reasons of their own, not the least of which was their deep wish not to have in that semi-symbolic office a man who would show some sense of obligation to the fans and to the game itself when the next round of labor negotiations came along. The post was not refilled, but its duties were assumed by Bud Selig, the Milwaukee owner—a hardworking consensus builder and master of the conference call. Milwaukee is a quintessential small-market baseball team, but it did not escape notice that Selig's closest friend and ally in the business was the White Sox co-chairman Jerry Reinsdorf, a big-

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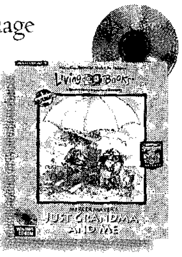

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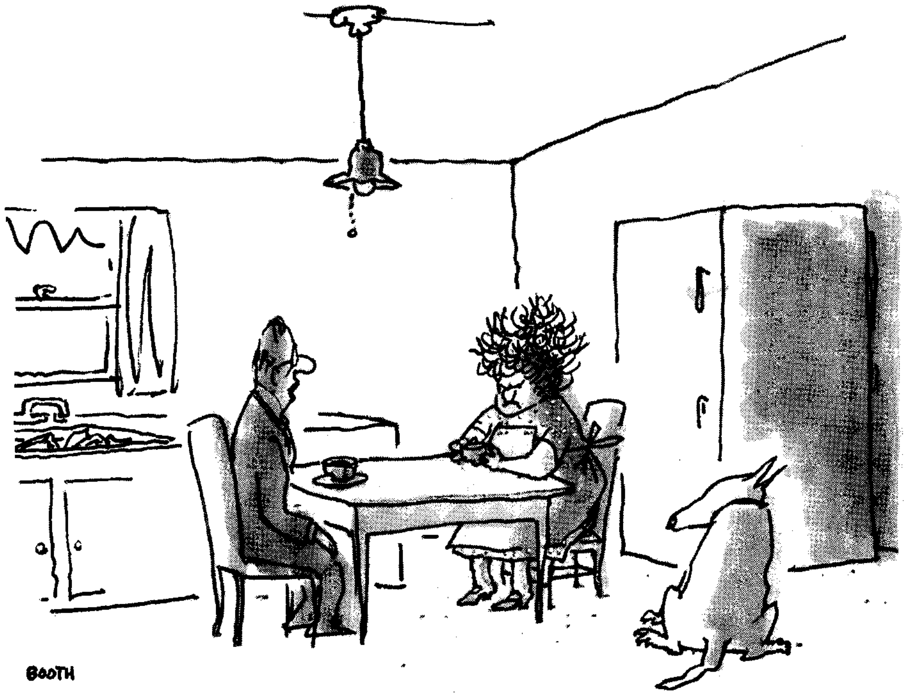
market hard-liner who also owns the Chicago Bulls. It was Reinsdorf who, in a thrilling moment of candor, said that the commissioner's job "is to run the business for the owners—not the players or the umpires or the fans."

Underlying all these command-shiftings and map-rustlings was a scheduled upcoming renegotiation with the Players Association (as the union is called) of baseball's Basic Agreement: always a weighty and symbolic date on the calendar, since such encounters in the past had produced so many scarifying deadlocks between the two parties, leading in turn to most of the seven strikes or lockouts that had closed down the game for short or long periods since 1972. The most damaging of these (until now) was a fifty-day midseason halt in 1981. I don't have the heart to summarize the various battle salients and engagements and eventual grudging compromise ceasefires that make up this sorry record, but no one, least of all the owners themselves, would claim that management ever came out of a conference room with anything like a victory in hand. To this McClellanish record one must append a misbegotten tactic of the owners in 1985, 1986, and 1987 of withholding or coördinating offers to free-agent players, which was subsequently found to amount to an act of collusion, and was punished by club fines totalling two hundred and eighty million dollars. The Players Association, not surprisingly, has never forgotten that one.

Mr. Ravitch, getting down to work in this miasmal setting with dazzling outward confidence, said that an offer by the larger clubs to share their local television revenues with their small-market brethren would be a useful first step toward a solution of the game's economic problems. Useful but unlikely, given the major-market behemoths' flat-out opposition to any concessions toward a coöperative market—a plan that George Steinbrenner and Nelson Doubleday, of the Mets, among others, had equated with "socialism." Fourteen months later, in January, 1993, Mr. Ravitch, the smile now a bit pinched, at last emerged from a five-hour powwow with his employers to announce that, yes, there would be some revenue sharing among the clubs, but only on condition that the players accept a salary cap.

This was the hot-button issue that the Players Association (and everyone else in baseball) had expected all along. It was an offer that the union was guaranteed not to accept—and has not accepted to this date. The salary cap, which is now in effect in both the National Basketball Association and the National Football League, establishes a ceiling on total player salaries through a set percentage of combined team revenues: in the case of baseball's offer, fifty per cent. The plan presents a reasonable face, since it would seem likely to restrain impulsive offers to top-dollar free-agent stars, but it hasn't worked out that way. It is hated by players, particularly in the N.F.L., who have found that middle-level players—mostly veterans with a few years' accumulated wage increases in hand—are the ones who end up paying for the cap, when they are asked to take a salary cut in order to make room for an incoming star, or when they are simply dropped from the roster. A couple of weeks ago, when the Jets signed an experienced free-agent defensive tackle, Tony Casillas, for six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, it cost the jobs of three regulars. Likewise, the football Giants' veteran quarterback, Phil Simms, who was expected to become an essential mentor-QB for a younger replacement this season, was let go instead; he was capped.

When the Players Association, through its chief, Donald Fehr, formally turned down the owners' proposal, it did so on the ground that a cap would lower salaries and limit players' hard-won free-agency rights, and would also be a detriment to competition among the teams. (This last, we should note, is no afterthought, for free agency, whatever its other attributes, has worked brilliantly in spreading out the available talent. Twenty-three different clubs have qualified for post-season play in the past fifteen years, and eighteen of them—including some notorious have-nots, like the Minnesota Twins—have played in the World Series.) We were in July by now—very late in the day, since the owners had not made the most recent details of their plan available until mid-June. Ominous, too, was the insignificance of the other provisions in the owners' proposal: this would be a one-issue, take-it-or-leave-it showdown. The owners had already tightened their defenses by announcing that henceforward any in-strike agreement with the Players Association



"Permission to speak freely, sir!"

• •

would have to be ratified by seventy-five per cent of their number (as against the previous majority)—which is to say that a mere eight owners, for whatever assorted reasons or fixations, could block a settlement wanted by twenty owners. This, I think, guaranteed the sort of baseball summer we have been given. On August 11th, Peter Angelos, of the Orioles, suggested that the owners would promise not to impose a salary cap unilaterally upon the players in the post-season, as could become their right, if the players did not strike. The Players Association expressed interest, but the offer was dismissed by Reinsdorf, who reminded Angelos that "he is new in the game and not fully aware of all the things that have been going on." The strike, now a certainty, arrived on schedule the next day.

A few more shadings and fillings in may be useful to our sad recapitulation. A few months back, Mr. Ravitch claimed that nineteen of the twenty-eight clubs were experiencing some degree of financial difficulty—including, it turned out, the lordly Los Angeles Dodgers. Mr. Selig, attempting to silence incredulous horselaughter, said, well, it was more like twelve or fourteen. *Financial World* has put the total at eight, which appears closer to reality. A full-disclosure presentation of all the clubs' financial statements would appear to be a simple answer here (and a minimum sort of courtesy to the fans), but the owners, as previously stated, hide their books, even from one another. (Much of this fiscal demureness arises from the fact that many of the clubs belong to large corporate entities—the Braves are owned by the Turner Broadcasting System; the Cubs by the Chicago Tribune Company, which also owns the mega-station WGN; the Toronto Blue Jays by the Labatt brewery—whose bookkeepers, by instinct and long practice, can cause sizable profits to disappear under carefully seeded, obfuscating clouds of overhead.) Nor do the clubs seem to think they owe any accounting to the municipalities or states in which they do business, and where they often profit from sweetheart deals involving stadium-rental and parking-income rights and the like, which the hapless burgs extend in hopes that the moguls won't take their teams elsewhere. George Steinbrenner's bullying threats to carry the Yankees off to the Meadowlands or beyond unless the city (which rents him the Stadium under an advantageous lease that allows the Yankees to go virtually rent-free in low-attendance years) does better by him are notorious; out in Cleveland, taxpayers in Cuyahoga County are the guarantors of some four hundred million dollars that

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has gone into the new Jacobs Field and the surrounding Gateway complex.

None of this is offered here as counterbalance to the draining financial damage, in the millions of dollars, that has recently been suffered by the Padres, the Mariners, the Pirates, the Brewers, and the Royals, not to mention the depletion of corporate morale in those unfortunate outposts. The Walter Haas, Jr., family, which has provided something like a model of progressive baseball management ever since it acquired the Oakland Athletics, in 1981, has recently put the team up for sale, because of heavy losses. The Athletics have had notable success on the field during the Haases' tenure, winning successive league pennants from 1988 through 1990, with a world championship in '89. These people would seem to deserve something better from the game. More painful, if more private, sufferings have afflicted thousands of other baseball-connected people—front-office workers, guards and ushers and parking-lot attendants, food venders and restaurant owners and hotel workers and the like—who have lost jobs or critical income as a result of the strike. This baseball year is more than just a sports disaster.

SUMMER ran down. On September 8th, the union put forward a counter-offer, suggesting a "tax" imposed upon the larger clubs' revenues and payrolls to raise a pool of money that would be distributed among the smaller teams as a means of redress. The proposal raised a wavelet of interest, at least among a handful of the newer owners, but the next day it was brusquely dismissed. (A sidelight of this flurry was the news, startling even to some owners, that the union had not been given a complete version of the salary-cap proposal.) It was too late, in any case, to begin talking about alternatives, or even, given the change of mood, to think about scratching together some sort of late-season schedule that would save the championship playoffs and the World Series. Many of the players, it turned out, had not stayed in shape. Selig and Fehr took to their podiums at the end of the next week, stating positions that we knew by heart, and the curtain came down.

No one can say what will happen now; nobody knows. The owners are preparing their formal declaration of a labor impasse, which will then be challenged before the National Labor Relations Board by the union. If the owners prevail, their salary-cap limitation will impose an immediate constraint on every player whose contract has run out and, of course, on all future trades. Don Fehr has been meeting with his constituents in different parts of the country, filling them in on the talks and discussing their options. Old stalwarts like Dave Winfield, Cal Ripken, and Eddie Murray have addressed the troops, reminding the younger members of the union's record of solidarity during the long march up from the bad old reserve-clause days; this is Winfield's twenty-first year in the majors and his sixth work stoppage. If this is all weirdly reminiscent of Clifford Odets' "Waiting for Lefty" and the politics of the overdramatic thirties, there is no doubt that the owners (some of them, at least) see a different allegory. For them, the labor wars have become an extended athletic contest against the players, in which they may have at last broken one of the game's more notorious losing streaks; a few weeks or months from now, they believe, they may see a "W" after their names in this dream box score—"W" for "winner." Bud Selig has put the quietus on any public gloating by his guys for having hung tough during August and September, but George Steinbrenner, just before the final shutdown, claimed that Donald Fehr had underestimated the owners' resolve this time, and had damaged his credibility with his members. One does not need a phone tap to pick up the self-congratulatory tones of conference calls among some of the game's senior executives over the past few weeks, and the "About *time* we won one!" sign-offs.

The deep vein of mistrust or frank dislike of the players that has permeated front offices for twenty years now—you hear it in asides during Stadium Club drinking hours, or murmuring along in some front-row boxes—has always had something to do with very high salaries and some inevitable juvenile posturing by the muscular, Ferrari-driving young athletes who talk stock options around the batting cage, but this bitterness among the owners becomes mixed inexorably with losing streaks and injuries and the lurching turns of fate that afflict ball teams during the summer campaigns. Almost all the clubs—all but one—end up losing by the close of the season. To the

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fan in the grandstand, baseball looks easy to play, as easy as pie, and I think that a variant of this same sweet illusion may have lured many of the owners to buy their way into the pastime in the first place. Owning a team put them on the diamond at last, but then they learned that this side of the game had its frustrations and discontents as well. Back in the late seventies, when George Steinbrenner's Yankees were riding high, I often had the impression that he could hardly bear to turn his enterprise over to the celebrated hirelings he cajoled and bullied so publicly, because he could not control the outcome of the games—any more than they could, it sometimes turned out. "Don't let the players break your heart" is the advice an old ex-manager friend of mine used to give his owner-employer on a different club, but hearts get broken just the same. I wouldn't be an owner for anything.

The owners are also the victims—to my way of thinking—of their dependency on the ancient exemption from antitrust regulation, which they have enjoyed ever since a ruling by the Supreme Court in 1922. (Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote the opinion.) Whenever challenged, they have vociferously claimed its necessity in order to maintain the exclusivity of their franchises, and thus of orderly competition, but most neutral sports-business scholars have concluded that the exemption has been largely responsible for the owners' compulsively hostile posture toward the Players Association, and for the industry's sorry record of labor relations. Congress has sniffed over this ancient bone of antitrust exemption again and again, and Mr. Selig and his colleagues were back in Washington last month, just after the season was expunged, and got an earful from a branch of the House Judiciary Committee. Its chairman, Jack Brooks, a Texas Democrat, told the owners that fresh legislation specifically limiting their rights in labor relations was a strong possibility unless they got their act together. Donald Fehr, for his part, said that the players would come back at once if the exemption was removed. Baseball would undoubtedly move directly into court in such an eventuality, without passing "Go," but the games, at least, would resume.

Fan friends of mine (we talk on the phone at night, trying to cheer each other up) have been excited by this possibility, but I am wary. Congress has been here before—congressmen love to blather on about the grand old American pastime, and this is an election year—but then it backs off; the Senate Judiciary Committee, after extensive hearings, voted down Howard Metzenbaum's anti-exemption bill by an easy margin last June, probably because no one wished to discommode the retiring majority leader, George Mitchell, who may become the next commissioner if baseball ever gets going again. Many congressmen are wealthy lawyers or businessmen, who understand where the owners are coming from, and they watch the game, if at all, from somebody's luxury box.

Hard lines are still the order of the day, and of this coming winter as well. The National Hockey League has just imposed a lockout on its players in a dispute over its own form of the salary cap, closing down another major professional league, and now there are rumbling

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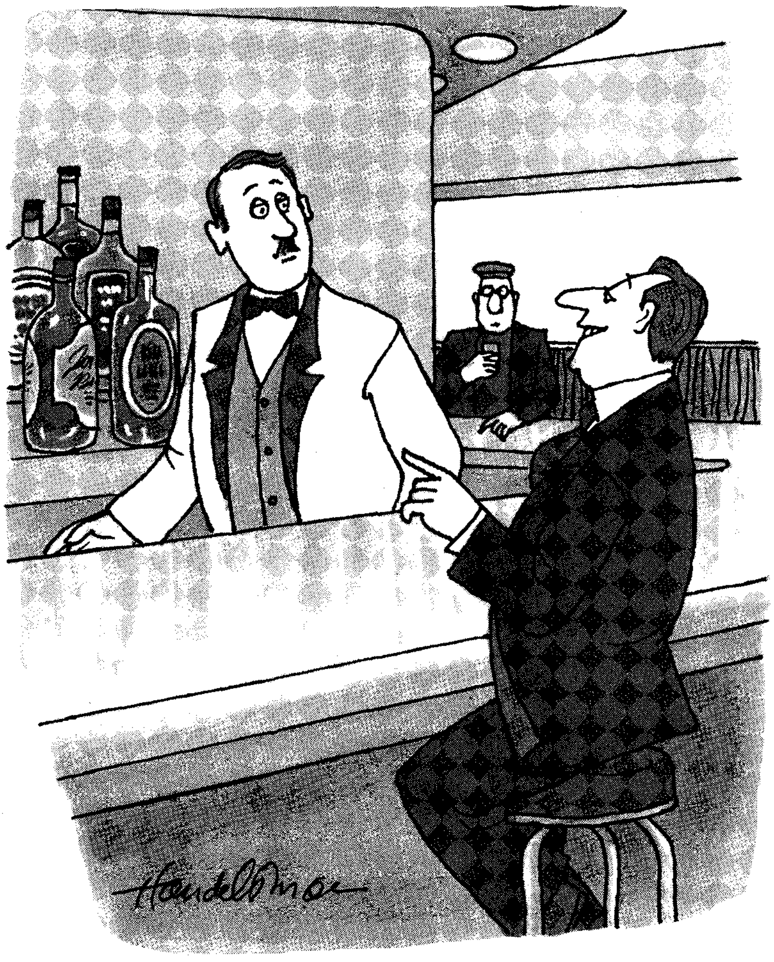
sounds coming out of the N.B.A., where players and some owners are finding that their old salary strictures, which were agreed to in a time of economic uncertainty, are unnecessarily binding. Several of the baseball owners, like Jerry Reinsdorf and the Florida Marlins' Wayne Huizenga (who also owns the football Dolphins and the hockey Panthers), have multiple interests, which strongly suggests that the closely watched present battle is only a little firefight up in front of a wider and bloodier war.

My own frail baseball hopes oddly rest on the fact that things look so bad right now. Huge amounts of money have been lost—two hundred and thirty million dollars by the players, so far, and perhaps as much as six hundred million by the owners—and further losses are just ahead. With the 1995 season now in doubt, teams may be unable to negotiate player or television contracts, or draw up travel schedules. It isn't even clear which players have attained free agency, or salary-arbitration rights, thanks to the chopped-off recent season. All of spring training may go by the board—a disastrous loss of revenue to Florida and Arizona, and a terrible downer for countless fan families who renew their attachments to the game at the sunshine camps each March. If some players do defect and agree to the owners' terms over the winter, as seems possible, we can look forward to picket lines manned by famous pitchers and hitters outside every major-league park, and teams inside made up of scabs and perhaps imported Japanese and Latin-American fill-ins, along with some scared Class AA kids. The atmosphere in the ballparks, on the field, and in the clubhouse will be poisoned for years to come. If the players lose, if the union is broken, a thousand continuities will be lost as well. Cal Ripken, whose string of consecutive games now stands at 2,009 (within four months of Lou Gehrig's embronzed 2,130, that is), has said that he will give up any thought of the record if it means breaking with the union, but where will the thoughts of the Baltimore fans go? Standing on one side of this great falling-out isn't just labor: it's the players; it's the product that the owners will want to sell at the box office once this is over, and that we will want to yell for, if we can remember how.



"A bloody Mary, Chuck—weapons grade."

My instincts and responses in this ugly affair were fixed long ago; I'm too old to change much now. The same is probably true of many people who find themselves on the other side, including most of the old-line owners. But I take heart from the recent arrival in the game of a contingent of wealthy, notably successful young merchant owners who have already shown a brisk capability for success in baseball. I'm thinking of Jerry McMorris, of the Colorado Rockies; Peter Magowan, of the San Francisco Giants; Drayton McLane, of the Astros; and David Glass, of the Royals, among others. They do not come from businesses that have been particularly friendly to labor (McMorris is a trucking executive, Magowan is the chairman of Safeway, and Glass is the C.E.O. of Wal-Mart), but optimism and problem-solving are their stock-in-trade. They already have large chunks of money tied up in the sport, with more dollars out there waiting to be harvested. McMorris's Rockies are the No. 1 draw in baseball, and they will have a brand-new park, Coors Field, ready to move into next spring. Men like these, not frozen by the old hatreds and suspicions, can surely perceive that baseball is not in truth—not by the wildest imagining—suffering from an immediate financial crisis but has been locked down by an embittered management that still wants to curb the players' rights to free movement and to make them pay for the owners' reckless spending in the talent market.

This is an old-line business that is ready to be enlarged and modernized, made international in scope (starting with a campaign to sell it at home to the enormous national audience of baseball-mad Hispanic-Americans), and promoted in a fashion that will bring young fans rushing into the parks, once it is returned to its essential sense of order and daily delights. The owners (and the players, too) may not welcome any suggestions from me about where the money should come from to rebalance their playing field and put their finances in order—although I can think of six or eight ways to set about this—but what they do need is to find a way to invite me, and millions like me, to come back to their waiting parks first thing next spring. I'll probably want to go, but right now—and here's another baseball first—I'm not too sure about that. ♦

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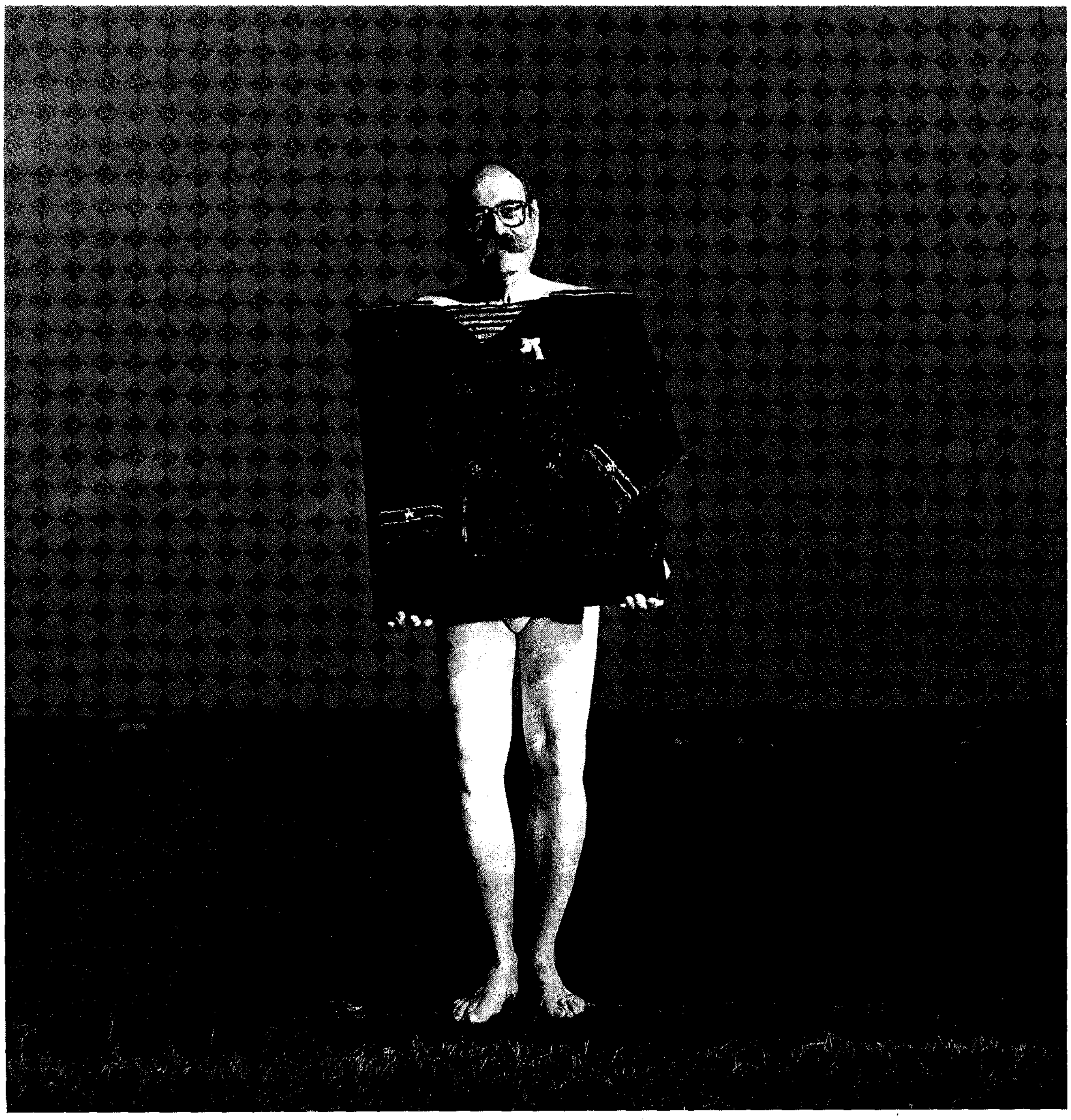


DUDLEY REED

THE RANSOM OF RUSSIAN ART

How did most of Russia's unofficial art find its way to a Maryland farm? The main source was a wealthy and mysterious American professor who, over sixteen years, wandered through Khrushchev's and Brezhnev's Soviet Union, fell in love with the art underground, and found himself a mission.

BY JOHN McPHEE

NORTON TOWNSHEND DODGE, born in Oklahoma City in 1927, first presented his curriculum vitae to officials of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics in the early spring of 1955. They let him in for thirty days. His stated purpose was to travel with his father, a retired college president, and assist him in a study of Soviet education. Norton did not reveal his real mission. In a journey that encompassed three hundred thousand square miles, he gathered material for what eventually became a nine-hundred-page monograph on Soviet tractors. It served as his doctoral dissertation in economics at Harvard, where he already held a master's degree from the Russian Regional Studies Program, regarded by the K.G.B. as the academic wellhead of American spies.

In this country, Norton Dodge was (and still is) looked upon by his doting friends as a person who has difficulty getting from A to C without stumbling over D and forgetting B. On his own, he returned to the Soviet Union in the nineteen-sixties. He had become a professor of economics at the University of Maryland. His initial and primary purpose in his travels was to learn all he could about (as his book was eventually called) "Women in the Soviet Economy—Their Role in Economic, Scientific, and Technical Development" (Johns Hopkins, 1966). Some of his colleagues said that he was studying "the position of Russian women under Stalin." But Stalin, of course, was gone, and Dodge was obviously far ahead of those colleagues, not to mention almost everybody else, in his absorption in the topic of opportunity for women. He suspected that this was one sociopolitical area in which the American situation might benefit from the Soviet example. In those Khrushchev and Brezhnev years, he went from republic to republic, calling on state farms, collective farms, universities, and research institutes, and asking to see hierarchical charts. He could not always count on Intourist to broker these interviews. Tentative at first, he soon became aggressive. He says he would just take a cab to this or that institute and ask to see its leading woman scientist. A K.G.B. person met him at the door and put him in touch with the leading woman.

He had, as well, a hidden and unrelated interest. At Harvard, at the Russian Research Center, he had known a graduate student who had studied economics at Moscow University and had shared living quarters there with a Russian artist. The grad student told Dodge that the Russian, Valery Kuznetsov, had once been enrolled at one of the Moscow art institutes, learning the techniques of Socialist Realism on his way to becoming an Official Artist. The style was so repellent, though, that Kuznetsov went underground, and painted what he was moved to paint, as an "unofficial artist," a "nonconformist artist," and therefore a "dissident artist"—all terms that were applied to the clandestine painters and sculptors of the Soviet Union in the era from Stalin to glasnost. They consisted of small, close circles, in Moscow and elsewhere, and those who did not have a covering occupation—like, say, student of economics—could be harassed not only as dissidents but as unemployed parasites and be sent to labor camps or mental hospitals, where some of them continued their artistic work. In time, their secrecy diminished and their circles overlapped, but 1962—when Norton Dodge went to the Soviet Union with Kuznetsov's name, address, and telephone number in his pocket—was early in this parabola. Slipping away from Intourist, he called from a public telephone, and was soon visiting not only Kuznetsov but also the apartments of Kuznetsov's unofficial-artist friends. They took him to an apartment exhibition of the work of Lev Kropivnitsky. The informality and the secretiveness notwithstanding, this was apparently the first abstract-art show in Moscow since the nineteen-twenties. In time, the unofficial artists became heroic figures through the drumlike telegraphy of Soviet culture. Kropivnitsky was the brother-in-law of Oskar Rabin, who was especially revered. Middle-aged and essentially hairless, Rabin developed the incongruous status of a bald rock star. Dodge bought works of these artists and either carried them in his suitcase or, with larger items, found ways of having them smuggled out.

While Norton Dodge is behind a steering wheel on Interstate 95 between New York City and his home in Maryland, he has been observed reading the newspaper. Funnies first. Looking up at his surroundings, he tends to concentrate on the rearview mirror, explaining, "I'm keeping the car aligned." Sometimes the vehicle has been a white pickup with a boxed-in plywood back, full of paintings. Before he retired from college teaching, he sometimes went south on the interstate writing his lectures with one hand and driving with the other.

In Ukraine, Georgia, Byelorussia, Soviet Central Asia, Dodge went around in the daytime collecting material for what he calls his "women book," meanwhile figuring out how to get in touch with artists at night. There were no city maps. But he had his Baedeker with him, naturally—the 1914 edition. Although most street names had been changed, the Baedeker was useful. In Dodge's words, "The layout of transportation was not far different." He carried a flashlight—incredible as this seems to people who knew the country in those years—and he used it to find numbers in dim corridors and lightless streets. "When travelling under the aegis of Intourist, it was worthwhile to take one of the general trips around the city and spot the numbers of various streetcars and other things," he recalls. "Not only was I pursuing art but also my other research, so I liked to know where universities or research institutes or the Academy of Sciences were, so that I could go and visit them directly—if I felt that I wasn't threatening directly the people I would suddenly descend on."

Dodge was, to say the least, somewhat threatening to the artists, but they were willing to accept the risk. "We were all scared to death, all of us, including him," one of the artists has said. "Maybe he needed excitement in his life. It was a threat, a constant physical threat. He could have been killed. He introduced himself as an American professor interested in Russian art. Nobody could make anything of him. He was a mysterious figure—a professor obviously with money. We couldn't understand. He was strange, clumsy. He kept dropping things. He was afraid to reveal a name. We didn't know if he worked for the K.G.B., or if somebody who brought him did. He kept his connections quite secretive. He didn't mention his contacts. We didn't ask him. His appearance may have saved him. He didn't look like an American. He was sloppy. He was more like a Russian. If he was Russian, he would have been normal."

Dodge had a great deal more hair on his upper lip than elsewhere on his head. With his grand odobene mustache, he had everything but the tusks. He dressed professor, in tie, jacket—used clothing. He is absent-minded to a level that no competing professor may yet have reached. He has called a locksmith to come and get him out of a situation that could have been resolved by a key he later found in his pocket. But he got around Leningrad. He got around Kharkov. He got around Kiev, Odessa,

Norton Dodge with a 1985 sailor-jacket sculpture by Boris Orlov. "Norton single-handedly saved contemporary Russian art from total oblivion," a Russian art critic says. "This makes him an evangelical figure."

Tbilisi, Baku, Yerevan. By the late nineteen-seventies, he had become too anxious to continue these travels. By then, he possessed a thousand works of Soviet unofficial art. Through his network of contacts, in following years, he multiplied that number by nine. All within the chronological window 1956 to 1986, his collection of nonconformist art from the Soviet Union became by far the largest and (in the scholarly sense) most exhaustive in the world. This way and that, he brought it to his farm, in southern Maryland.

CREMONA FARM, broadly peninsular, lies between two creeks, fronts the Patuxent River, and consists of nine hundred and sixty acres. There are long-range views over fields to tree lines and water. In early morning on the flat pastures, a ground fog will all but conceal the dark shapes of horses. Beyond them are stands of maple, hickory, beech, sycamore, pine, sweet gum, poplar, oak. Half the farm is wooded. Certain of the owner's friends refer to the place as "his plantation." People ride to hounds there. The owner has known horses since his youth but does not ride to hounds. The main house is Georgian, brick, with six chimneys, and with columned porticoes on both the land and the river sides. There is a pool, emerald with algae, and rose bushes, rampant, going wild beside it. Thorns gradually enveloped a piece of sculpture cast in zinc—bold, not easily movable, a little more than semi-abstract—titled "The Prophet," by the sculptor Ernst Neizvestny, who once survived what Dodge describes as a "toe-to-toe, face-to-face, knockdown discussion" with Nikita Khrushchev about the themes of nonconformist art. Later, Khrushchev's family chose Neizvestny to design Khrushchev's gravestone. The sculpture beside the Cremona pool was spirited out of the Soviet Union with the help of a German diplomat.

It's a short walk to the edge of the Patuxent, which is more than a mile wide and much like the Chesapeake it feeds—drowned rivers, both of them, widely and enduringly flooded when ice melted in the north. Cremona's dock is six hundred feet long, extending straight out in the shallow water to reach the one-fathom curve. The far shore is as wooded and rural as the near one. This panorama is not seriously blemished by the coal-fired power plant a few miles upstream.

The farm's driveway is a terrestrial version of the farm's dock. One straight stretch of it runs more than a mile. West of the flat pastures, it meanders through hilly woods and comes to brick pillars at Maryland 6. Dodge once employed a tenant's young son to fetch the newspaper at Maryland 6. Each morning, the boy's round trip was more than two and a half miles. Dodge paid him seven cents a week. About halfway up the drive, at an intersection of farm roads, are eleven mailboxes in a row, one larger than the others. There are about forty buildings on Cremona, well spread, eleven of which are human habitations. There are hip-roofed barns, louvred tobacco barns, tall saltbox gabled barns—silver weathered-cypress barns, covered in part with carriage vine. The music barn. The brick horse barn. Under its tall cupolas and outsize weathervanes, the brick horse barn resembles a stable that President Washington built at Mount Vernon.

Norton Dodge spent more than three million of his own dollars on the art of the Soviet underground, but in all other ways he is the antonym of spendthrift. Surveying the broad Patuxent, the long boatless dock, he will say, "The best way to do your yachting is to look at other people's yachts." To attain an antebellum polish, Cremona would require a large staff of gardeners, housemaids, and handymen, who are not there. Professor Dodge is there, alone much of the time, struggling indoors to keep up with his paperwork, while the carriage vine grows, the cypress weathers, and Cremona itself ferments. Sarah Burke, a professor of Slavic languages and literature at Trinity University, in San Antonio, has said, "Cremona could be one of the estates in 'Dead Souls.' "

I met Dodge on an Amtrak train in Union Station, Washington, in January of 1993. Casual as that. He came into an empty car and sat down beside me, explaining that the car would before long fill up. It did. He didn't know me from Chichikov, nor I him. His button-down buttons weren't buttoned. He wore khaki trousers, a green tie, a salmon shirt, a tweed jacket with leather elbows, and a rubber band as a bracelet. An ample fringe of hair all but covered his collar. His words filtered softly through the *Guinness Book* mustache. It was really a sight to see, like a barrel on his lip. Two hundred miles of track lie between Union Station and Trenton, where I got off, and over that distance he uttered about forty thousand words. After I left him, I went home and called a friend who teaches Russian literature at Princeton University, and asked her who could help me assess what I had heard, since my qualifications with respect to the relevant topics consisted of a used train ticket. She mentioned Marian Burleigh-Motley.

Burleigh-Motley is an art historian in the Education Division of New York's Metropolitan Museum, and her special field within modern art is Russian painting, particularly of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. She told me that Dodge's collection was unique, and that in amassing it over the years he could not have had any sense that it was a good investment. "He could not have anticipated that it was worth money. He likes the stuff, and that is why he did it. What he collected is therefore more idiosyncratic and more admirable."

The art critic Victor Tupitsyn, who is Russian, said to me, "It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that Norton single-handedly saved contemporary Russian art from total oblivion. This makes him an evangelical figure."

On March 23rd, I went to Cremona for the first time. It was a raw day on the edge of the Patuxent. The farm appeared to be the sort of place where you would expect to find something other than pie filling inside the pumpkins. A door would slide open. The figure that emerged was Russian. There were Russians in the library, Russians in the barns—transient, here-today, gone-tomorrow, non-resident Russians. And there was Dodge, said to *look* Russian, in his luffing corduroys, his perennial tweed, his wine-dust sweater, his once white shirt and abused red tie. On his head was a blue fits-all baseball cap lettered "Cremona Farm."

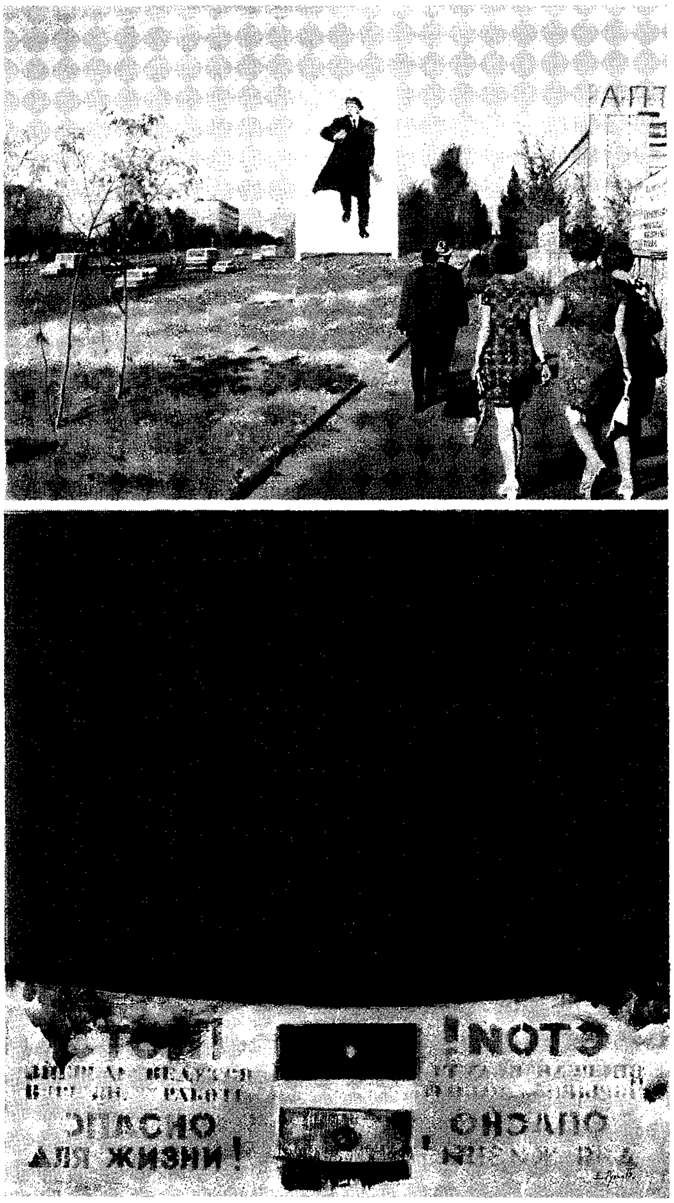
Drawings were in the library, a small freestanding building; the paintings were in a tobacco barn and the brick horse barn. At least from the viewpoint of preservation, you would not have compared these barns with the Beinecke rare-books library at Yale. A cat had once gone round the bend and damaged some of the paintings. Others had been stained by raccoon urine and raccoon feces. But such accidents had affected a minuscule percentage of the whole nine thousand works of art. "The Russians thought the paintings were better off here than in their homes in Russia," Dodge remarked. Stretched canvases of various dimensions were stacked vertically in horse stalls, or in bins in ceilinged rooms made of plywood. There were air-conditioners, dehumidifiers, heaters. The collection represented more than six hundred unofficial artists.

Some of the art was too large for the plywood rooms. In the tobacco barn's great central space was a Yakerson six and a half feet high, thirteen feet wide. To the question "Who on earth could have smuggled that out of anywhere?" the answer was "Josef Yakerson": he had rolled it in a carpet, and had rolled a dozen other large canvases in other carpets, and had taken them all with him when he went to Beersheba, in 1973. The theme of the painting was classical but scarcely official. A mostly human figure with a demented countenance and a huge double set of hairy bull testicles was shoving a swan aside and addressing his parts to Leda-Europa from behind. He had a firm grip on her abundant hair. Dodge critiqued the piece, saying, "One can see why that was not favored."

This was by no means the only outsize painting he had, but the majority were of modest dimensions, and many were quite small. A good many were abstract. Dodge pulled canvases randomly from bins: Nazarenkos, Bulgakovas, Shteinbergs; work of Kopystianskaya, of Kabakov the superstar, of the photo-realist Faibisovich, the Sotsartist Sundukov, the iconic architectonic Shvartsman, the organic Yankilevsky (heads emerging from anuses). Abstractions aside, themes ranged from pornography through religion to politics (a red star with a nail through it). A Pivovarov consisted wholly of twenty-one words: "Go and wash your face. People are coming soon. It is not good for them to see you looking like this." He came upon a Rukhin; and he came upon a painting by Galina Popova, who was married to Rukhin. They lived in Leningrad. He died in a fire in his studio in 1976. In 1978, she had done this portrait of him, in which his great ursine head with its ruff of dark hair stood forth against a broad red cross. Dodge said, "They had three children. He supported them on his work. That is probably why they killed him—as an example." In a stall in the brick horse barn was Yakhnin's post-modern Schick razor blade, done in 1986, at the far side of Dodge's temporal window. "They would be very aware by the nineteen-eighties of what had gone on in the U.S.," he said. "In the fifties and sixties, some would be getting art journals from cultural attachés, but most would not. Mikhail Roginsky did Pop art, and early Sotsart, in the fifties. So he was up with the West. While Warhol was doing soup cans, he was doing toilets, chunks of wall: nauseating-looking walls with electrical fixtures proliferating—what you would see, if you were Russian, when you woke up. Doesn't seem like much to us, but there he was, shutting off his career, transcending all kinds of rules. He could be picked up anytime and sent off to a labor camp."

What Dodge had evidently assembled was not so much *of* an era as the era itself. It was the whole tree—the growing cambium with the dead wood. If his motive was higher than money, it was also higher than the aesthetic level of any given work. He had released into the general light a creativity whose products had been all the more concealed because they were untranslatable and awkward to move. With it he had released the creators.

Dodge was still adding to his collection, filling gaps in its definitive spread. A panel truck covered with graffiti arrived on one of those gloomy March days and parked beside a tobacco barn. The driver was a young Russian, and the truck was full of paintings by an artist from Irkutsk. They were in stacks, like mats or rugs, for the most part unframed. One after another, the driver drew them out for Dodge to view. Dodge bought one that was the size of a bedspread, and a large stretched one, and four small ones. It was as if he were buying fish.



Two works from Dodge's collection: "Krassikov Street" (1976-77), by Erik Bulatov, and an untitled 1975 painting by Evgeny Rukhin.

JANE VOORHEES ZIMMERLI ART MUSEUM, RUTGERS, N.J.

OFFICIAL artists had access to paints, canvases, and other art materials in official stores. Unofficial artists did not. "They had to wangle things one

DUST AND MEMORY

A small unshaven man, perhaps fifty,
with a peaked cap pulled sideways
to hide his features. He bowed his head
to the ground, groaned, rose to thrust
his head back in abandon, and flung
his body forward again. A supplicant
on his knees to what? The earth and sea
that had misused him? The power of pain?
The female God-face painted on the prow
of the fishing boat whose shade he hid in?
When the cap fell away I recognized a man
I passed each evening coming home at dusk,
a near neighbor to whom I'd never spoken
and never would. After dark I did not
steal back to find him gone or to hear
the sea, moonless, itself only a word
without consonants, repeated invisibly
inside my head.
                        What is this about?
Wherever you are now there is earth
somewhere beneath you waiting to take
the little you leave. This morning I rose
before dawn, dressed in the cold, washed
my face, ran a comb through my hair,
and felt my skull underneath, unrelenting,
soon the home of nothing. The wind
that swirled the sand that day years ago
had a name that will outlast mine
by a thousand years, though made of air,
which is what I too shall become,
air that says quietly in your ear,
"I'm dust and memory, your two neighbors
on this cold star." That wind, the *levante*,
will howl through the sockets of my skull
to make a peculiar music. When you hear it,
remember it's me, singing, gone but here,
warm still in the fire of your care.

—PHILIP LEVINE

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way or another. Or they had to use oilcloth or wallboard or something. The paint might be automobile paint. To get gouache or acrylics, they had to have foreign connections, or friends who were official artists. Members of the Artists Union could get stretchers and frames, but nonconformists had to improvise with rulers, yardsticks, plain strips of wood. A typical nonconformist frame used no more than a handful of tacks. They didn't have staple guns. I often took a staple gun with me, and a bunch of staples. Sometimes they painted on wood, or on the back sides of posters or the back sides of scrap paper. Tonis Vint did prints on what we would consider to be poor-quality wrapping paper. They painted canvases on both sides if the first side was not liked. They painted over earlier paintings." When Dodge was about ten years old and his father was dean of the graduate school at the University of Oklahoma, his father helped set up a campus art studio for native tribes. "The idea was to give the Indians something better than wrapping paper or sacks to work on. My interest in art developed there. I began collecting Indian art in my college years."

In the nineteen-sixties in the Soviet Union, the art that Dodge found was jamming the artists' apartments. It was tessellated up the walls, nailed to ceilings, thickly piled under beds. In a new building intended to relieve crowding, Dodge called on an artist who was living in one bedroom with his mother while another person lived in the other room of the apartment and shared the kitchen and bathroom. If an unofficial artist had a separate "studio," it was typically under big low pipes in a basement. To see the work of Ilya Kabakov, Dodge climbed six flights of stairs to the attic of an apartment building, opened an extremely narrow door, and somehow kept his balance on planks set on rafters, avoiding a fall through the ceiling of the apartment below. Finally, a door opened into a wide workplace. Some of Kabakov's paintings on pressboard were so large that there was no way to remove them.

Male artists were, in the main, supported by their wives. Since the Decree Against Parasitism was both formal and enforced, some male artists bestirred themselves to stoke coal or run elevators. But the women, generally speaking, had a heavy burden, a double burden. Not a few of them were artists, too. In Moscow, Lydia Masterkova was married to Vladimir Nemukhin. Valery Gerlovin was married to Rima Gerlovina. Olga Potapova was married to Evgeny Kropivnitsky, and their daughter Valentina Kropivnitskaya was married to Oskar Rabin. In Riga, Džemma Skulme was married to Ojars Abols. In Tallinn, Sirjee Runge was married to Leonhard Lapin. In Tbilisi, Nino Morbedadze was the wife of Dato Shushanja. And so forth, wherever Dodge's travels took him. The women often had at least as much talent as their husbands did, and the women prepared the sandwiches while the men drank vodka and held forth on art theory.

On Dodge's first journey, in 1955, the Intourist escorts had been so closely attentive that visiting people in their homes was out of the question. Even had it not been, Dodge and his father would have had a difficult search if they had wished to find unofficial artists. "They were just starting to emerge. This was before Khrushchev denounced Stalin. Stalin was still too close. The circumstances of the police state were still very strong. There's not much likelihood that very much was going on in the way of underground art." A few unofficial painters were doing landscapes, still-lifes, and portraiture, but little more. At that time, there was essentially no abstract art. After painting furtively and showing only to close friends, artists were destroying their own work. In the twenty previous years—before, during, and after the Great Patriotic War—materials were unobtainable, and there was no unofficial art. The artist Alexander Melamid, who grew up in Moscow, asserts that in any case nothing much would have been produced, because in Stalin's Soviet Union no artist would have thought to defy the system: "The society was united then, in a strange, ideal way." Melamid was eight when Stalin died and ten when Dodge first went to Moscow. Interested in learning how much Western art there might be in Soviet galleries in 1955, Dodge found very little in Moscow's Tretyakov, but in Leningrad, at the Hermitage, "Picassos, Matisses, Cézannes, and Gauguins had just been brought up from the storage cellars for the public to see." Later in the fifties, after Khrushchev denounced Stalin, things thawed to the extent that Rockwell Kent was put on display in museums of modern art. Unofficial artists began to paint unofficially. The period in art history that is now represented by Norton Dodge's collection had opened.

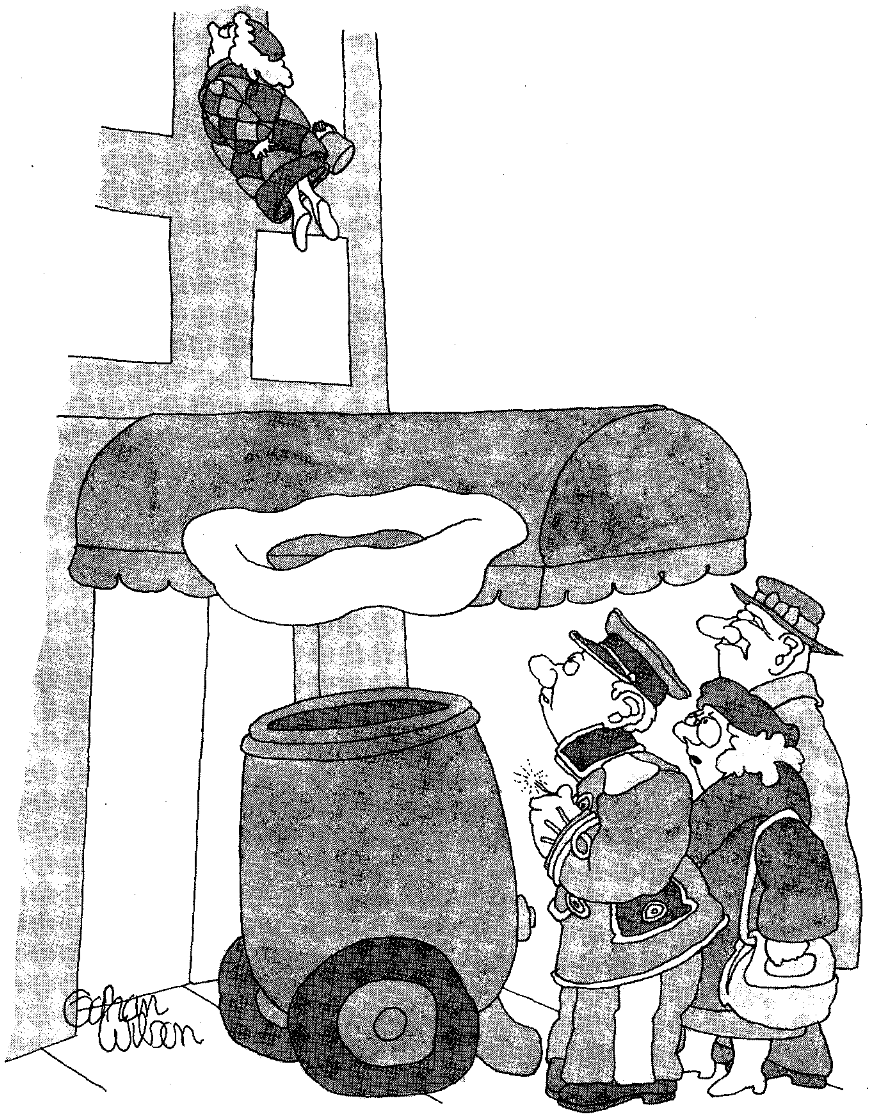
In 1960-62, the junior economics officer in the American Embassy in Moscow was a school friend of Norton Dodge named Julian F. (Pete) MacDonald. Dodge and MacDonald were graduates of Deep Springs, a small California ranch school in an isolated valley so far east of the Sierra that it seemed to be in Nevada. In 1950, they had worked together as waiters in the Russian dining hall in the summer language school at Middlebury. They had both earned degrees in the Russian Regional Studies Program at Harvard. While Dodge was going around Moscow talking to and about women, he gravitated to the Embassy, where he could eat hamburgers and talk to MacDonald. He mentioned his interest in artists. MacDonald mentioned George Costakis, who had been born in Moscow in 1912, was married to a Russian, presented himself as a Greek citizen, and worked as an administrative clerk in the Canadian Embassy. MacDonald's wife, Allen, was tutoring two of Costakis's children in English and had found Costakis's apartment of more than routine interest, because—a large one by Soviet standards—it was crammed fuller than a warehouse with Russian art. A chunky, bespectacled Attic man, Costakis was the liaison between the Canadian Embassy and the Soviet government. From the viewpoint of the foreign diplomatic community, it went without saying that he reported to the K.G.B.

"When I first got his address and first visited him, I was hardly prepared for the elaborate strap-iron-covered doors and multiple locks, like an impregnable-fortress entrance, that he had his art behind," Dodge recalls. There were three rooms, furnished with the modern sofa and Danish tables that seemed to Allen MacDonald to be "like an American existence." Costakis's collection started under the beds and went up the walls and over the ceilings. Unlike others, though, it was worth untold millions of dollars, because it consisted almost wholly of antique icons and of paintings from the early twentieth century by the Russian avant-garde. Kandinskys. Chagalls. Rodchenkos. In words of Costakis's biographer, the former Canadian diplomat Peter Roberts, "Their paintings and sculptures and designs were lost or hidden. To exhibit or collect their works, or

A SCENE FROM THE UPCOMING
THE TAKING OF PELHAM 4-5-6*
Aren't the New York subway trains the cleanest and quietest in the world?
I ride them every chance I get!
Say! Who are those three interesting guys over there? Maybe they'd like to join us!
*M.T.A.-APPROVED

even to possess them, was highly dangerous. Costakis collected them anyway. He saved thousands of works from almost certain loss, and did much of this at a time when Stalin's persecution of art and artists was at its peak of frenzy. He was finally hounded out of the country by the K.G.B., as at about the same time were Solzhenitsyn, Rostropovich, Brodsky, Sinyavsky." In the hunt for his trophies from the avant-garde, Costakis had become acquainted with contemporary artists. He gave parties in his apartment for them. He bought the work of a selected few.

Costakis put Dodge in touch with many of the artists, and also mentioned Nina Stevens. She was Russian, and she had once dealt in foreign merchandise on the general level of nylon stockings. Inspired by Costakis, she had begun collecting nonconformist art and artists. In the seventies, Dodge paid her fifty thousand dollars for some of her collection, on the average of a thousand dollars a painting. Meanwhile, he was invited to the art-viewing parties that she gave in her home on Saturday afternoons—events tantamount to a salon. Her husband was the American journalist Ed Stevens, who had been assigned to the Soviet Union in the nineteen-thirties and, essentially, had never left. He worked, variously, for *Time*, *Life*, *Look*, *Newsday*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, NBC Radio, the London *Times*, the Manchester *Guardian*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*. Across the river from the Kremlin, they lived in what she fondly remembers as "a fantastic isba," a log cabin—large, rambling, picturesque—where they served caviar in great dollops out of ten-kilo tins. Later, they moved into a stone mansion with tall stately windows, which Nina caused to resemble an art museum. For many years, it seemed to foreigners in Moscow that this was the only place you could go where you could meet Russians, the fact notwithstanding that the K.G.B. clearly knew that she was supporting unofficial artists. The presence of an artist or two was a part of the salon's attraction. In 1965, Dodge met Vasily Sitnikov there. Bearded, byelobohemian, he was dressed in peasant boots and peasant blouse. Dodge remarks, "She was showing him—using him as dancing bear."



"Does the co-op board have any idea when the elevators will be replaced?"

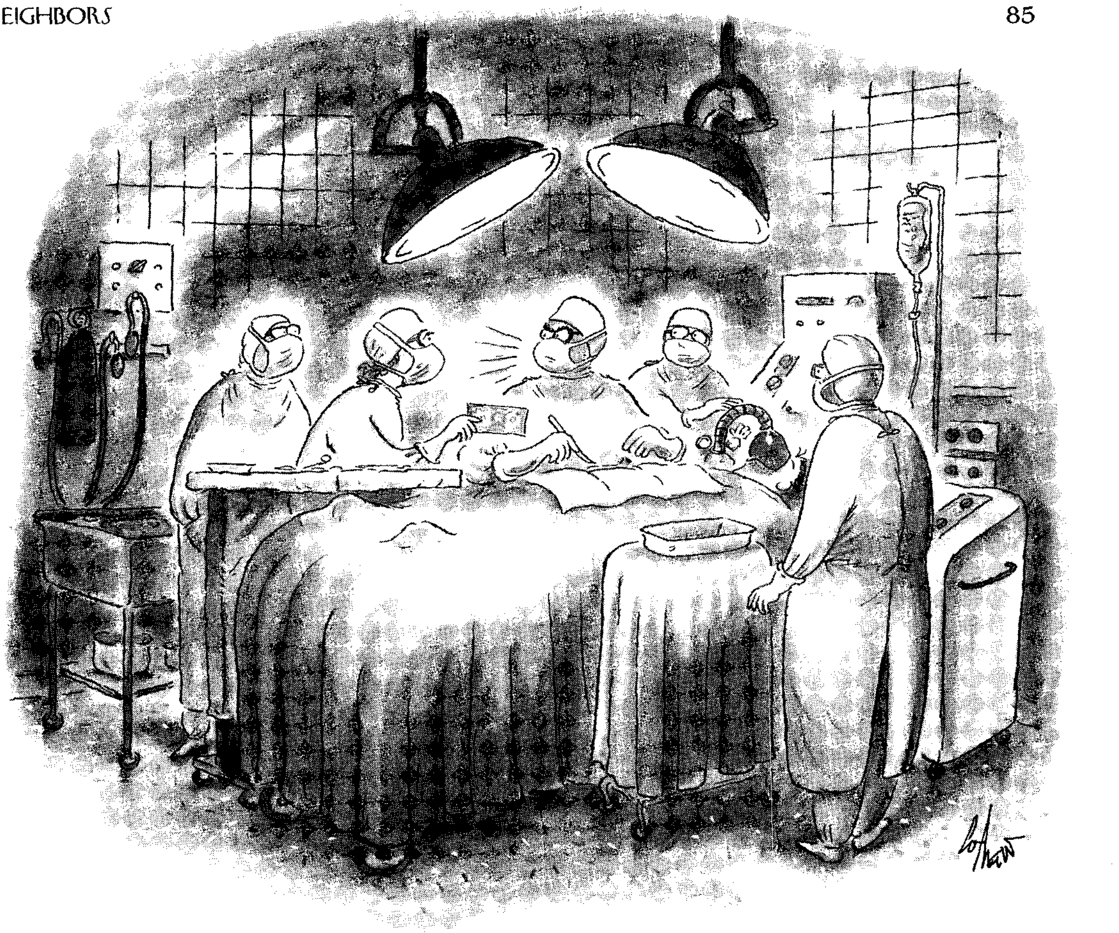
Sitnikov's apartment, where several families lived, was very close to Dzerzhinsky Square and the K.G.B. headquarters, at Lubyanka Prison. The eccentric artist had had numerous difficulties with the authorities. In order to be sure that an approaching caller was his own specific invitee, he dangled from a window a small artistic decoration at the end of a string. Dodge pulled the string. This caused a bell to ring. Sitnikov came down and let him in. "The place had one bathroom, one kitchen, food on the windowsills to keep it cool, uneven floors—it was a rattletrap. He was crammed in with all his art works. He was dressed in a less peasanty costume than at Nina's, but he had a rough country-boy look about him, the product of a life in the outdoors." A light kayak hung from the ceiling—"in itself a work of art." Sitnikov was an early key figure among unofficial artists. Others had their beginnings with him. With regard to Sitnikov himself, Dodge was equally drawn to art and artist. He admired Sitnikov's religious themes, his "impressionistic, almost ethereal nudes," his "snowy wintry scenes of kremlins and churchyards and churches, in the foreground cats and dogs fighting or a militiaman dragging a drunk to a police car." As if these things were not enough to pull a bell at Lubyanka, there were Sitnikov's "scatological paintings, which, if he had ever tried to show them, would have got him into even bigger trouble." Sitnikov had at one time been committed to a mental institution so that he might "shape up ideologically." He had done a pencil drawing of an inmate there, in straitjacket. The face had no mouth. Because of the circumstances of composition, he said, he could never complete the mouth. Sitnikov is dead. Nothing of his is in Russia now. The drawing with no mouth made its way to Maryland.

In the nineteen-sixties, the artists were not competitive in the way that, with glasnost, they were destined to become. In those early years, they freely gave Dodge any information they might have about work being done in Moscow and other cities. An artist's name would be mentioned, and someone would say, for example, "He's a fine young man in Leningrad. Here is his phone number. Don't call him from your hotel." With his flashlight, safety pins, Scotch tape, and other high-tech devices, he carried in his pockets as many two-kopeck pieces as he could gather, because they alone would work in a public telephone.

Dodge was sometimes the first American the artists had encountered, and certainly the first they sold things to. Professor Sarah Burke remembers from her own experience in the Soviet Union in those years that "Americans were almost worshipped," and she goes on to say that "Norton—with money, buying paintings—would have been one of the most desirable people anyone wanted to see." According to Elena Kornetchuk, whose gallery in Sewickley, Pennsylvania, is probably the only one in the world that specializes in Soviet unofficial art, "Norton, to the artists, was a man out of nowhere, a prince on a white horse. They felt some amusement when he liked bad things. He wanted the art to be dissident, to be outrageous: utterly unacceptable"—to the regime. In Lithuania, for example, he was engrossed by the work of Vladas Zilius, not only because some of it was so abstract that it was officially considered pornography but also because Zilius had painted people with fresh bullet holes through them despite their raised hands.

Dodge would outline his own itinerary and arrange it with Intourist, with the stated purpose of interviewing women. Soviet economists put him in touch with them in the way that artists led him to other artists. He was trying to see what he could learn about the fortune of women during the first, second, and third Five-Year Plans and in the postwar period. "Technically and legally, and in terms of access to careers, it was much more open for them in the Soviet Union. A lot of doors were open to women. But it didn't reduce their load of family responsibilities. The men often would never lift a finger. The reality was that although women in Russia had career opportunities opened up to them, they still had to carry the burden of all the cooking, all the washing, all the cleaning, and all the child care except insofar as there might be public child care. Our child-care facilities were abysmal. In the Soviet Union, child care was also rather abysmal; but at least on paper they had high purpose, and they actually provided at the factories child care that was connected with the place that the women worked, and they had other child-care facilities for the day and also for whole periods of time when people were in seasonal work, like herders and so on that would go off into the mountains; and in summer on the farms they would have in-the-field child-care facilities.

"Another thing was abortion. Lacking other means of contraception, a lot of Russian women were overly dependent on abortion. Care may not have been very good, anesthetics often were not provided. But it was legal. The principle of legalized abortion was accepted, at a time when women in the United States had to go to quacks or abroad. I felt that in many ways women were discriminated against in the United States in a rather shameful fashion. Many areas that were closed to American women by tradition or convention had been opened up in the Soviet Union, legally, so that the proportion of women was positively increased. Forty per cent of engineers were women. In mathematics, the percentage of women was well above ours. The percentage in the legal profession was substantially

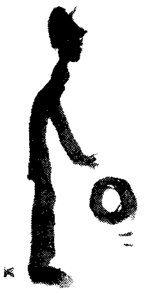


"Damn it, nurse! I didn't ask for a twenty. I asked for a ten and two fives."

• •

higher. At the peak of a profession, though, you could see the winnowing out of women. You might have a lot of women doctors—seventy-five per cent—but by the time you got to the membership in the Academy of Medicine there might be two or three per cent." Dodge obtained counts of the percentage of women at various levels in universities, and in different fields at universities. He determined the percentage of research articles written by women. None of this had been published. He just went around and found out.

In his hidden mission, he was not infrequently frustrated. In Baku and in Kiev, for example, he attempted to make contact with artists but failed. He knew their names but could not get to them. In tufa-built, desert Yerevan—the snowcap of Ararat floating on the southern horizon—artists outnumbered goats. In stone and stuccoed crumbling Tbilisi—its funicular rising to the statue of the mythical mother of Georgia—he saw the widow of Kakabadze. Her husband had exhibited in Paris in his youth with Picasso and Matisse. When he came back to Russia, after the Revolution, he had to alter his style to fit the strictures of Socialist Realism. His Impressionistic landscapes of the Caucasus changed little in their backgrounds, but in their foregrounds they developed steel smelters, factories, and cement plants. Kakabadze's son was now working in three-dimensional assemblage—bits of metal, clothing, real hair, a fish spine on a plate—and was in the mainstream of nonconformist Georgian art. In the dim courtyards of Tbilisi buildings dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Dodge felt "peculiar," as he puts it, blinking his flashlight, and "trying not to stumble in on too many people," because his Russian was not the best, his Georgian was nonexistent, and, in any case, it would be difficult to explain what he was doing.



When Dodge bought small paintings or drawings and other paper things, he packed them flat or rolled them up and took them with him. Larger works, he says—his thick eyebrows merging with his mustache—"had to go through channels." In or out of his suitcase, the accumulation of art gave him a logistical problem, compounding all the other problems of being on his own in the dark and cableless streets of strange cities, "finding your way around, finding apartments in the outskirts, stumbling through all this, and after midnight asking yourself, 'How do you get back?' When you add it all up, you wonder how you did all that."

In the nineteen-seventies, in Leningrad, Dodge met Evgeny Rukhin, a key figure in the dissident movement. He was an unofficial artist of exceptional talent, who also—in his incautious, magnetic, unofficial way—was an organizer of other artists. He spoke English, French, German; and that, in the words of a colleague, "gave him a form of power." He was nearly two metres tall. Under his head of dark hair—its rolling curls spreading out in great radius—his beard, brown and red, broadly fell halfway down his chest. When he walked on a street anywhere, people turned around. The K.G.B. turned around. He could not have been hard to follow.

Though his hair was bohemian, his clothes were not black leather. Away from wet paint, he wore dark suits, white shirts, paisley ties. His tortoiseshell glasses seemed academic. His degree was in geology. At Leningrad State University, both his mother and his father were professors of geology. One of his grandfathers, who had been a military topographer in the Army of Nicholas II, was sent by the Soviets to a camp in Kazakhstan. According to Rukhin's widow, Galina Popova, Rukhin's father was a lecturer who drew so many students that the K.G.B. had him killed.

Killed? A geologist?

"Brutally killed, by a truck, in 1959, by the K.G.B. At that time, you could not be above the crowd by a head. Or your head would be levelled. My husband was above the crowd by his beautiful height, and his head was levelled, too."

She married him in 1965, when she was a student at the Leningrad School of Industrial and Applied Art. Brown hair, green eyes—she was so small that if he held an arm out level she could walk under it. Her hand, spread wide, exactly covered his palm.

After their daughter Masha was born, in 1966, Evgeny said to Galina, "Would you mind if I stayed with the baby and did not go to work?" She agreed. She worked hard at her official art—her stained glass, her mosaics—and achieved membership in the Artists Union. She had paper, canvases, and so forth, and supplied him with them. By her description, "He held the baby on his left arm and painted with his right hand."

Rukhin was somewhat contemptuous of her official status. "He needed this protection," she continues. "Without it, he would have been sent away." Trained in rocks, he was an autodidactic artist. With dashes of realistic imagery, his work was essentially abstract. She drew for him, if necessary. A Madonna, for example. "Then he says, 'That's enough. Get out.' Then he put the beautiful colors and touches to it. There cannot be two equals. I gave him the priority, because he needed a constant reminder of how great an artist he was. It was like food for his self-esteem."

Galina remembers 1971 as their best year. Their son, Lev, was born. She had found a beautiful apartment on the Embankment, two stories, dating from 1738, with walls two feet thick and ceilings so high and vaulted that the place seemed to have a concert hall's acoustics.

Around the corner, a block or two away, was Galina's studio, which, by now, he had taken over. It was above the former stables of what had been an English church. Heaped with flammable clutter, narrow stairs led up to it, as if it were the loft of a boathouse. There were three rooms, hewn beams, arched windows, naked bulbs, a skylight installed by Rukhin—a paradise for a Russian painter, official or otherwise.

Galina sought commissions, under which he could be hired to do menial work as her assistant. ("Eugen needed some official status or he'd be arrested as a bum.") At the Leningrad Liquor & Vodka Production Plant, she adorned the foyer with a bas-relief bust of Rukhin pouring liquor. On the wall opposite was her own self-portrait with lute. Rukhin's job was to lug these works to the plant and install them. When he sniffed the prevailing aroma there, he immediately drank what Galina describes as "buckets of vodka," and "had to be carted home." Watching Yul Brynner in "The King and I" at the American consul's one night, he drank her drinks and his. At two in the morning, walking home, he lay down on a lawn and put his legs on a granite wall. "I got a feeling that the ground was taking him, taking him—he was dissolving in the ground."

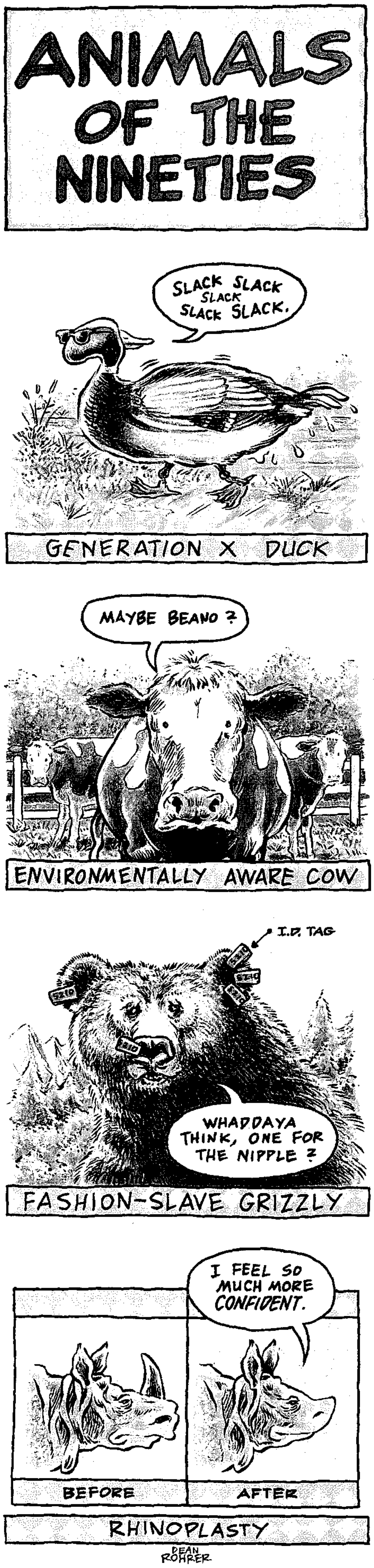
Once in a while, Rukhin dived into the Neva for a murky midnight swim. He was in no way cautious. He was not afraid of the authorities. Women were drawn to him and he to them. He slept until two or three in the afternoon, and if the privacy of his studio was not invaded he would paint alone into the night, his layered gesso drying on one canvas while he worked on a second and a third. "I was not usually encouraged to come to the studio without calling first, because I might see something not so pleasant," Galina says. "He was womanizing, of course. He was a free-spirit artist. To confine him in an apartment would be a torture for him and for me. You cannot squeeze a person physically. He was my husband, and I respected his privacy. With us, it was all about art. I would give the last drop of my blood to save him."

In the days before Rukhin had access to art materials, he had gone so far as to lock himself in public toilets, remove hand towels from their loops, stretch them, and paint abstracted cityscapes in acrylic tempera on the towels. In the studio over the stables, with spray paints and tubes of gesso and canvases from the official supply, his output was prodigious. More bold than confident, he would "produce paintings like an assembly line," according to Victor Tupitsyn, and when he had a large number he would invite his friend the artist Vladimir Nemukhin to come from Moscow and tell him what was good. "Nemukhin picked five. Rukhin threw the rest away." Surviving his short career are roughly a thousand canvases. Merely by being abstract, he was breaking the Party line. He often used found objects against an abstract background, alone or in collage—fragments of furniture, keys, hardware, pieces of tools, a mousetrap. In one piece, an almost unrelievedly white surface was punctuated by a wrought-iron nail. Handmade, large, protruding, and real, the nail had a painted shadow.

Some of his pieces were a good deal more figurative. Galina refers to them as "his nervous, tragic paintings—deformed faces, varitextured hands, a head in a noose—the result of his father's death." He frequently used icons as signets, pressing them into thick soft gesso. In other ways as well, he evoked the Russian Orthodox Church. Probably not a believer, he was primarily evoking the Russian past, and this caused others to speak of "the Russian reality" in his work and enhanced its unofficial popularity. Like so many others, he could become explicit to the point of journalism. Caught in a collage mousetrap was a tube of paint—its middle mashed down, contents squeezed out and wasted.

In words of Alexander Melamid, who knew Rukhin in Moscow, Rukhin was "influenced by early Rauschenberg—the best Rauschenberg." In the sixties, Rukhin wrote to galleries outside the Soviet Union and obtained exhibition catalogues. He invited Jamie Wyeth and James Rosenquist, among others, to visit him in Leningrad. Both of them did. In the pre-glasnost years, what the Soviet underground artists knew of modern Western painting for the most part had to be gleaned. When Soviet periodicals criticized Western art, they showed examples of what they were slamming. "*Krokodil* cartoons of Western art were not far from reality, since the cartoonists were good Socialist Realists," Dodge remarks. "There was a Picasso exhibit in Moscow in the fifties, swamped by young artists. After all, Picasso was a Communist, at least in name. The unofficial artists would get to see some Western art by going to an art institute to see journals that might appear there, but by and large the artists would not have known much of anything about what was going on in the West. On the whole, they were not influenced by the West."

By other underground artists, Rukhin has been compared to Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning, but only in the sense that Pollock and de Kooning were "drunks, chauvinists, womanizers, workaholics." After Rukhin finished a bottle, he put his calling card in it and tossed it into the Neva. He said he wished to be known outside Russia. He became known on at least three continents. He made brochures with pictures of his work and mailed them widely. He handed them to people wherever he went—even on the street. He went frequently to Moscow. He went to the


ANIMALS OF THE NINETIES
SLACK SLACK SLACK SLACK SLACK.
GENERATION X DUCK
MAYBE BEANO ?
ENVIRONMENTALLY AWARE COW
I.D. TAG
WHADDAYA THINK, ONE FOR THE NIPPLE ?
FASHION-SLAVE GRIZZLY
I FEEL SO MUCH MORE CONFIDENT.
BEFORE
AFTER
RHINOPLASTY
DEAN ROHRER

"I've asked you all here today to help me develop some really stupid ideas."

• •

Baltic states. He made geological field trips. He gave his promotional packets to diplomats and foreign correspondents. "Most of the artists had never even thought of such a thing," Dodge says. "Rukhin not only thought of it—he did it."

Rukhin had an old Volga, which he drove back and forth to Moscow with paintings. He sold to embassy people more than to anyone else. "He had all the social skills," Melamid continues. "He was not afraid. He spent time in high-rises that were exclusively for foreigners. Was he supposed to be there? Of course not." For a time, he went to Moscow once a month for ten days. In summer, Galina rented a cousin's dacha in Peredelkino. He painted in the back yard. He became so negotiable that he inspired a genre of art even more underground than his own—the unofficial fake Rukhin. Norton Dodge says, "I think I may have two." There are fake Shvartsmans, fake Zverevs, in various parts of the world. Not to mention Maryland. It was against the law for Russians to have foreign currency. Rukhin had a lot of foreign currency. He was rich.

Under Article 76-1 of the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic Criminal Code, a Soviet citizen could be prosecuted for any contact with foreigners. Flagrantly, Rukhin opened his home to them. "Zhenya lived a free life," one of his friends has said. And another adds, "Rukhin was fearless. He was very diplomatic and elegant and handsome. He was really talented. Without training, he discovered a style. He was not afraid to invite diplomats to his place. They were always hanging around. He was our link to the West." Rukhin liked to say that he never paid his phone bill but very much doubted that the service would be interrupted, because the phone was bugged and the K.G.B. was listening.

Rukhin always appeared at the Fourth of July party at the United States Embassy in Moscow. He was a guest of the diplomats in their quarters. He called the Mexican Ambassador Tortillas. For the diplomats, getting to know the unofficial artists was, as Dodge puts it, "an avenue into real Russian life—the artists were among the few links that embassy people could have with Russian people." By 1965, Dodge's leads to underground artists were in fact coming mostly from diplomats. Among the personnel in the United States Embassy, of course, were functionaries from numerous federal agencies, including Central Intelligence. There were C.I.A. people who were avid customers of Rukhin.

At Cremona Farm one time, I asked Dodge why C.I.A. people would have been interested in collecting Rukhin's work.

"He was very charismatic in his personality as well as doing interesting art," Dodge answered.

I said, "The C.I.A. doesn't go around looking for charismatic people."

Dodge said, "They may have been bored."

Unsurprisingly, what proved most popular with the foreign market were unofficial paintings that thematically represented some aspect of the Soviet regime—or, at least, reflected past or present Russian life. Sitnikov's many kremlins were frankly aimed at the diplomatic and foreign-correspondent markets. Ilya Glazunov's cute Russian landscapes and portraits of czars were much in demand. Glazunov was among the first to break into the diplomatic community to sell. Elena Kornetchuk says of him, "He was the darling of Russians because he was freeing them, making them feel like Russians, not Commies. Heavy-duty diplomats gobbled up his churches."

By the mid-seventies, Rukhin had made himself—after Glazunov—the best-known Russian artist in the United States and elsewhere in the West. Enough of his work got out of the country to be gathered into shows at the North Carolina Museum of Art and the Phillips Collection, in the District of Columbia, while Rukhin himself was in Leningrad and was not permitted to travel abroad. There were shows in Venezuela, Argentina. Reflectively, Dodge says, "He would have developed into an international artist of the first order." And again, "That is probably why they killed him."

DODGE, of course, was more than involved in the Rukhin shows in America, as he was in exhibiting the work of other unofficial artists. From the point of view of the Soviet regime, he was supporting political dissidents, not only by purchasing their work but—

worse—by exposing it in the West. Now, in the middle seventies, he was intensely expanding his collection, making frequent trips. His scholarship in Soviet economics no longer took priority. He set it aside in favor of aggressive acquisition. Instead of applying for a visa for some sort of academic purpose, he signed up for package tours in the Soviet Union—tours organized by the Smithsonian Institution, Duke University, the International Museum Association, whatever. In buses, the tour groups visited museums, palaces, operas, ballets. Dodge did not go. He just slipped away. "One was theoretically expected to attend. I would simply not attend. I would presumably be on one of the buses. I wouldn't be. This would get noticed after a while. It would become very noticeable to the people in charge. I was sometimes told that if I didn't shape up they might have to report that they had a wild card here. I stood out like a sore thumb. I'd be the only one who didn't go to see the Kremlin. I'd seen the Kremlin—in 1955."

In this city and that, after the buses returned to the hotels Dodge would come back, freelance, with art tucked under his arm. ("I might have it rolled up in some posters glorifying Lenin and the latest Five-Year Plan.") His wife, Nancy, who did not know him then, marvels at the incongruity of this story. "I've never had anybody pester me so constantly," she says. " 'How do we get there? Where do we go now?' How in the world did he ever get around? The minute he's with somebody else he starts leaning. He can't fight his way out of a paper bag. He's very dependent on other people to help him do everything. He doesn't remember names, phone numbers. He's very efficient at getting other people to help him. He's half helpless and half in command."

Dodge tended to lean in the direction of women. Divorced in 1970, he did not marry Nancy until 1980, but is said to have meanwhile "thought of himself as a ladies' man." He travelled with the evidence. In the Soviet Union in the middle seventies, when he appeared in apartments in Leningrad, Tallinn, Tbilisi, Samarkand, he was often accompanied by attractive women. Galina Popova remembers Dodge with "a beautiful Jewish paleontologist, nineteen or twenty years old, really striking." His approach to women was no longer professional. The book on women in the Soviet economy was nearly a decade behind him, and he had also written, with Robert Tsuchigane, "Economic Discrimination Against Women in the United States" (Heath & Co., 1974). He has been described by a woman who knew him in Russia as "traditional in his relationships with women," and what they discerned beneath his glistening dome and behind his great billow of lip hair and within his rumpled clothes was for them, severally, to report. One woman has told me that when she was to meet him she was told to "watch for a guy to come in with food all over his tie." Sarah Burke, who has known him East and West, mentions the same image. "Norton could indeed pass for a Russian," she says. "He is sort of unkempt—the food on the tie, the old broken-down raincoat. You expect to find socks in his refrigerator. He always looked shabby enough not to be arrested."

Dodge met Melamid and his partner, Vitaly Komar, through Tania Kolodzei. She was an art historian by training. As a collector herself, she was developing one of the most extensive collections of unofficial art inside the Soviet Union. She had been married to Leonid Talochkin, a major collector, and also to an Australian art historian. When Dodge first knew her, in 1974, she did not want her connections with foreigners to be known. He did his best to be circumspect. Her job ended after lunch. He would meet her at or near her apartment, and they would visit one artist after another, often continuing until the wee hours of the morning, somewhere in the outskirts of Moscow, while the other members of his tour were asleep in the hotel. Through Tania Kolodzei he met Shteinberg, Pivovarov, Kabakov. He met at least two dozen of the more important figures—people he calls "the crucial Moscow artists." It was she who took him to the apartment on Leninsky Prospekt where Komar and Melamid worked together. They were in the forefront of conceptual art as it developed in the Soviet Union, and of the satirical Sotsart as well.

As Dodge's network expanded, it

STAGE
RICHARD III
RICHARD III

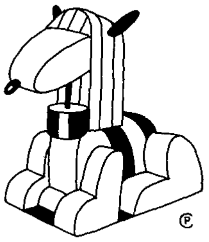
"Personally, I'm getting sick of sequels."

consisted not only of additional artists but of additional intermediary figures like Kolodzei. In Leningrad, the figure was the poet, Konstantin Kuzminsky, who put on exhibits in his apartment and led a sort of personal academy of freethinkers and was a focal point for the gathering together of writers, artists, musicians, and poets—the post-Stalin avant-garde. Needless to say, Kuzminsky was often in trouble with the regime. At a clandestine show in his apartment in 1974, the work of twenty-three artists was exhibited on twenty-four square metres. A thousand visitors came within a single week.

Dodge met Kuzminsky in the studio of Yuri Zharkikh, whose ominous figures and mystical connotations seemed to reach down through Russian Orthodox religion and into more primitive strata. Kuzminsky, Zharkikh, and Rukhin were among Leningrad's principal dissidents. By Kuzminsky's description, "If Zharkikh was the brain center of the situation, Rukhin was the heart." Kuzminsky gave Dodge material on at least fifty artists. He introduced him to Evgeny Mikhnov-Voitenko, whose gouache abstractions were uncannily suffused with strong spiritual content. Mikhnov-Voitenko was a storybook Russian with long black hair and a long beard and a face that looked weathered from without and within. Kuzminsky said of him that he was "a terrible alcoholic but a genius." Dodge reached for his rubles. He found Mikhnov-Voitenko living in a small room with his mother and his wife in a multifamily apartment.

Kuzminsky put Dodge in touch with Igor Tiulpanov, some of whose best work Dodge would acquire. Kuzminsky recalls Tiulpanov as "a sort of monk," and goes on to say, "He painted a twenty-four-inch canvas with a one-hair brush, making jewelry out of art. In one day, he could cover an area the size of a fingernail. He sharpened a pen until its point was like a needle, and then he *drew* tiny dots. He worked like a goldsmith. He played tennis afterward, to free the muscles."

Rukhin in turn led him to Leonid Borisov, whose architectonic abstractions referred to the Constructivist twenties, and to Vladimir Ovchinnikov, who did "thick-bodied robust figures that reflected the vicissitudes of life in Russia." The description is Dodge's. Ovchinnikov's figures and settings were drawn with exceptional clarity. In his middle thirties, he was dark-haired and dark-eyed and could have been taken more easily for a woodcutter than for an artist. He lived in woods, with a woodstove. He painted overweight women playing volleyball with a torn net on a collective farm. One post of the net seemed to be a rocket. He painted a group of people selling a handful of vegetables from a big table in a market. He painted women with wings, evidently angel wings, working on the repair of railroad tracks. This canvas, like the others, found its way to Maryland. "Women often did the heaviest work—working on the tracks, or laying macadam, sweeping the streets—while the men stood by supervising," Dodge once explained, looking over the canvas after pulling it from a bin. "He has women working on the tracks and the station platform, a drunk and other people on the platform, a tank car nearby marked 'BEER,' military tanks on a flatcar: excessive military concern, ever-present militiamen, alcoholism, and overworked women, all in one painting."



On a trip to Armenia in 1974, Dodge found that he was short of funds, because he had cashed too many checks to buy works of art elsewhere. As he went from Armenian artist to Armenian artist, he promised to send clothing and musical albums and journals as a way of paying for works of art. In Moscow, not wishing to risk the Armenian addresses in any kind of search, he entrusted them, in his words, "to someone who was supposed to get them out for me safely." At the airport, as he had feared, all his notes, address books, and other written records were removed from his suitcase and copied. In his distinctive way, he had openly written names, phone numbers, and so forth, where others would have written codes.

The Armenian addresses, presumably safe, never followed him to America. A year or so later, a letter came from Paris signed Garig Basmadjian—a name unknown to Dodge. Basmadjian said he was authorized to collect for the Armenian painters. Dodge, relieved and delighted, sent a check by return mail. The stranger wrote again, to say that he had fifty Armenian dissident paintings in Paris, and he included prints. Into the dark, Dodge shot ten thousand dollars for nine or ten of the pictures in the prints. A crate soon arrived at Dulles airport. In years that followed, Garig Basmadjian was Dodge's principal intermediary in Armenia—until, in an event quite possibly unrelated to this narrative, he disappeared from a hotel in Moscow, never to be seen again.

The Smithsonian tours included Tallinn, and, while the other tourists were in the House of the Brotherhood of Blackheads or viewing the Kiek-in-de-Kök in the Fortress Wall, Dodge was persona non present. In their apartments, Estonians had Dutch beer, English whiskey, Danish crackers, American cigarettes, and Swedish sexual magazines. Kuzminsky, who provided Dodge with introductions to the unofficial artists there, says that "in the center of Soviet Tallinn they had their sort of tiny freedom, but they were warned: No contacts with Moscow or Leningrad." Let alone Maryland. "The government didn't want the wind of freedom that was blowing in the Baltic states to penetrate Russia," Kuzminsky continues. "The layer of bohemian artists was very thin there. It was easy to have two or three informers and know everything." Baltic artists were masters of ambiguity—a sort of group deception of Moscow. The line between the official and the unofficial was a good deal less distinct there. The artists were more free. They kept a certain national identity, which insulated them to some extent from Moscow's interference. But there were limits to how far they could go in public exhibits. The first people Dodge called on—who led him to large numbers of other Baltic painters—were Leonhard Lapin and Tonis Vint. Lapin mixed nudity and machinery to produce, among other things, a sexual energy of sufficient charge to be regarded by a Moscow censor—or even a Forty-second Street newsdealer—as pornography. Something resembling a stick shift enters the pelvic core of a sensuous transmission with breasts and open legs. "This would be total anathema to the regime," Dodge says mildly. "Even in Estonia, they could not conceivably show this kind of thing." They showed Dodge, and he bought it.

In a couple of dozen compressed words Kuzminsky sketches Vint, describes the peculiarity of Estonian artists under Soviet rule, and outlines Vint's thematic qualities: "Vint, his hair to his waist, an Official Artist, imagine! Vint, painting a black square with a carefully drawn cunt in each corner!" Dodge on Vint is more exploratory: "Vint's work involved an approach to women not totally unrelated to Lapin's, using a sort of Beardsley style, black-and-white. Vint would counterpose voluptuous, gorgeous women with geometric designs—exploiting the conflict of inhuman linear geometric designs versus the rounded full-bodied women." When Vint was asked to illustrate a Young Communist League publication, he used a circle as the main geometric feature. In it—eccentric, left—was a young nude lounging on propped elbows, her legs somewhat spread, her pubic hair presented. The regime printed thirty-six thousand copies before censorship saw "Girl in Circle" and suppressed publication. "Vint was one of the key leaders of nonconformist artists in Estonia," Dodge continues. "He helped edit the magazine *Kunst* and also taught young people avant-garde approaches to art. Among them was Siim-Tanel Annus, who was only sixteen at the time and was already doing extremely interesting pen-and-ink drawings. I acquired a few." He acquired more than a few prints by Malle Leis, who has been described critically as having a "feministic approach to decorative flower painting." She could make even a fresh blossom look pensive and sombre. Her portraits project vacantness, emptiness—the reaction of Estonians to the situation that the Russians had thrust them into. He bought the work of Raul Meel, an Estonian engineer with no formal art training. Meel's early work appeared to have been generated from an architect's blueprint. Later, he incorporated maps of Estonia. In one series, bloody handprints covered the maps. Even by the Baltic, that was worse than pornography.

In 1976, Dodge fell into conversation in the airport in Vienna with a man who turned out to be Paul Sjeklocha. Both were waiting for a flight to Moscow that was delayed overnight by heavy weather. Dodge describes Sjeklocha as an American of Yugoslav origin who did weapons trading in the Middle East, and also dealt in Soviet pharmaceuticals repackaged for the West, and was also a co-author of "Unofficial Art in the Soviet Union" (University of California, 1967), which Dodge had read, and was also a hunting guide who took high-paying clients into Soviet Central Asia. Waiting for the plane in Vienna, Sjeklocha was on his way to a hunt in the Caucasus. He had his rifle with him, and a hundred rounds. In Moscow, as they went through customs, no one looked in Sjeklocha's suitcase. A couple of days later, Dodge went to see Sjeklocha in the Hotel Rossiya, at the edge of Red Square. Sjeklocha's room overlooked St. Basil's Cathedral and the Kremlin and had an open view of the Spassky Gate, through which the members of the Politburo passed in their limousines every morning. To Dodge, this was an unusual photo opportunity, and he remarked on it. Sjeklocha said, "Yeah. And that's the Spassky Gate, through which the Politburo goes. I could sight in my gun here, and when they come I could pick them off." Dodge began miming alarums and waving at the ceiling and the light fixtures. "Don't worry," Sjeklocha said. "The more outrageous you are, the less they know how to deal with you."

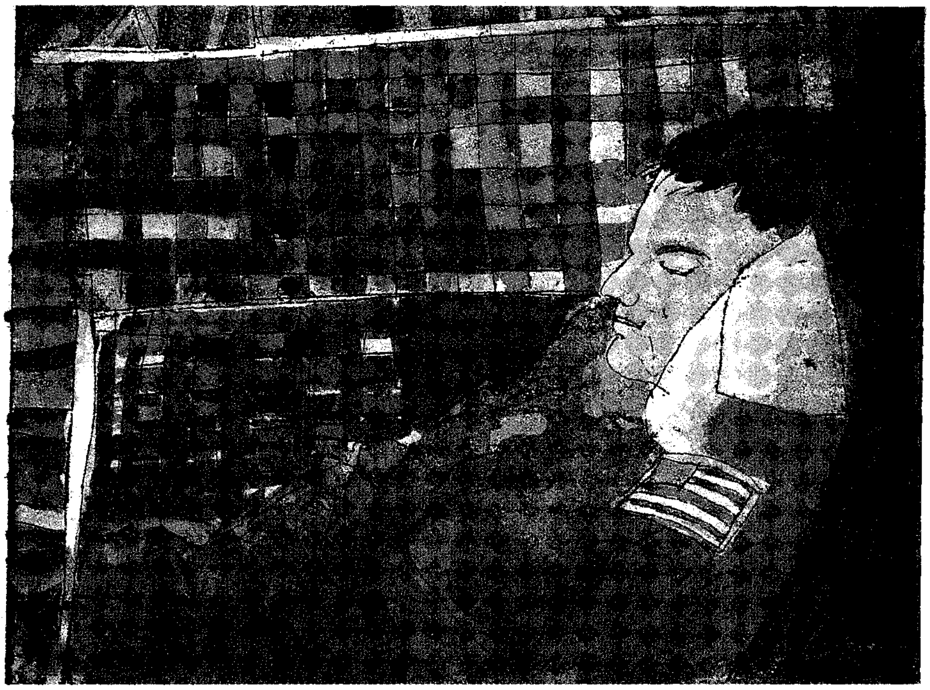
From Sjeklocha's book, Dodge had learned about artists he didn't know. From Dodge, Sjeklocha learned about many artists he didn't know—an indication of the continuing spread and se-

"Thanks for a wonderful evening. May I have the receipts if you aren't going to use them?"

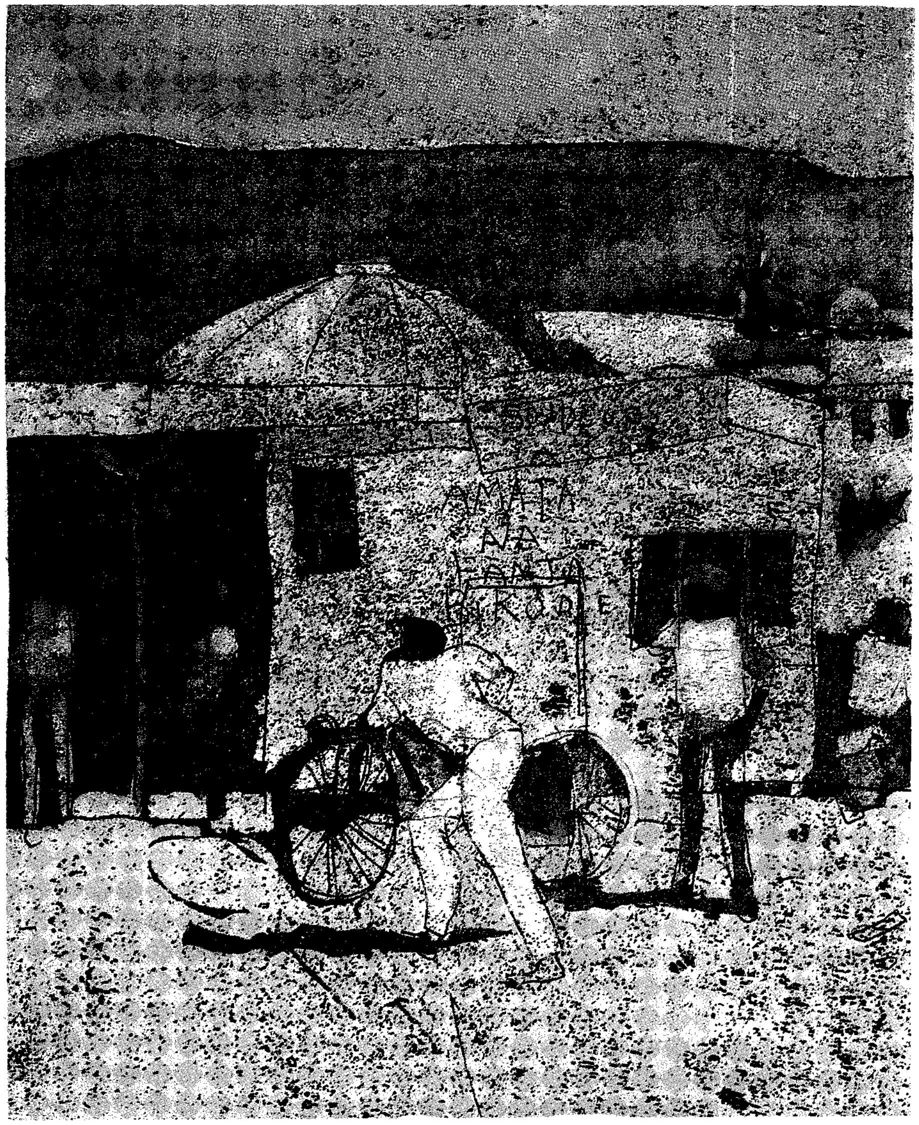
crecy of unofficial painting in those late-middle Brezhnev years. Not long after they met, Sjeklocha vanished. He was held in Lubyanka by the K.G.B. until he was traded to Washington for Russian spies. Some years after the trade, he returned to Russia. He lives today on the Sea of Okhotsk, in the oblast of Magadan.

Sjeklocha's disappearance was in a common genre that had long haunted Norton Dodge. Across his years of travel in the Soviet Union, he was made increasingly skittish by each new tale of a traveller swept off to prison. For example, Frederick C. Barghoorn, a Yale professor, was about to leave the Soviet Union after a visit in the sixties when someone thrust a sheaf of papers into his hands, and he was arrested by the K.G.B. seconds later for "the attempted smuggling of an anti-Soviet manuscript." After a few weeks in Lubyanka, he was traded for Russian spies.

In the nineteen-fifties, Dodge had published an article on Soviet labor, including forced labor, in a book put out by the Munich-based Institute for the Study of the U.S.S.R., which was supposedly subsidized by an American nonprofit organization. When Dodge tried to make a private contribution to help the cause, the institute declined it, explaining that all the money it needed was being supplied by various American corporations. "Later, it was revealed that the corporations were all fronts, and the whole thing was a C.I.A. operation," Dodge continues. "So therefore I was obviously involved in the C.I.A. at least as much as or more than Barghoorn, and I felt that if any time the Russians wanted to fabricate a case against me they could. At any rate, I began to think they were noticing. That's why I began to get cold feet. As I kept going back repeatedly, my dossier was getting fatter, or so I imagined. I figured it's like this Italian who got involved in unofficial art way back in the sixties. And he made twenty-two trips before he sort of became persona non grata and never went back again. He got cold feet, too. After I heard about friends of people that I knew being picked up for trading purposes, I didn't want to expose myself unduly to risk. I used to always think that the Embassy people were overly paranoid, but in fact I became more and



Captain Tom Barth, U.S.A.F., asleep.

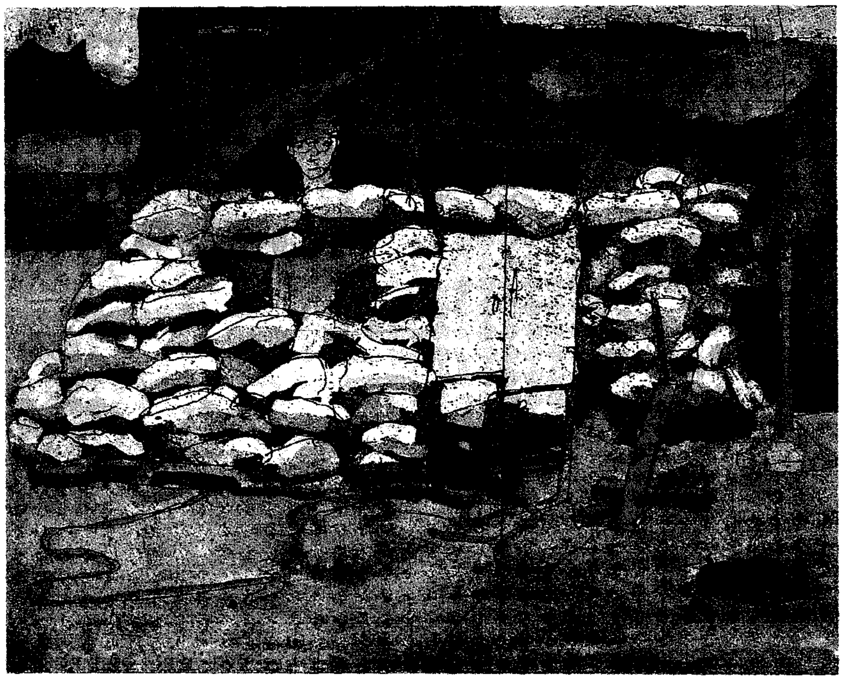


People are beginning to drift back into Kigali. A lot of bicycles, bundles, lost children.

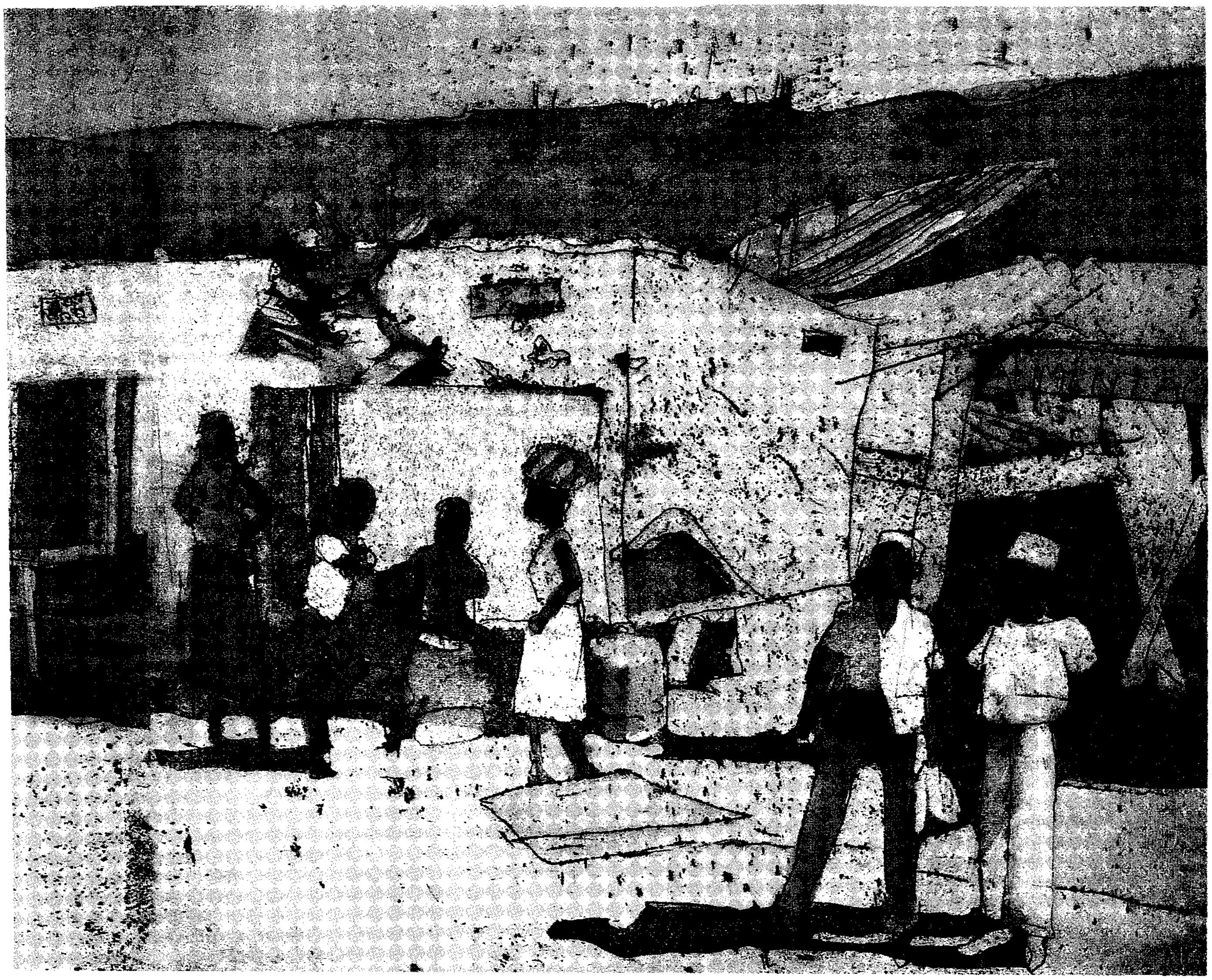
ARTIST AT LARGE
BY ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

TEN HOURS IN RWANDA

At Dover Air Force Base, in Delaware, my escort, Captain Tom Barth, asks the crew of a C-5 if we can join them. We fly to Holland, then Frankfurt. The plane is loaded with food, medicine, and equipment. We land in Kigali at 4 A.M. In the wrecked terminal, fifty U.S. soldiers are just waking. No one goes beyond the airport's perimeter, into the city, except to get water. We set off with a convoy and join a line of U.N. and Red Cross vehicles at the water station. A dented truck arrives, full of young, heavily armed Tutsis. Instantly, there is tension. A kid in an oversized baseball hat swings his AK-47 in our direction. There's a tremendous explosion. A truck has blown a tire. That afternoon, we hitch a ride to Entebbe, and then back to Dover. ♦



Kigali airport perimeter.



Everything is shot up, every building riddled. Gas stations, beauty shops, video stores. No building too modest to be shot at.

LEFTOVERS
LEFTOVERS

more paranoid myself about what might happen if I kept going back."

To the question "What impelled Norton Dodge to run the risks he did in extricating so much unofficial art from the Soviet Union?" answers come in as many varieties as there are words in the question. Almost anyone hearing his story cannot help thinking that he could have been more than an economist collecting art and information. Anyone he met in the Soviet Union would have thought the same. In the words of one artist, "We never knew where he came from or where he was going, and we didn't show interest. Those were the rules. Everyone could have been an agent, including us, including Norton Dodge. Only now that it is past do we realize how strange and paranoid it was. There is no exaggeration in Orwell."

Did the K.G.B. know everything about him?

"No doubt about it. They were efficient. They threatened him enough so that he didn't come back."

A helping friend has passed along to me a handwritten note from a person I have been counselled to describe as "a reliable Soviet defector from the Second Chief Directorate of the K.G.B." (The mission of the Second Chief Directorate was the defense of Mother Russia. The First Chief Directorate did espionage overseas.) The K.G.B. defector writes, "I do not know Mr. Norton T. Dodge, but, taking into account the supplied information about his trips to Russia, I have serious suspicions. 1. The fact that the man is a specialist on Soviet economy. The K.G.B. was always paying special attentions to all American specialists on any field of Russia or Soviet Union from the beginning of foreign tourism to the U.S.S.R. in 1955. By the way, the first recruitment by the K.G.B. of an American tourist was in 1956, who a professor of an American university—a specialist on Russian history. 2. The man visited the U.S.S.R. over 20 years (1955-1977) on many occasions. The K.G.B. was extremely suspicious to Americans who were coming second and time to the U.S.S.R. 3. The man on his trips to the U.S.S.R. was visiting unofficial artists in different cities throughout the U.S.S.R. 4. The Soviets were and still are very strict with any pieces of art going abroad."

Americans had suspicions, too, as Professor Sarah Burke reveals in discussing her own feintings and shiftings with the K.G.B.: "You tried to blend in with the population. You could be arrested. You could be walking down the street and a car would pull up. Almost anything you did was illegal. It was a game. For me, it was like risky living. I was very cautious and very careful. Seeing artists was a reason for taking you and interrogating you. They thought everybody was a spy. They must have thought Norton was a spy. I thought Norton was a spy. Why? Because people his age who taught Russian subjects were connected somehow to the C.I.A. He's so bumbling. No one would think he was. His Russian is just ghastly. The flashlight cracked me up. Russians don't have flashlights. You just wouldn't do that—look for them with a flashlight. You'd meet somebody somewhere. Besides, you endear yourself to Russians if you're completely discreet."

To numerous people, in fact, Norton Dodge sounds so much like a spy that they find it almost impossible to believe that he was not. For his part, he dismisses the idea as romantic nonsense. Other sources, looked into, assert themselves dry. So you are left with an assemblage of story blocks and dotted lines, a write-it-yourself novel—"Burnt Norton"—in which he bumbles around Khrushchev's Soviet Union and Brezhnev's Soviet Union, first as an economist interested in tractors and women, and later as a tourist collecting and smuggling underground art. Creatively, you give him all that as developed cover, and try to imagine what he was doing as an operative (with flashlight) from the C.I.A. Or you see him merely as an economist interested in clandestine art, female employment, and tractors. And, or, maybe—why not?—you see him as a double agent. You tell your reader, "Either (1) the Soviet Union was a great deal easier to get around in than most of us imagined or (2) Norton was in the K.G.B." What is common to all plots you may construct, however, is that in the dénouement the art comes out. Nine thousand works of art come out.

When Dodge went to the Soviet Union in 1955, he had a sense of the stirrings already going on there in literature and poetry—stirrings that increased greatly in the following year, after the Stalin-denunciation speech and the beginning of the relative thaw. Thinking about it, Dodge decided that if such things were happening in literature something analogous must be occurring in art: "You knew that since people had been writing for the drawer there must have been people who were painting for themselves and their friends." An article in *Life* mentioned unofficial artists, confirming his extrapolations, and the thought occurred to him that "while it was easy to smuggle poetry out, and novels, and manifestos, and to have conferences ad nauseam, in the art field there was a whole branch of the dissident or underground movement that wasn't visible here or being discussed here." Before he made his first women trip, in 1962, he had had further thoughts, which he recalls as follows: "It would be tragic if these artists were to die without their work being seen outside Russia. The courage of these people . . . They worked often in isolation with no audience other than their wives and families and a small circle of friends. They risked harassment and interrogation. Also, I thought, if anything is going to happen to change the system for the better it had to be through greater freedom of expression. These people were sticking their necks out. They were risking everything."

When Dodge began his collecting, his friends the MacDonalds at once understood what he was doing. Allen MacDonald used to leave copies of American magazines in Moscow subway cars, so that people would pick them up and have them. "The Soviets wanted to hide everything, and they would use strong-arm stuff if they felt they needed to," Pete MacDonald has said. "Those of us not on the military side felt challenged to dig out anything they hid. With so much stifling of information and stifling of the human spirit, all of us felt a bond with the Russians and wanted to help them. We wanted to bring out the truth. Norton was in contact with the artists. He *knew* them. He felt that here was a whole creative force being bottled up, and he wanted to get it to the outside."

Asked why Dodge did what he did, Victor Tupitsyn says, "To help this art be survived."

"To survive," Margarita Tupitsyn, says, correcting him. She is an art historian, and Victor's wife.

Victor: "To come to life. He is compassionate."

Rita: "He sometimes feels first for the artist and then for the art. You can't imagine how many Russian émigrés are surviving because of him. He supports them and their families."

Taking into account the fortune he spent for his collection, Dodge said, not long ago, "We didn't have children or expect to have children. It was not a matter of robbing any children or grandchildren. It was interesting to see your assets giving support to those who were undermining the monolithic thought-control apparatus of the Soviet Union. This was one factor among the many in the breakup." He would appear to have been a spy for the humanities. In a conversation I had with Elena Kornetchuk and her husband, Jon Showe, Kornetchuk said of Norton Dodge, "He's the Lorenzo de' Medici of Russian art."

Showe said, "A Maecenas."

SO RED

Blossoms in the late
October light, of such a
saturated red:

what can flower now?
Only the now awakened
dark and dull maroon—

like the unburnished
metal of copper beeches
shadowing itself—

of midsummer and
spring burning the Japanese
maple's dying leaves

has fired the bursting
into astonished color
of the very self

of lateness, lastness
which itself can never last
longer than the few

moments—in this case
October days—it takes to make
itself intense in,

to put forth something
of light that had either been
waiting all along

to reveal itself
or, more likely, escaping
its dying body

of leaf, hits the road
with a visual halloo
as of a bright scarf

or a letting of
arterial blood in a
high ceremony—

annual, but so
loud this year—of impatience
and acknowledgment

—John Hollander

My conversations with Dodge touched from time to time on how he got the art works out of the Soviet Union. The topic cannot be said to have drifted in that direction, because—even now, in post-glasnost time—it was a vector he preferred to avoid.

"The question would be on anybody's mind," I said to him one day. "What can you tell me to help me?"

He said, "If you want to imply that I carried stuff out wrapped up in political posters, that's true."

I reminded him that he had already mentioned that.

He said, "You could finesse it by saying, 'Because it may compromise certain people who were helpful, Professor Dodge cannot . . .' "

I said I couldn't imagine whom that would finesse.

He said, "I'm not interested in telling the story of how it came out. That's what it boils down to."

In another conversation, after meandering by free association into a period in the mid-seventies, he said, "I managed to find more help in getting art works out. And I thought, This is sort of a window of opportunity, so I should pick up the pace."

I asked, "What was the window of opportunity?"

"Well, some help. Getting it out."

"Who gave you the help?"

"That's where we don't want to be very specific, but more help from people stationed in Moscow—help in a more significant way."

"How did the things travel?"

"That's what we can't be very specific about."

"In household goods?"

"That's one way."

His size limitations when he was

smuggling on his own began with the dimensions of his suitcase and escalated into his utility bag and his dark-blue nylon drawstring sack, out of which a rolled painting two feet long would not stick. But that was his upper limit. In his words, "If something was three feet wide and four feet long, one might worry that someone might think you were walking out with the plans for an atomic base. . . . If I had help from somebody that had better ways of getting things out than I, why then I could carry bigger things. Yankilevsky did big works that were particularly difficult to get out. I brought small works of Kropivnitsky but couldn't handle the big ones myself."

The unofficial artists had no idea where their paintings went, but, of course, they had their theories:

"He was getting works out maybe through high places in K.G.B."

"We say of American paintings that they are sofa-size. In Russia, we had at that time suitcase-size. There was a favorite joke of all of us: the work had to fit in a foreign suitcase."

"Our works were smuggled, but we never smuggled the work. We talked like this: 'Who took your work?' 'John.' 'Where is John?' 'I don't know; he went abroad.' 'Who is John?' 'I don't know.' "

Dodge said at Cremona, "Much of the collecting I can talk about. But it's the people, that early phase, where I don't want to finger anybody as exceeding their authorized activity."

"The extent to which you can tell the story is the extent to which I have a story to tell."

"What you're asking me is what I try to keep everybody interviewing me about the subject away from. I want people to be interested in the art, not, quote, the smuggling. Because that might finger people I don't want fingered. They are counting on me never to get them in trouble. Even if they are retired, I am worried about it. I was getting what the government called worthless stuff out. This art—considered to be useless—could be seized. A Russian was not supposed to sell anything for dollars. While I may have been violating a lot of their laws, I wasn't violating any laws here. But I don't want people who may have done things that were not according to their job restrictions getting into trouble. While people may be retired or out of reach of any retribution, I don't want them to be embarrassed."

"Well, all you've said was 'People stationed in Moscow . . .' "

"That I think you can carefully say."

On another day, in his generosity, he came up with a prepared, and slightly more helpful, statement, which he prefaced by saying, "I don't know if I can discover any nice little vignettes that don't affect—even indirectly—anybody that I was involved with, but I think you can probably get out of this enough to give people with their imaginations some notion of how it was done. Lord knows, I don't know myself how some of these things got out." He read from a piece of paper, "Although the American Embassy was very strict, other embassies in Moscow had very little control over what their personnel exported—particularly the South American embassies, and some European." He went on to say, in amplification, "Latin-American diplomats became substantial collectors. A number of South American ambassadors became interested in unofficial art works and became major collectors and brought them out, as did European-embassy personnel. These people were able to bring art out with their furniture when they left. Maybe that gives you another little hint as to how one might get things out." If he was veiling some people at the expense of others, he was also confirming that most of the smuggled stuff was smuggled out in the household goods of embassy people, whatever flag they might wave.

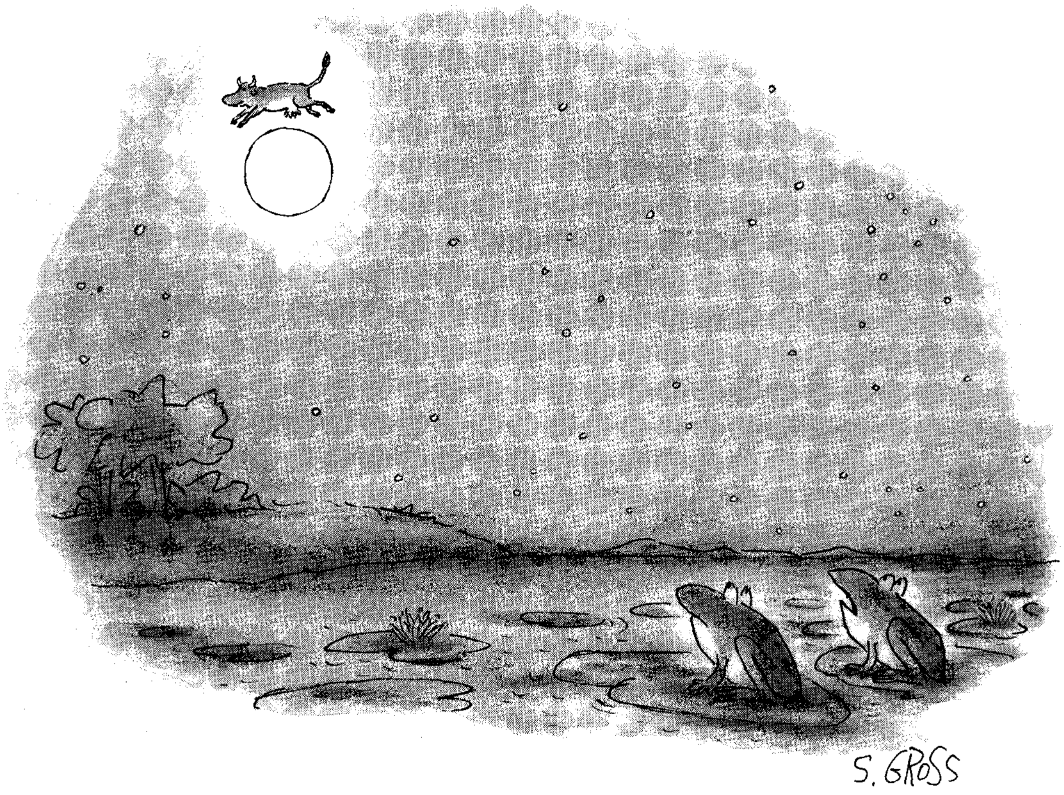
Dodge did some fretting one day that in mentioning the role of C.I.A. people he had been "letting a cat out of a bag," but then he went on to deliver another cat: "In terms of who could take things out, the C.I.A. had a world of its own. They knew how to do it. The State Department had tighter controls over their people than they would over the C.I.A. people that were assigned to the Embassy. You didn't know who they were, just as in the Russian Embassy we didn't know who the K.G.B. people were. But you might have a good idea, just from meeting these people."

"If you were guessing how many C.I.A. people were collecting art, what would you guess?"

"Very few."

"A dozen?"

"Fewer than that."



"It's hard to believe that she has such strength in her hind legs."

One former C.I.A. agent has fifteen Rukhins.

FOR eight works of art, Dodge paid Evgeny Mikhnov-Voitenko a thousand rubles, in 1975, at a dollar-sixty a ruble. That was a representative purchase. On the average, he paid Rukhin three hundred and fifty rubles per canvas. For some individual pieces, he might pay certain artists as much as five hundred rubles, but not often. He told the artists that he wanted to pay them the going rate. Often—particularly in the sixties—there was no going rate. The artist had never sold anything before. Of that thousand-ruble deal with Mikhnov-Voitenko, Dodge says, "I was trying to negotiate something that wouldn't wipe me out and would keep him going for some months." Dodge's interest in keeping the artists going outpointed his interest in any specific work. Speaking for all, one artist has said of Dodge in those early years, "He single-handedly created an economic base for unofficial art."

I could not help letting it cross my mind once more that it was within the realm of possibility that "Harvard" or the "Library of Congress"—or some such—might have had a part in these transactions. Irking him anew, I asked him where the money had come from. He had told me that he sold stock to pay for the art. But where had the stocks come from?

Dodge said he would "rather not get into the sordid side of money." He did offer a suggestion: "You could say, 'Norton Dodge's father, a physicist, and Norton himself, an economist, sought out the most capable investment analyst and were able to identify ahead of many other people Benjamin Graham and Warren Buffett,' and just leave it at that. That's all you need to mention."

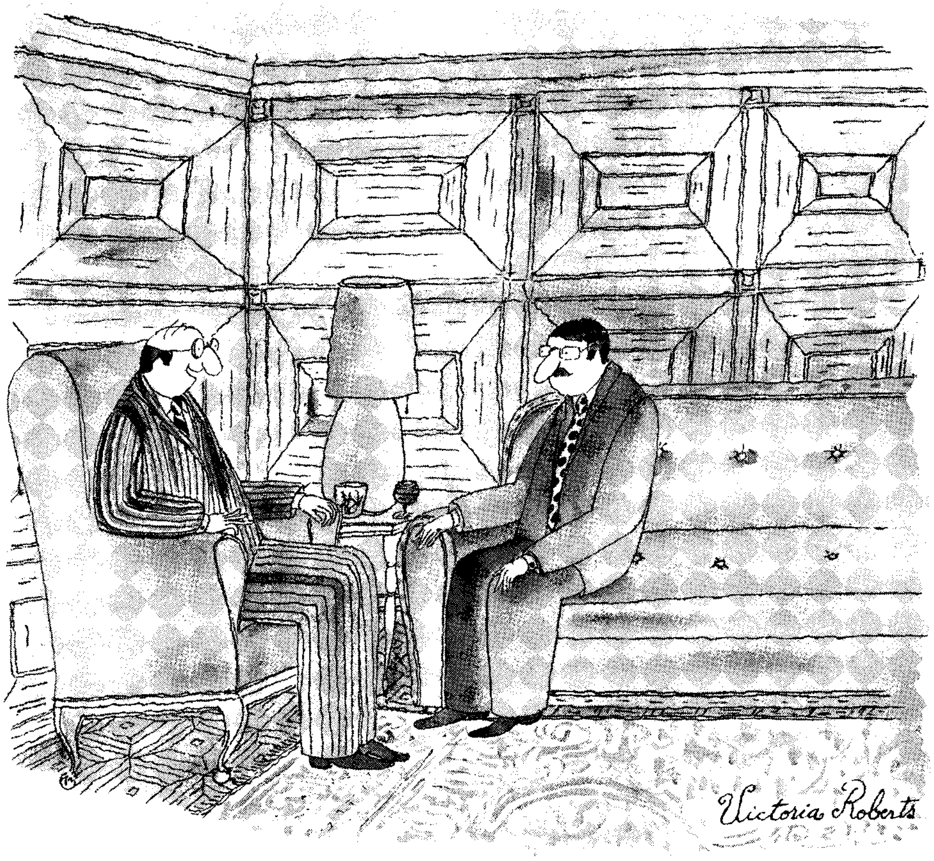
"Oh."

"Benjamin Graham. Warren Buffett."

"You can understand the point of interest in this."

"Unfortunately."

John C. Bogle, the chairman of the Vanguard Group of Investment Companies, repeatedly mentions both Graham and Buffett in his benchmark "Bogle on Mutual Funds," published this year. Bogle refers to Graham, who was an adjunct professor at Columbia University and author of "The Intelligent Investor" (1949), as "one of the most successful investors of his time" and to Graham's mentee Warren Buffett as "probably the nation's most successful investor." Almost nobody is worth more than Buffett. He has accumulated about nine billion dollars. The common stock of Buffett's company, Berkshire Hathaway, has been traded on the New York Stock Exchange for almost twenty thousand dollars a share. A round lot of Berkshire Hathaway would have made a significant impression on the Soviet underground art world in the time of Leonid Brezhnev.



"Guilt is my chauffeur."

"Thanks to Warren Buffett," Dodge continued. "You could say, 'Thanks to Warren Buffett and other followers of Ben Graham.' With Professor David L. Dodd, Ben Graham wrote the book 'Security Analysis' "—1934. "Graham & Dodd, as it was called, became the Bible of the analytical security analysts. They dug deep and looked for intrinsic value in securities. They revealed the true worth of a company. Graham was always looking for the special situation where the market's view of something was quite disconnected from the actual worth of something. My father encountered Graham in 1940."

• •

In 1940, Norton Dodge was thirteen. His ambition until then had been to be an artist. Age eleven, twelve, he had hung around sculpture classes at the University of Oklahoma sketching live females in swimsuits. In the basement at home, he did a mural of cowboys rounding up horses. His father, Homer Dodge, was descended, like nearly all American Dodges, from two brothers who arrived in Salem in 1635. The Phelps Dodges and the internal-combustion Dodges are of this tree but not, alas, of his branch, Norton said, exhaling. On his branch were farmers and educators from Vermont and upstate New York who were eternally thrifty and had reason to be. His mother was Margaret Wing, of Columbus, Ohio. Her maternal grandfather was Norton Townshend, a trustee of Oberlin College, a founding trustee of Ohio State University, a one-term abolitionist congressman, and a descendant not only of Turnip Townshend, the scientific farmer, but also of Charles Townshend, the eighteenth-century Chancellor of the Exchequer who helped to cause the American Revolution by repressing the colonies with

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the tariffs of the Townshend Acts. Her father was the president of a bank in Columbus and also a trustee of Ohio State. By 1940, Norton's mother had come into "a nest egg," and the question of what to do with it had led to Benjamin Graham. This caused young Norton, by his own account, to forsake his artistic ambitions and become interested in economics. Aged thirteen, he began playing the stock market in his head.

THE Rukhin exhibitions that took place in 1975 at the North Carolina Museum of Art and the Phillips Gallery, in Washington, were gathered principally by Sarah Burke, the Slavic-languages professor from San Antonio. Dodge had known her for some years, and she had been the first to make him aware not only of Rukhin's existence but also of his preëminence among Leningrad artists. She gave him Rukhin's address and telephone number. In years that followed, she helped with some of the logistics of amplifying Dodge's inventory of Rukhins and identified people who were useful in the matter of transportation. Rukhin, for his part, looked to Sarah Burke for a great deal more than the sale of a few tens of his paintings to Dodge. He looked to her to help him get hundreds of his paintings out of Russia and declared to her his intent to follow. He was in love with her, she forthrightly avows.

For a consortium of American colleges, Burke taught in a Russian-language program at Leningrad State University in the summers of 1973, 1974, and 1975. She knew Rukhin almost from the beginning. She went to his studio to buy a painting. He offered her Capital City (Stolichnaya). They talked. He offered her more Capital City. She passed out. She was thirty-two. She bought one of his paintings in which a seal had been pressed into thick white gesso. To make the seal he had used an icon cover. In collage fashion, the cover itself was in the center of the painting. The upper two-thirds of the canvas were inviting and white. The lower third was brown and black and seemed an abstraction of incendiary destruction. A real hinge, also set into the gesso, connected the bright and the dark spaces. In San Antonio, the painting hangs above the dining table in the home of Sarah Burke and her husband, a technical translator. Rukhin liked hinges. He went through a hinge period. That C.I.A. person's fifteen Rukhins all incorporate hinges. In Moscow, Rukhin once took Sarah Burke to a lock-and-hinge museum.

Among the Rukhins that hang in her house in Texas is one that features her birth date stencilled near the words "Dangerous for Life!" In her bedroom, against a background without representational meaning a series of seals from travelling icons forms a great cross. There is a picture elsewhere of a broken crate at rest in snow. But spiritual reference and connoted symbolism are much less in evidence than Rukhin's essential abstraction, the enigma of the found objects in the thick gesso.

Galina Popova, widow of Rukhin, says of Sarah Burke, "She was in love with him. I almost killed her once."

Galina recalls Rukhin's explaining to her about Burke: "She is transportation for my paintings. She comes and goes like a plane."

"She lived in my bed with my husband," Galina continues. "I found cigarette butts under the bed."

According to Galina, a cousin of Rukhin was visiting one time, met Burke, and said to her, "You are just one of many." When Burke asked her "Who, for example?" the cousin said "Me, for example."

Remembering the milieu of Rukhin's studio, his friend the poet Kuzminsky has said, "There were never orgies. Galia never paid unexpected visits. We drank together. Sometimes the girls stayed there. Why not? It's normal."

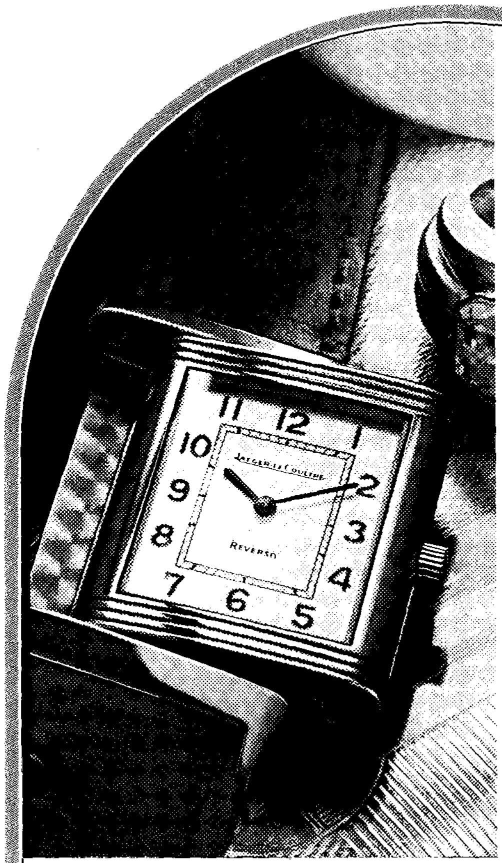
"In Russia, everything is left indefinite," Burke says. "Innuendo is what remains. Everyone who has lived in Russia says that they have lived a Dostoyevski novel. I know I did."

The plot ascended to a structural apogee on an evening in Lenin Park. It was the end of the summer of 1975, and Zhenya said goodbye to Sarah, said goodbye again, lingered, kissed her once more, and ultimately walked out of the park and took a tram. Galina had shadowed the couple and observed the scene. Now she rushed at Sarah with a knife, and, as Sarah remembers it, went after her hair. Sarah dropped her handbag, grabbed the knife by the blade, and struggled, slicing her fingers. Bloody, she fled. In the handbag were her money and her passport and her papers. Galina picked it up, walked a short distance into the Leningrad Zoo, and heaved Sarah's handbag into the lions' den.

In 1976, Norton Dodge signed up for a Smithsonian tour—Moscow-Leningrad-Tallinn-Moscow—and Elena Kornetchuk signed up, too. She was twenty-five—a Ph.D. candidate in the Russian-studies program at Georgetown University preparing a dissertation on the politics of Soviet art. Through Dodge, she had become interested in the unofficial artists, and in Russia she joined the Smithsonian group for occasional meals but spent even less time on the tour buses than Dodge did. Bearing toothbrushes and cosmetics as gifts, she tracked official art by day and unofficial art with Dodge at night.

Heaven knows what the K.G.B. made of her. Her great-uncle had been Minister of Communications in the Kremlin under Stalin. Her father—a former colonel in the Red Army, a hero of the Great Patriotic War—defected in 1949, the year before she was born. He and her mother, who was German, both worked in the news section of Radio Liberty, in Munich, and Elena went to an American school there and then to a Munich branch of the University of Maryland. Talking with her, one would never guess that she grew up and went to high school anywhere east of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, where she lives and has her gallery now. Blond, vigorous, mint attractive, she seems more to have been a mid-American cheerleader than a European whose first languages were Russian and German. She transferred to College Park when she was eighteen, and was soon enrolled with thirty-nine other students in Dodge's course on Soviet economics. ("I had very long hair, fell asleep in his classes, and got the highest grades.") She remembers the piled chaos in Professor Dodge's office. She remembers "his heavy-duty economic charts." She remembers that as a result of his lecturing style he was known to his students as Snortin' Norton.

Dodge paid Kornetchuk to read and summarize Russian articles, abetting his research on various projects, including one called "Incentive Systems in the Soviet Union." He also hired her, in her grad-school years, to track down people in the United States and Canada who had



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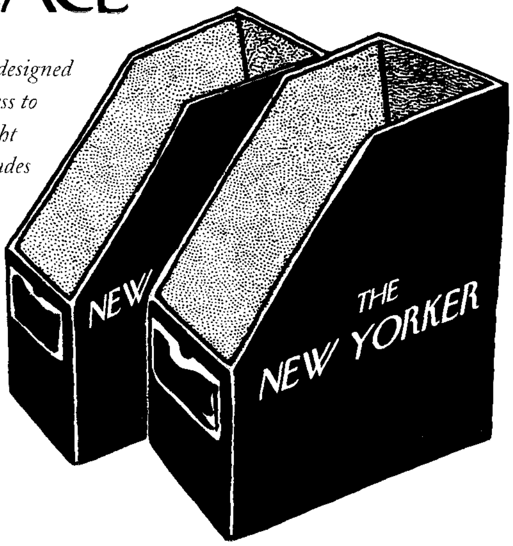

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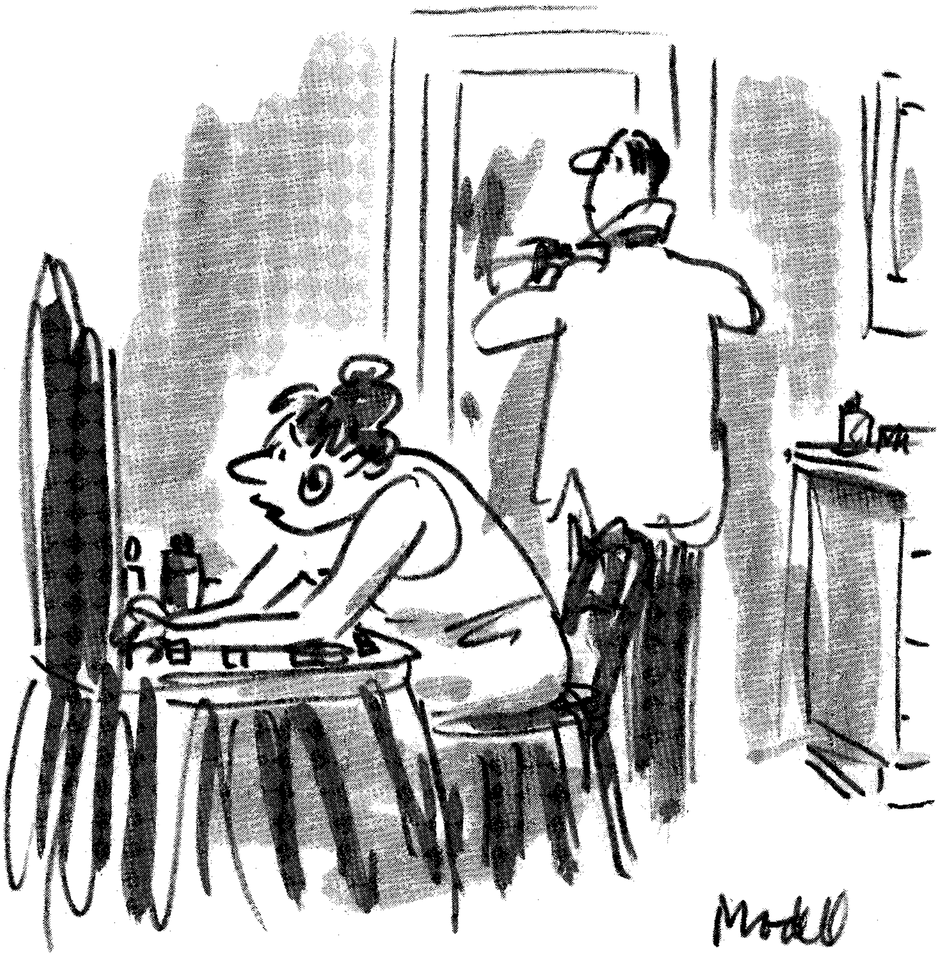
bought unofficial art while stationed in the Soviet Union. In 1974, she went to Russia with her future husband, Special Assistant to the United States Trade Representative, on one of his official trips. From her work with Dodge, she had names and addresses of unofficial artists. The naval attaché in the United States Embassy was a friend of hers from Georgetown. In an Embassy car, he would drive her around Moscow and let her off several blocks from her destination. The dissidents preferred not to have United States government vehicles hovering in front of their doors.

Eventually, she would arrange with the Soviet regime to be the exclusive American importer of Soviet art. Into her shipments friendly apparatchiks in the Ministry of Culture would slip the work of underground artists. She was to become an important broker to the Norton Dodge collection. After three or four years, the K.G.B. would cut this off. They would try to recruit her as an informer, offering her unlimited unofficial art in return, and when she refused they would take away her visa, saying, "See if you ever get back into the country."

All that was ahead of her in 1976, on the journey she made with Dodge to Russia—"a movable feast in art," as she describes it, racing after taxis, visiting three or four apartments in a night and sometimes as many as eight, partying with the artists and going off to dance. Dodge may have been twice her age, but he was her equal in stamina. "Norton was always good for all-nighters," she continues. "You don't sleep over there. You sleep on the plane flying home." With Oskar Rabin one night at 2 A.M. in Moscow, they could not get a taxi. A Red Army truck came along, and the artist stepped into the street and halted it. He spoke to the soldiers and paid them rubles, and the Red Army truck became a taxi. In Leningrad, it was always necessary to get home before the drawbridges went up for the night. Rukhin would stop official Army cars with officers in them and pay the officers.

"If Norton thought an artist needed support, he bought stuff even if he did not want it," Kornetchuk says. But there seemed to be little he did not want. "If it was sexual, he liked it," she goes on. Trying to corner everything, he became irritated with her if she attempted to buy a painting for herself. "He bought indiscriminately. All big collectors buy indiscriminately. He also has a penchant for real kitsch. Have you seen the Christs in the bathroom at Cremona?"



"I looked better before I tried to look my best."

Asked to comment on the risk involved in Dodge's travels, Kornetchuk says, "It was courageous for the artists to meet him, and it was courageous for him to meet the artists." If she and Dodge were followed in Moscow and Leningrad, they were unaware of it, but there was no doubt in Tallinn. Rukhin followed from Leningrad and joined them there to help Dodge meet new people. Dodge picks up the story: "A group of us, including Tonis Vint and other Estonian artists, went around with Rukhin. Six feet plus, with his great big beard and long hair, he stood out. As we travelled around, we picked up an entourage of secret police, who followed us in two cars as we went from one artist's apartment to another. I remember looking out from the balcony of Malle Leis's apartment. We could see figures pulling back into the shadows of buildings across the courtyard. As we were leaving, we could see somebody whisk around a corner. We later saw the lights of a car following us."

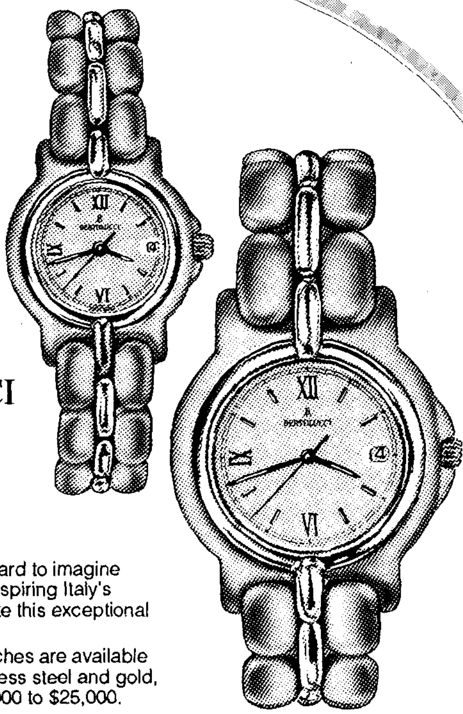
They arrived at Vint's apartment with much of the Estonian avant-garde. Siim-Tanel Annus was there. Juri Arrak. Leonhard Lapin. Andres Tolts. Peeter Ulas. As the group arrived, excited, everybody ran to the living room and sat on Vint's black-and-white furniture among his black-and-white paintings on the walls, turned on the black-and-white television, and watched "Kojak" in Finnish. Looking down from Vint's or any other apartment, the amused Estonian artists pointed out the K.G.B. cars, the figures pulling back into the doorways, the people standing in shadow. Not long ago, at Cremona, I said to Dodge, "I've heard so many K.G.B. stories that I'm beginning to form an opinion that they weren't always exceptionally smart."

He said, "That's very true. That night in Tallinn—checking up on this strange-looking bunch, following along in their van—I don't think they knew very much what was going on. But a thing that often bothered me was that if I would see an artist maybe the K.G.B. would then follow up by pressing them and in effect harassing them afterward, you know. It just happens that Rukhin did get into trouble."

RUKHIN was burned to death the following weekend. Thirty-two years old. He went home to Leningrad from Tallinn, went on to Moscow to spend two more days with Dodge and Kornetchuk, then returned to Leningrad, where he died while they were in the air flying to New York. Galina, his widow, believes he sensed that death was coming: "The circle was closing around him and he felt it—closing very rapidly. He told me, 'Death is following me and is behind my back. You must be prepared.' " While he was in Moscow, one of his geological colleagues from earlier times visited Galina, and she took him to the studio to see Rukhin's work. July heat was intense. After climbing the narrow steps to the studio and seeing the clutter of wood, rags, papers, and paints, the geologist said, "One little spark and it will go up in flames."

"Oh, don't say that," Galina said.

On the final night in Moscow, Rukhin and Elena Kornetchuk and Vladimir Ovchinnikov and others had dinner at the mansion of the Venezuelan Ambassador, Régulo Burelli Rivas. In a large basement room, where spinning lights sprayed color as if on the walls of a night club, hung the work of Rukhin, Rabin, Ovchinnikov, Kabakov, Masterkova, Nemukhin, Pivovarov, Shteinberg—a major collection of dissident art. While several hundred examples of Rukhin's work would make their way to the United States, even more were destined for South America. He sold to Uruguayans. He sold to Colombians. The Italian-speaking Yugoslav wife of the Argentine Ambassador was a collector of Rukhins. A palace near Lima is copiously adorned with Rukhins. Ema de Zalamea, of the Colombian Embassy staff, bought more than twenty from him. One day, she had appeared on the Neva in a Colombian ship with Burelli Rivas aboard. She took him to the studio and introduced him to Rukhin. Burelli Rivas was a poet-diplomat who knew large tracts of "Eugene Onegin" by heart and wove strands of Pushkin into his own poems. His Embassy soon had a whole room of Rukhins. One day not long after Rukhin's death, the Soviet government gave Burelli Rivas twenty-four hours to leave the country, because he had met with dissidents. As



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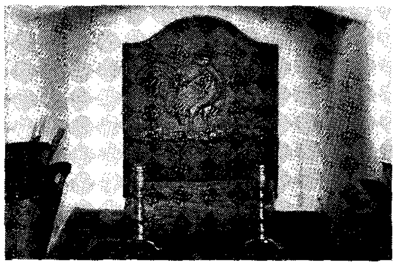

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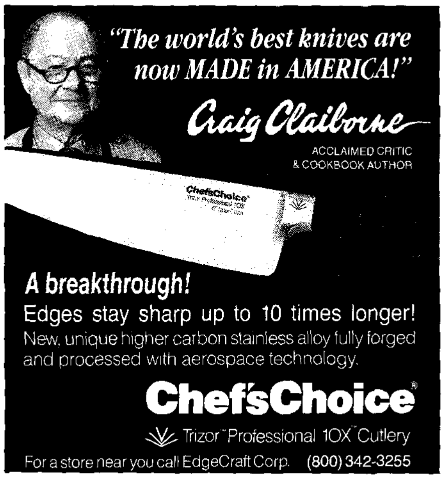

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he left, they impounded his luggage.

Dodge's version:

As Norton Dodge imagines the details of Rukhin's death, he says of the K.G.B., "They perhaps expected him back the next day and therefore thought they would burn out his studio in his absence as an object lesson. There were four at the studio having a party with much drinking: Rukhin and Ilya Levin, a writer-poet, and Evgeny Esaulenko and Esaulenko's wife. Esaulenko's wife also died. The Fire Department held back. Because Rukhin was an organizer of other artists, burning his place was a warning to all. The K.G.B. probably didn't know he was there." Dodge also says that the death of Rukhin quickly became a story variously told, with about as many versions as there were tellers, and since it was also a story seemingly known to silent narrators its mystery had been preserved. What was indisputable was that a fire had destroyed Rukhin's studio over the old stable in Leningrad and that at the same time Rukhin and Ludmila Boblyak had died.

Galina's version:

Rukhin was in his apartment that Saturday at midday taking a bath. Galina looked in on him. "He was lying there covered with bubbles. He never had a headache. He never looked hung over. I asked him, 'Why are you destroying yourself?' He went to the studio at 3 P.M. At 10 P.M., he called and asked, 'Do you need help with the children?' I said, 'No, they're in bed.' He said, 'Don't worry. I will be working.' "

Through much of the evening, she was in the kitchen listening to music. At midnight, she called the studio. There was no answer. She did laundry and some cleaning. Returning to the kitchen at 3 A.M., she called the studio again. She heard "a strange noise" in the phone. Her older daughter, Masha, suddenly appeared, saying that the younger one, Lisa, was crying and asking for her. After comforting Lisa, Galina fell asleep. She was awakened by a policeman, who said there was a fire in the studio.

"Where is Evgeny?"

"The Emergency took him."

She dialled Emergency, and asked, "Where is my husband?"

Emergency said, "At the morgue."

She called a friend, who she later decided was connected with the K.G.B. The friend stayed with the children. There was a crowd in the courtyard below the studio. Neighbors told her that in the height of the fire two men appeared in the studio windows, one with a woman's purse. The two were afraid to jump. The neighbors brought a ladder, and the men came down. A fire engine arrived. Someone asked the neighbors for Galina's address. The man with the purse said, "Don't bother for twenty more minutes. Wait."

"Why wait?" the neighbors said.

"Just wait," said the man with the purse, and then he was gone.

From the neighbors' description of him, Galina knew that they were talking about Esaulenko and that he had departed the scene with his wife's money. She called Esaulenko's apartment. He answered, and she said, "What is going on? Ludmila—where is she?"

Esaulenko said, "She is where your husband is."

At the police station, a couple of blocks away, a policeman wrote a slip authorizing her to identify the body of Evgeny Rukhin in the morgue, and another slip authorizing her to identify the body of Ludmila Boblyak. Galina says that Ludmila was "a beautiful, talented woman," and that they were friends in art school. She continues, "They lifted me his body on elevator. He looked very calm. I had this feeling right away: he didn't die accidentally."

Galina went straight to the K.G.B. and said, "I saw him at the morgue. I know he was killed. I saw it in his face." The agents closed doors and described to her a lewd, orgiastic scene. She said to them, "I know he was killed."

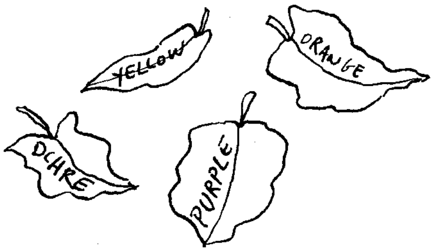
She went back to her home and children. Later that morning, the telephone rang. A court was calling. Why had she not been at the hearing? "The hearing?" she asked. "What hearing?" The hearing of the man who had tried to kill her with the knife. She said, "My husband died this morning."

Ten days later, she went to the rescheduled hearing of the man with the knife, and was told by a court secretary that on the day of the studio fire the man had not been in his cell. A guard said to Galina, "You do the blaming. Hah! He will be free in a couple of days and will come and finish you." The judge tried to be helpful. "The judge told me, 'You have to get out of Russia or your children will go in the way that your husband did.' She said, 'It will go on and on. Save your children.' "

Galina went to Ludmila's funeral, in Vladimir's Cathedral. Ludmila in her coffin "had a blue face, and black marks on her throat." Galina was startled to see Esaulenko there. "I said to him, 'What are you doing here, murderer?' " After pausing as she tells the story, she adds distractedly, "He left her but took her purse. He went down the ladder with her purse."

The official cause of Rukhin's death was carbon-monoxide poisoning. A doctor let Galina know that he had found injection marks on her husband's thigh. A medical student said to her, "Don't you know that he was killed by injection before the fire?"

"Ludmila probably rebelled and was choked when she refused to coöperate with the murderers," Galina says. "They burned out the studio to cover the murder."



ILYA KABAKOV, unofficial superstar, whom Dodge met by walking on planks over the rafters of an apartment-building attic in Moscow, now lives and works in New York City. Ernst Neizvestny, unofficial artist, official sculptor of Nikita Khrushchev's tomb, lives and works in New York City. So do Ilya Murin, Dmitry Plavinsky, Valery Gerlovin and Rima Gerlovina, Leonid Lamm, and Leonid Sokov. Vasily Sitnikov, of the peasant boots and peasant blouse at Nina Stevens' Moscow salon—the artist with the kayak on his ceiling and the annunciatory string dangling from his apartment window—spent his final years in New York. Yuri Dyshlenko lives and works in Brooklyn, Mikhail Shemyakin and Igor Tiulpanov in Westchester County, Lev Nussberg in Connecticut, Vitaly Rakhman in Philadelphia, Alexander Anufriev and Sophie Schiller in Boston, Alexander Rapoport in San Francisco. Of the six hundred artists whose work is in Dodge's collection, about a hundred live in the United States.

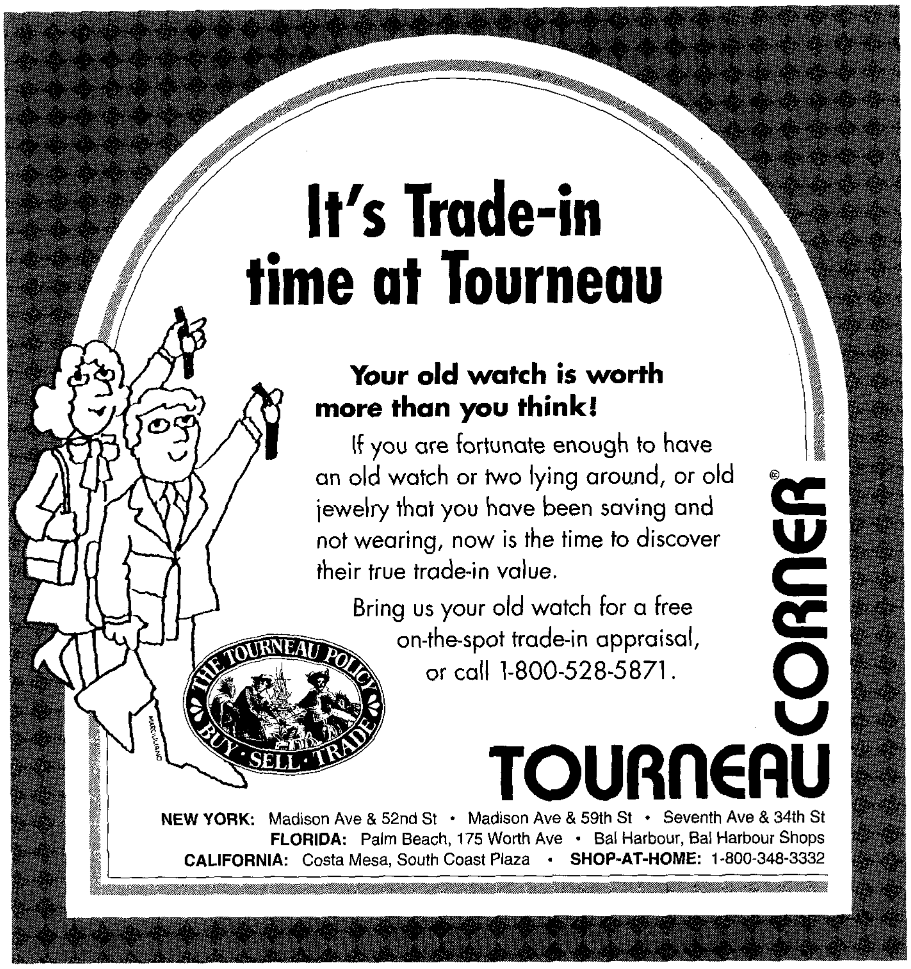
Only a few of the unofficial artists have flourished economically in the West. "Their suppression stimulated them," Galina Popova says. "Look at them now. No one is interested. When their work was underground, people were interested.

Yuri Petrochenkov went to Paris. He wrote back to Russia. He said, 'Don't follow. Nobody is interested.' They didn't believe him. They thought he was an agent." A Rukhin in the present market will bring anywhere from eight thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars—high for a former dissident artist. A Bulatov will bring comparable sums. Sitnikov has sold for as high as forty thousand. These are not numbers that would cause a Frank Stella to glue hinges to black squares. They are disappointing numbers to the once underground artists whose beguiled sense of Western possibility was driven suddenly upward in 1988, only to fall like a pyrotechnical novelty. The renowned Sotheby's auction in Moscow was in 1988 (about three years after the end of the era represented in the Dodge collection). Elena Kornetchuk tells of it in an anecdote about the price of a Glazunov. Before the Sotheby's auction, she says, Ilya Glazunov was "fairly well known internationally"—probably more so than any other unofficial artist. Before the event occurred, Kornetchuk had a Glazunov in her Pennsylvania gallery that she was offering for three thousand dollars. In the auction, a Glazunov sold for sixty thousand. A week later, Kornetchuk was offered fifty thousand for hers. "With Sotheby's, the unofficial artists entered the international art market," she continues. "Suddenly, everybody in Russia thought they could get at least fifty-five thousand." And why not? Such a thought suddenly seemed modest. Grisha Bruskin, of Moscow, who was not in the front rank of unofficial artists, sold a piece at the Sotheby's auction for more than four hundred thousand dollars. It was a large checkerboard affair, eight squares by sixteen—each square a work of art distinct from all others. It was, in effect, a hundred and twenty-eight paintings for the price of one.

Sotheby's Moscow auction was a stimulus to emigration, although a great many artists were not there to be stimulated, being long since gone. Deracination did not improve their lot. A fair number of them had been much impressed when they learned that their work had been exhibited in America. "They imagined that every American saw their shows," Victor Tupitsyn remarks. "This was their mythology."

Margarita Tupitsyn adds, "This is why they became so disillusioned when they came here."

Jonathan Ingersoll, the art-museum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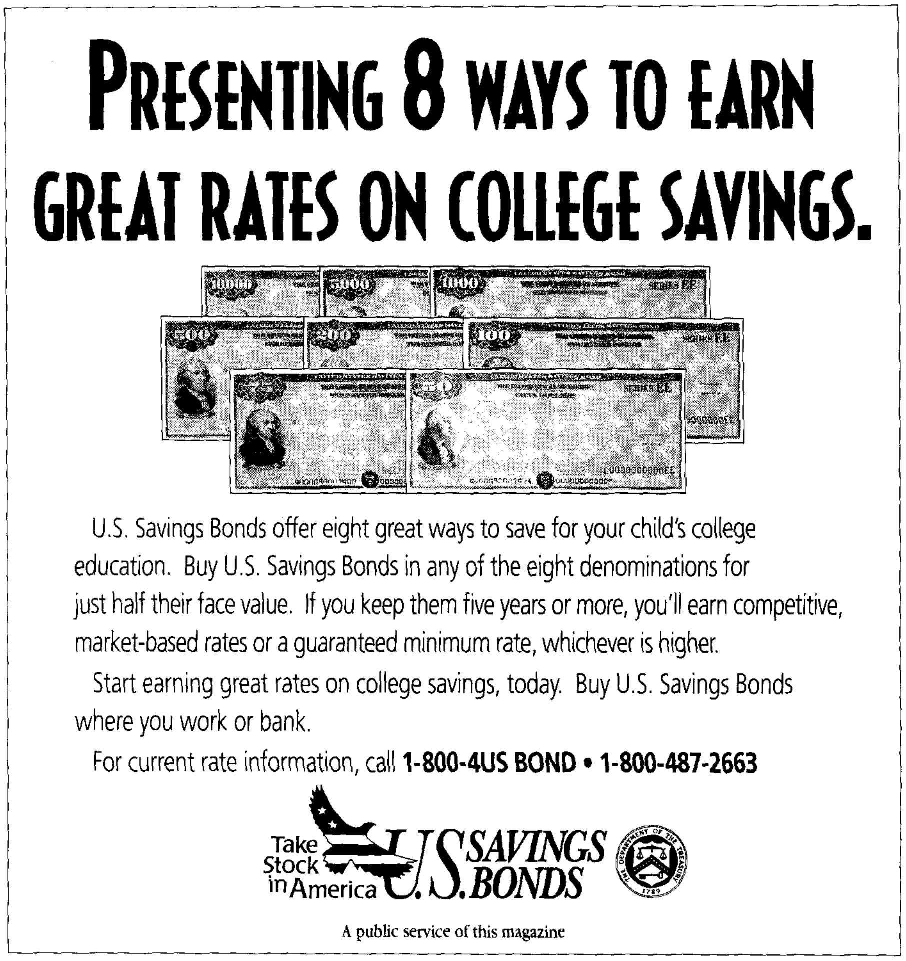
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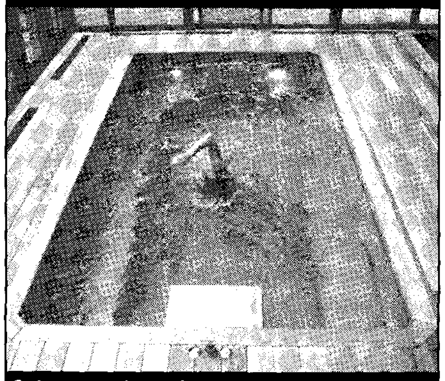

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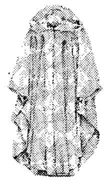

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director at St. Mary's College of Maryland, who has the appearance of a marine who became a camp counsellor, summarizes the situation in a few hard words: "They have to make it here, like everybody else. It doesn't matter how tough a time they had."

It matters to Norton Dodge. While he has been more inclined to foster artists in their environment than in alien settings, he has been forthcoming to a fault with respect to the needs of the painters wherever they might be. He has helped to support Rabin in Paris, Bulatov in New York, Popova in Texas—not to mention Kuzminsky in Brooklyn. Bulatov's going rate of forty thousand a painting seems to be a level set and maintained by Dodge. "He has spent everything—his money, his time, his spirit, his soul," Popova has said. Soon after she arrived in New York, he paid her fifteen hundred dollars for one of her posthumous portraits of Rukhin, enabling her to take an apartment.

Margarita and Victor Tupitsyn live on Chambers Street in Manhattan, in a long airy spotless loft where some of his paintings and those of their colleagues—Kabakov, Bulatov, Monastyrsky, Masterkova—are displayed. Masterkova, who lives near Paris, is Rita Tupitsyn's aunt. Dark-eyed, dark-haired, slight, Rita looks half her age. She looks nineteen. Victor, hair cut short, is tall, slim, contemplative. For City University, Rita has just finished her doctoral dissertation in art history. She calls the Dodge collection "an unsorted archive," and says, "It will take a lot of time for people to sort it out. Before perestroika, no one was interested. By breaking up, they made his collection important and gave it a lot of power. Because galleries began to exhibit them, the artists became important. If the present is unimportant, its past is, too. Who wants to know the past of an unknown present?"

Of the nine thousand works in Dodge's collection, only about seven hundred have been exhibited, and those in scattered groups and briefly. Like rock strata and the record they bear, the rest have remained in the darkness of storage. Recently, though, trucks began arriving at Cremona Farm to transport the paintings to New Jersey. The Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art once tried to buy certain outstanding pieces from Dodge and bring them to New York, but he wanted to keep the collection together. Columbia University said to him, in effect, "Give us a building; we'll take your collection." He talked with the University of Wisconsin. Nothing came of it. The University of Maryland could not offer adequate space. In New Brunswick, New Jersey, Rutgers University already had its Riabov Collection of Russian Art—more than a thousand works, from five centuries, and a supporting library of eight thousand books. Its Zimmerli Art Museum guaranteed in perpetuity ten thousand square feet of continuous exhibition space to the Dodge collection. That could accommodate at least eight hundred paintings at one time, and the offer promised that the entire body of work would be presented in rotation. Holding back only a modest number of paintings for his own enjoyment, Dodge gave his collection to Rutgers. He held back, among other things, a Kharitonov, a Leis, a Mikhnov-Voitenko, a Nemukhin, a Krasnopevtsev, an Ovchinnikov, a Shteinberg, a Belenok, an Infante, a Kabakov, a Kalinin, a Pivovarov, a Plavinsky, a Tiulpanov, and three Rukhins. He explains about one of those, "I paid through the nose for it recently."

It has been said that after perestroika and glasnost, when it became possible in the Soviet Union for unofficial artists to exhibit their paintings openly, there weren't any paintings to show—they were in the United States. That is not a large exaggeration, and since by far the greatest number of those paintings are in—as it has been fully titled—the Norton and Nancy Dodge Collection of Nonconformist Art from the Soviet Union, anyone in Russia or around the world who wants to see or study them will need proper documents, official papers, and an Intrenton visa to visit New Jersey.

One morning in the heat of July, I met Dodge at the Amtrak station in Trenton and drove him into New York, where he had arranged to call on Alexander Shnurov, who left the Soviet Union in 1988. As we came off the turnpike and crossed the George Washington Bridge, Dodge described Shnurov to me as a young nonconformist artist who started out doing street exhibits in Moscow in the early eighties, his themes eventually including cosmological mysteries, plastic-foam *objets trouvés*, and defaced portraits of members of the Politburo. "He does a personalized version of Sotsart, much of it on a very large scale, with political messages in it—bureaucrats and officials presented as monsters. He was given a psychiatric examination and declared a mental case, and therefore was not drafted and sent to Afghanistan. He also does T-shirts. It might be nice if you were to buy one."

Shnurov's apartment, on 186th Street, could have been in Moscow. It was small, tight, and jammed with paintings that all but covered every wall. Shnurov lived there with his wife, his daughter, and a rabbit larger than a spaniel. The windows were open. Near them, a powerful standing fan was blowing air down the room at high speed, not much offsetting the heat. On the walls, Shnurov's very large canvases of smoke-blue figures included a front view of a sitting woman, her legs apart, her vagina dilated far beyond the requirements of known obstetrics. Inside her, peering out, was an oppressed-looking adult head with furtive eyes. Shnurov himself looked furtive, and also thin, as if he had not had much to eat and had never thought about it. He sold me a T-shirt on which he had painted a thick-bodied snake with the head of Lenin. Over the floor, he spread official black-and-white posters of high Soviet officials that he had artfully altered—adding blue or magenta mustaches and such—in a manner that would once have been daring. He hoped that Dodge might buy the posters. On a New York floor in the nineteen-nineties, they did not seem highly negotiable. Dodge studied them with interest and committed himself to nothing. After a time, he presented Shnurov with a packet of money, saying that it was not for anything specific but was "a general down payment." Shnurov took the money shyly and began to put it away. Dodge urged him to count it. He opened the packet and began to shuffle hundred-dollar bills, fifty-dollar bills—in all, at least a thousand dollars—and as he was leafing through bills the fan blew them out of his hands and suddenly fifty-dollar bills and hundred-dollar bills were flying around the room like leaflets in wind. The money fell all over the Politburo, and Dodge said, "It's a good thing the air is coming in." ♦

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Lincroft* (*N.J.*) *Village News*]

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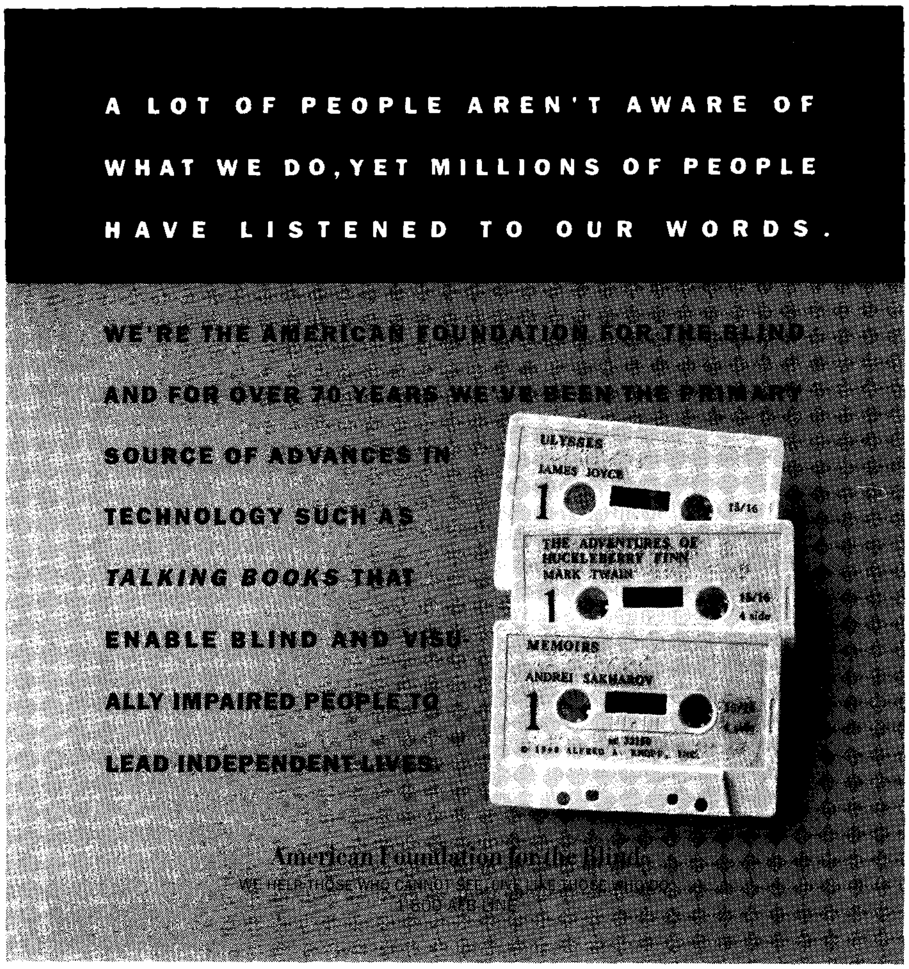
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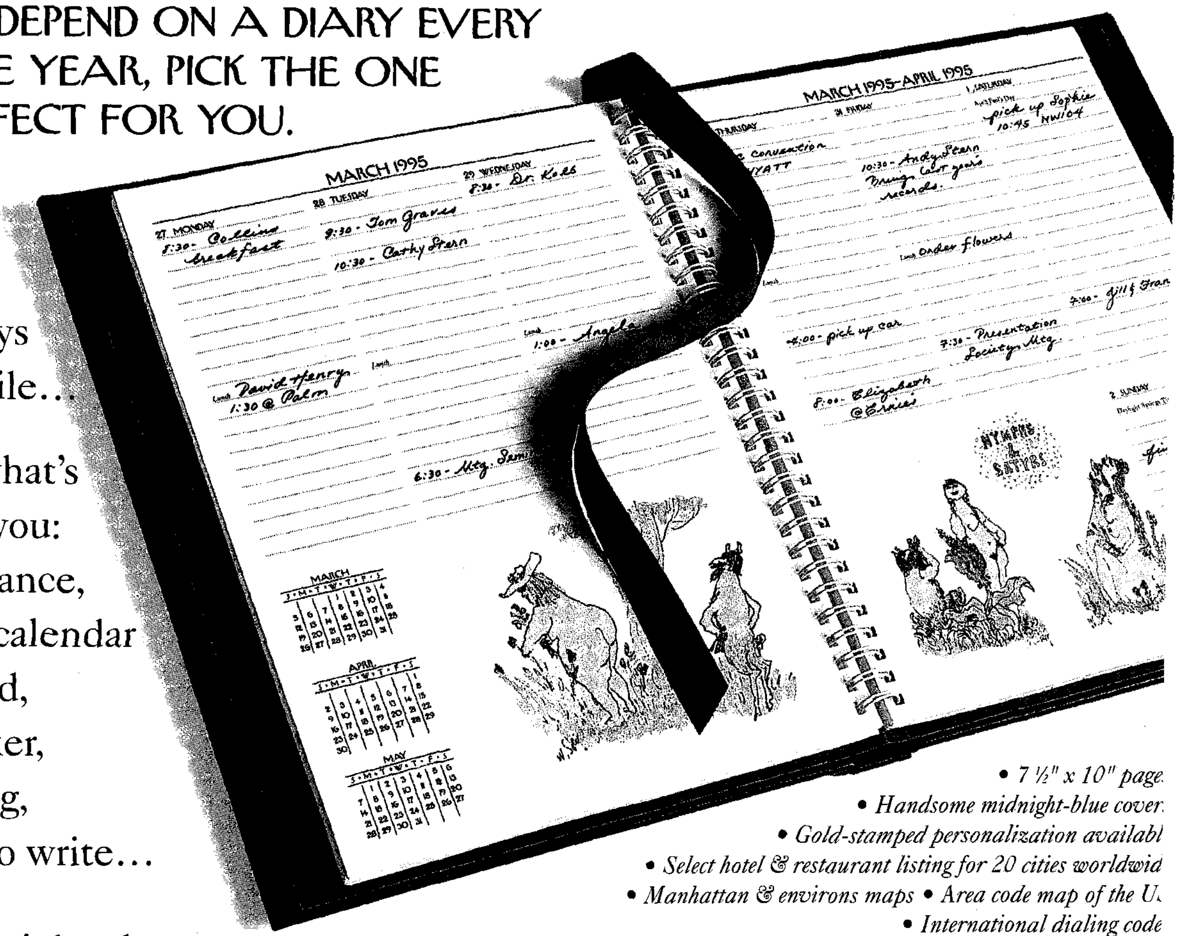
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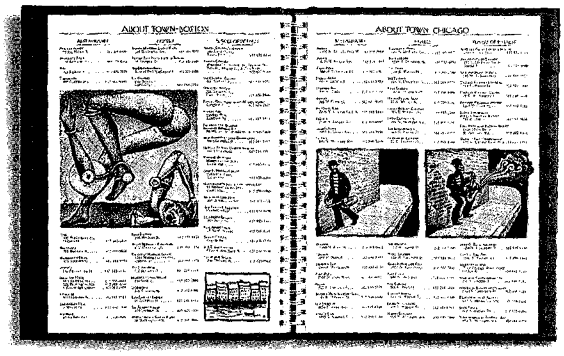
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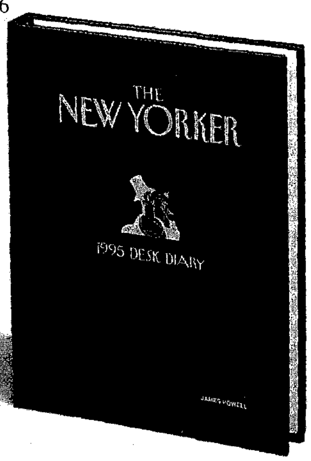
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THE CRITICS

THE THEATRE

BRIAN FRIEL'S BLIND FAITH

BY JOHN LAHR

THE epigraph to Brian Friel's new play, "Molly Sweeney," is from Emily Dickinson's poem about the proper way to stage a literary ambush. "Tell all the Truth, but tell it slant. . . . The Truth must dazzle gradually or every man be blind." "Molly Sweeney" is about the dilemma of a blind woman who briefly regains partial sight; it's yet another attempt by Friel, who studied for the priesthood between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, to find a new way of speaking about faith. (The play, which Friel directed, transfers, after an extended run at the Gate Theatre, in Dublin, to London's Almeida Theatre in late October; in America, Friel's "Philadelphia, Here I Come!" is being revived at the Roundabout, and his fascinating "Translations" is scheduled for Broadway, in March.) In "Dancing at Lughnasa" (1990), the very act of dancing becomes a means of approaching the religious: as if, the narrator says, "this wordless ceremony was now the way to speak, to whisper private and sacred things, to be in touch with some otherness." In his most recent full-length play, the allegory "Wonderful Tennessee" (1993), Friel embodies that mystical otherness in real estate—the unreachable and alluring island that his erstwhile pilgrims call Oilean Draiochta (the Island of Mystery). But his most probing salute to the terror and intoxication of otherness is "Faith Healer" (1979), in which he explores the mind's flirtation with the miraculous through a character named Frank, a faith healer, who describes his freakish gift as "a craft without an apprenticeship, a ministry without responsibility, a vocation without a ministry." Frank, perched, like any artist, between the marketplace and the marvellous, acknowledges those moments of grace when his gift flows mysteriously from his soul directly into the hearts of a skeptical public: "I had become whole in myself, and perfect in myself and, in a manner of speaking, an aristocrat, if the term doesn't offend you." But the price Frank pays for his weird and unreliable talent is his relationship with other people. Frank displaces the pain and guilt of his self-absorbed life by turning the facts of it into fictions. Friel retells Frank's compelling version of his life from the differing, and ironic, viewpoints of his distraught, suicidal wife, Grace, and his Cockney manager, Teddy. "He kept remaking people according to some private standard of excellence of his own, and, as his standards changed, so did the person," Grace says when the time comes for her to recount her tragic story. Frank's obsession is part of her tragedy. "Many, many, many times I didn't exist for him. But before a performance this exclusion—no, it wasn't an exclusion, it was an erasion—this erasion was absolute: he obliterated me," she says.

"Faith Healer," which is the granddaddy of "Molly Sweeney" in form and theme, also intersects with the new play on the issue of things seen and unseen. When Frank is practicing or summoning up his gift, he is blind to others ("He looked at me, no, not at me, past me, beyond me, out of those damned benign eyes of his"); and, as his creative eye turns inward, people like Grace feel themselves invisible. Molly, who could see for ten months as a baby and then went blind, inhabits an entirely invisible world—an otherness that has been imposed on her by fate but in which she is comfortable and surprisingly free. The thought that she is missing much of life doesn't dawn on her, so she tells us, until midlife, after her marriage and the first of two operations. Up to then, her vision had been wholly inward; and the sudden predicament of having to learn how to see at forty-one raises fascinating intellectual and spiritual problems. In the material, sighted world, seeing is believing. But in the realm of faith believing is *not* seeing; it is accepting the unknowable as fact. Molly trusts her unsighted world in the way that a writer of Friel's exhilarating capabilities trusts his unconscious—as a deliverance into the unknown, which brings one closer both to the essence of things and to the miraculous. Imagination and talent are gifts of God, which are served only by a rigorous attentiveness to their possibilities. Friel makes the point in Molly's wonderful soliloquy about the delights of swimming: "Just offering yourself to the experience—every pore open and eager for the world of pure sensation, of sensation alone—sensation that could not have been enhanced by sight—experience that existed only by touch and feel; and moving swiftly and rhythmically through that enfolding world; and the sense of such assurance, such liberation, such concordance with it."

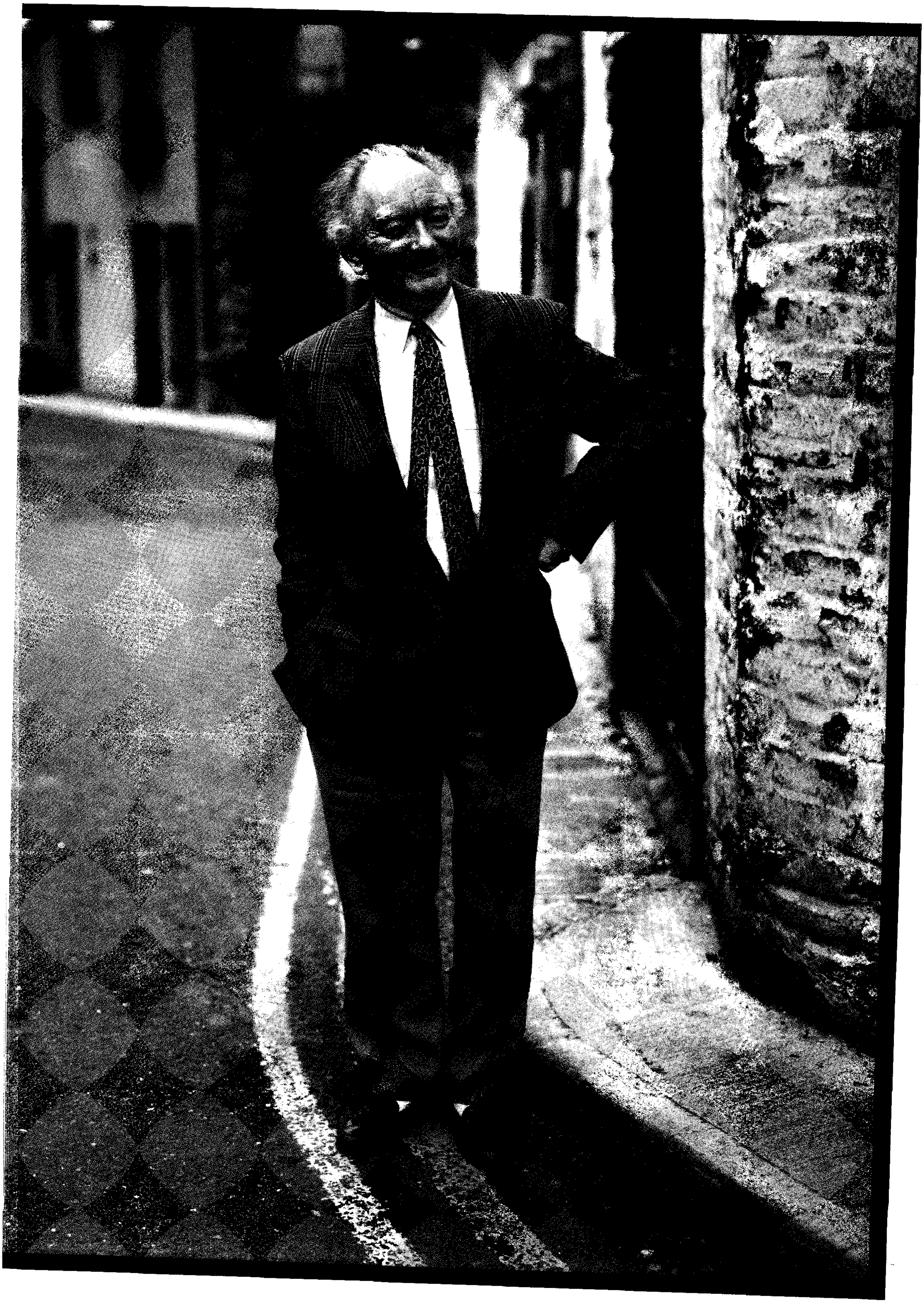
"Seeing isn't understanding," says Molly's eye doctor, Paddy Rice, when he recalls making his vainglorious, myopic decision to try to restore Molly's sight (an operation with a success rate, he admits, of "twenty in one thousand years"), and the remark turns out to be a self-fulfilling prophecy. "What has she to lose for Christ's sake?" Mr. Rice says, echoing the words of Molly's husband, Frank. "Nothing! Nothing at all!" What Molly loses for a time is the solace of her imagination. She has known the world in a different way—an emotional, playful, boundaryless way, which has given her another intuition about experience. Sight literalizes her experience, imposing boundaries on her imagination and inhibiting her rich intuitive life. "Seeing," Molly says, speaking of her inability to communicate the sensuous pleasure of swimming to her sighted friends, "in some way qualified the sensation; and that if they only knew how full, how total my pleasure was, I used to tell myself *that they must, they really must envy me.*" It's her different knowledge—and the loss of it through partial sight—that Friel emphasizes by contrasting the serenity of Molly, who receives the sensory world so deeply, with the smug prowess of Mr. Rice and the autodidactic greed of her husband, who skitters as restless as a water bug on the sea of knowledge. Molly goes into a long and loving account of the shenanigans of her neighbors at a party at her house the night before the operation. Then she adds, "I was afraid that I would never know these people as I knew them now, with my own special knowledge of each of them, the distinctive sense each of them exuded for me; and knowing them differently, experiencing them differently, I wondered—I wondered would I ever be as close to them as I was now."

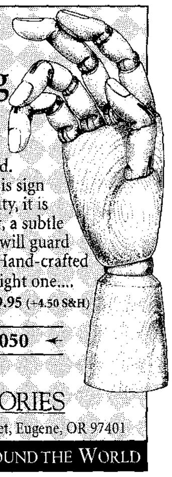
"Molly Sweeney" is a metaphysical case study posing as a medical one. By regaining partial sight, Molly is delivered into a condition of seeing but not knowing—a condition, Frank tells us, that Freud in this context dubbed "agnostic." "Yes. Agnostic. Strange," Frank says, putting his finger unwittingly on the spiritual malaise behind Molly's depression after her "miracle" operation. Literally and thematically, Molly, a woman of faith, is sandwiched between two agnostic forces. The play is a series of thirty-seven monologues, crosscut between Molly (Catherine Byrne), sitting downstage center, and her ophthalmologist, Mr. Rice (T. P. McKenna), and the funny, feckless Frank (Mark Lambert), who flank her. As in "Faith Healer," the characters speak to us but not to each other. Behind them is a cyclorama painted in a pinwheel of primary colors, which dissolve at the edges into darker hues, and a toppled sundial lies upstage among scattered leaves. The structure of the play and the disposition of the chairs on the simple set broadcast the nature of Friel's game: we must, as a character says in "Translations," "interpret between privacies."

What we hear from Paddy Rice is the depth of his ambition. He personifies overachievement and underinvolvement. A fallen "rogue star" from the galaxy of ophthalmic luminaries, he finds in Molly a chance to shine again, even from the remote backwater of Ballybeg. T. P. McKenna, an accomplished character actor, with a jowly, silver-haired, portly presence, plays Rice with a handkerchief foppishly drooping from his coat pocket. He has the right outline but the wrong pitch to catch the character's poignant dread. Friel's beautiful words don't rumble quite properly through the great tuba of his body. "What is the vulgar parlance?" Rice says, in the formal, pedantic speech that signals his detachment. "The chance of a lifetime, the one-in-a-thousand opportunity that can rescue a career—no, no, transform a career—dare I say, restore a reputation." Rice has been in a "terrible darkness" of his own making for seven years. His single-minded obsession with his career ("Insatiable years. Work. Airports. Dinners. Laughter. Operating theatres. Conferences. Gossip") led to the departure of his wife with a rival high-flying eye specialist, Roger Bloomstein. "I withdrew from medicine, from friendships, from all the consolations of work and the familiar," Rice says. But his retreat has not brought wisdom. He himself is an example of "blindsight," the diagnosis he makes of Molly's post-operative condition: a kind of vision that proves totally useless. Rice's expertise doesn't help him relate to others or to lead a moral life. He tells an anecdote about first hearing the word "blindsight," but doesn't catch the irony in it. "Beautiful lady. You *do* know that?" Bloomstein says to Rice about his wife. "I said of course I did," Rice tells us. " 'That's not how you behave,' he said. 'You behave like a man with blindsight.' " And Rice still does: he's separated from his children, from the community of others, and from himself. Even Molly's operation doesn't seem to have shifted his emptiness. He tells of discussing the operation and Molly's subsequent depression with a famous eye specialist at a memorial service for Bloomstein. The specialist tells him, "They don't survive. That's the pattern. But they'll insist on having the operation, won't they? And who's to dissuade them?' 'Let me get you a drink,' I said, and I walked away." The moment is shocking. Rice has kept this knowledge from Molly and blocked it from himself. He literally can't imagine

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

Brian Friel, photographed in Dublin, September 29, 1994.





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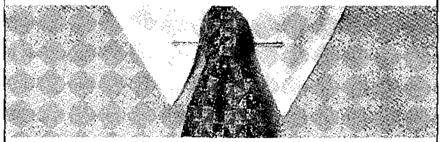

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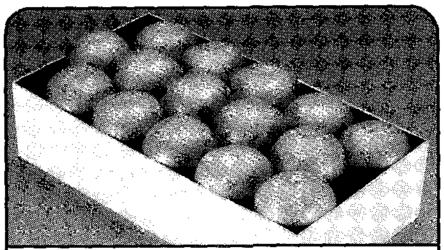
Molly's suffering. The operation restored his faith in his technical prowess but has left him in bad faith. The irony is lost on him but not on us.

If Paddy Rice has a head but no heart, Frank has an untutored heart but no head. Mark Lambert invests Frank's perfervid curiosity—what the doctor calls the "indiscriminate enthusiasms of the self-taught"—with terrific energy and charm, which almost but not quite mask his restless emptiness. "Brilliant" is Frank's favorite adjective: Molly's psychotherapist is brilliant; an article on "engrams" is brilliant; even his friend Billy, with whom he has a hapless adventure trying to rescue two badgers, is brilliant. His eye can't resist (or dismiss) anything that distracts his attention from himself and the purposelessness of his life. Inevitably, his plans go awry. But he puts a funny face on his many botched schemes, the best of which is a nearly four-year stint on a windswept Irish island trying to raise Iranian goats, because they purportedly produce more milk. "All that time their metabolism, their internal clock, stayed Iranian," he explains. "They lived in a kind of perpetual jet lag." At first, Molly is just another of the reckless flutters of a man desperate for meanings, and she suspects as much. "He couldn't resist the different, the strange," she says, and quotes her best friend's observation about their prospective match: "All part of the same pattern, sweetie: bees—whales—Iranian goats—Molly Sweeney." Actually, Molly is a consuming mission, one that gives him both purpose and a narcissistic sense of goodness. He bones up on blindness at the library before their first date, and figures that dancing is the perfect activity. "I am your eyes, your ears, your location, your sense of space. Trust me." Only once, at the end of the badger escapade, does the despair underneath his manic avidity for action and ideas bubble up. "Why don't you stay where you are?" he says to himself. "What are you looking for?" Friel gives him one last expletive, spoken in disgust but echoing through the play with ironic resonance. "Oh, Jesus," he says.

Molly's loss is spiritual, but neither the doctor nor Frank has any sensitivity to that. (Frank looks up the term "gnosis," which the doctor uses for her impaired vision, and finds that it means "mystical knowledge." "Good Old Molly!" he says to himself. "Molly's full of mystical knowledge!") At the party before her operation, Molly already anticipates herself in "exile," estranged from her old world and unable to come to grips with her new, sighted one. "Homesickness" is the only word she can find for her desolation and her sense of separation. Catherine Byrne conveys Molly's sharp intelligence, if not the radiance of wisdom that the character has on the page. Molly takes us through the agitation of new sight ("all that movement—nothing ever still—everything in motion all the time") and the overload of color ("Just one more colour—light—movement—ghostly shape—and suddenly the head imploded and the hands shook and the heart melted with panic"); and her increasingly erratic behavior lands her eventually in the sanitarium where her mother once lived, and where she is visited occasionally by the ghosts of her parents. These fantasies and the facts about Frank's newest adventure, in Ethiopia, are woven seamlessly together in her translucent monologue. She has retreated within herself to a place somewhere between fact and fiction. "My borderline country is where I live now," she says. "I'm at home there. Well . . . at ease there." But from this borderland, somewhere between the sacred and the profane, the real and the imagined, she has found more knowledge of herself and of life than either her husband or her doctor has. In her stoicism there is dignity, and even a kind of freedom. Unlike the other characters, Molly, as she speaks her elegiac final soliloquy, explores the stage. Her physical liberation is the barometer of an internal one. "It certainly doesn't worry me anymore that what I think I see may be fantasy or indeed what I take to be imagined may very well be real—what's Frank's term?—external reality," she says, speaking for Friel's faith in the transforming power of the imagination. "Real—imagined—fact—fiction—fantasy—reality—there it seems to be. And it seems to be all right. And why should I question any of it anymore?"

"Molly Sweeney" is storytelling on a grand scale but theatre on a small one. Friel has an extraordinary word-hoard and a brave poetic gift, which can make words feel like actions. "Molly Sweeney" is a riveting chamber piece. But I look forward to the symphonies—of dialogue, song, and dramatic action—that Mr. Friel, one of the few modern masters of his craft, is capable of delivering. ♦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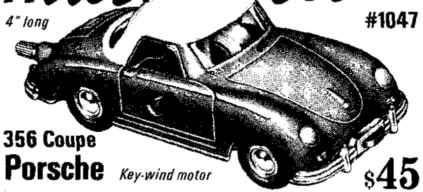
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THE THEATRE

FULL-STEAM SHOW BOAT

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

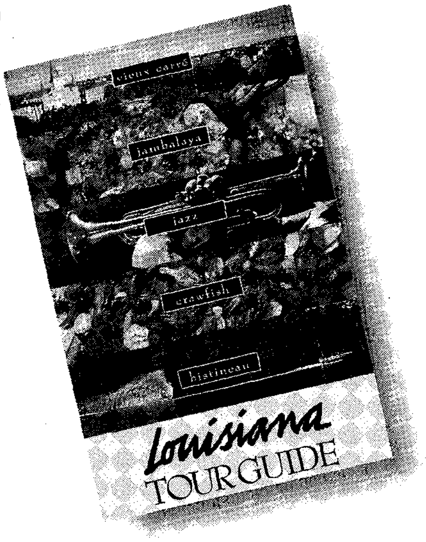
EVEN if Harold Prince's revival of "Show Boat" weren't one of only two musicals opening on Broadway this season—the other being Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Sunset Boulevard," which arrives in November—the full-hearted production would still merit all the hoopla that has surrounded it since it opened in Toronto last fall. The two shows look at the world through opposite ends of the telescope: while "Sunset Boulevard" (talk about hoopla) is tightly focussed on the cramped crawl space of the ego and its delusions, "Show Boat," which just arrived at the Gershwin, with many of the original Toronto cast members, is an expansive, inclusive view of the American social landscape, taking in several decades of theatrical, musical, and racial history. By embracing the American experience and all its contradictions, Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein's musical has itself become part of the American experience, part of our folklore, with at least one of its half-dozen memorable songs—the great existentialist anthem "Ol' Man River"—occupying a permanent place in our collective unconscious.

Based on Edna Ferber's novel about a troupe of actors and workers on a showboat travelling up and down the Mississippi River—"that tawny tigress" and "that turbid torrent," as Ferber breathlessly put it—from the eighteen-eighties to the nineteen-twenties, Kern and Hammerstein's "Show Boat" greatly improves on the book. In Toronto, a group called the Coalition to Stop Show Boat protested that it was a racist play based on a racist novel. (See John Lahr's review in the issue of October 25, 1993.) The fact is that Ferber condescends to *all* her characters, looking down from on high at the "little people" she has created. Andy Hawks, who owns the Cotton Blossom, the floating theatre, is "a capering figure" with "a trick of talking very fast as he clawed the mutton-chop whiskers first this side, then that, with one brown hairy little hand," she writes. "There was about him something grotesque, something simian." Parthy, Cap'n Andy's wife and the mother of Magnolia, is "cut in the very pattern of spinsterhood." The blacks in the story are presented, not surprisingly, as simple, childlike creatures. Still, blacks and whites are in the story *together*, and in the musical, which had its première in 1927, they sang together on the stage for the first time.

Prince's production, befitting a big story with big themes, is epic-size. With the help of the deep pockets of his producer, the Toronto businessman Garth Drabinsky, who is on his way to becoming the Canadian Ziegfeld, Prince has filled the enormous stage of the Gershwin to overflowing. In a kind of theatrical CinemaScope, the action spills out onto the sides of Eugene Lee's monumental set, which features, among other wonders, an amazingly real-looking Cotton Blossom. The producers have issued a macho fact sheet listing the stats of the show—seventy-one actors, five hundred costumes, six wig masters, twenty-two miles of steel cable, and so on—but this "Show Boat" really *is* an impressive human enterprise, full of life and full of vision.

The musical is built so that the dark threads constantly protrude through the weave, and, in a way, it's the contrasts in texture that give the story its power, not the individual characters. Prince has brought out those contrasts, those moments when dreams collide with reality. Following a rowdy New Year's Eve scene in a Chicago night club, the revellers leave the stage as black men enter from the wings and silently sweep up streamers and shove them into trash cans. The no-account gambler Gaylord Ravenal's jaunty barroom toast to the good fortune that he's sure is around the corner, "Till Good Luck Comes My Way," is succeeded by the dirgelike "Mis'ry's Comin' Around," which was cut from the original version and is sung here by Queenie in the auditorium of the Cotton Blossom while workers are solemnly dusting, polishing, and tidying up to ready the place for the night's performance. And, of course, throughout the evening we hear the strains of "Ol' Man River" punctuating moments of joy and of disappointment.

The major change in the cast is the replacement of Robert Morse with John McMartin in the role of Cap'n Andy. (Morse is still playing Cap'n Andy in Toronto.) With something of the air of Frank Morgan in "The Wizard of Oz," McMartin manages to be distracted and single-minded at the same time, and is quite funny as the foil to Elaine Stritch's Parthy. Ms. Stritch gets a star's ovation when she first appears onstage, and she clearly relishes every cranky line that this battle-axe and henpecker extraordinaire gets to deliver. The only musical misstep in the show is giving one of the love songs that belong to Magnolia and Ravenal—"Why Do I Love You?"—to Ms. Stritch to sing to her newborn granddaughter, Kim. To me, there's something creepily narcissistic about a grandmother wondering why she loves her daughter's brand-new, helpless infant and concluding that it's because the baby loves *her*. Is there a family therapist in the house? Rebecca Luker and Mark Jacoby, as the unlucky lovers Magnolia and Ravenal, are left with three fine songs (one of them, "I Have the Room Above Her," was written for the 1936 film version, starring Irene Dunne), and they have sweet voices that blend well and convey the charm of the now distant world of operetta. Michel Bell, as Joe, seems somewhat detached from the action, but he has the requisite big, deep voice for "Ol' Man River." Joel Blum, full of beans and wearing a loud suit, provides some old-fashioned vaudeville razzle-dazzle. But without question the most magnetic performer is the stunning Lonette McKee, as Julie, whose mixed parentage—a white father and a black mother—comes to light, causing her to leave the Cotton Blossom and head for Chicago, where ruin awaits her. Ms. McKee sings only two songs—"Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" and "Bill"—and her languid, throaty "Bill" is, in this sweeping show, the only truly intimate moment. One friend of mine cried during the song because she found it so moving, and another cried because he realized that that was the last he was going to hear from Lonette McKee for the rest of the evening. ♦



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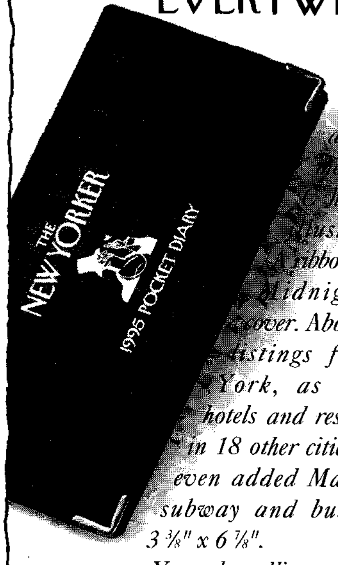

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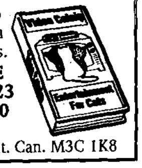

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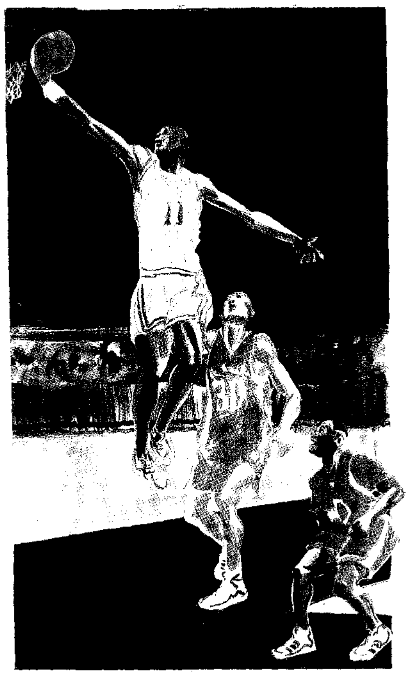
THE CURRENT CINEMA

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

THE engrossing documentary "Hoop Dreams," which was the closing-night attraction at this year's New York Film Festival, tells the stories of two inner-city Chicago teen-agers, William Gates and Arthur Agee, who aspire to careers in professional basketball. When the movie begins, William and Arthur are both fourteen years old, and it's obvious that they're both talented enough to have some hope of success. They look terrific on the city playgrounds, where competition is intense and the quality of play is often spectacular. Both are recruited by, and admitted to, one of Chicago's perennial basketball powers, St. Joseph High School—the alma mater of Isiah Thomas. But the grim neighborhoods these kids live in are full of disappointed dreamers, of playground stars who never made it. William's brother, Curtis, is one of those; so is Arthur's father, Bo, who insists, pathetically, that he "most likely would have made it to the pros" (and doesn't explain what stopped him). When the fourteen-year-olds move into the world of big-time high-school basketball, they're no longer playing the game for fun, or for themselves. William and Arthur are carrying their families' hopes on their backs, along with their own, and every move they make, on or off the court, is charged with significance. They're being watched constantly—by relatives, friends, coaches, teachers, guidance counsellors, college recruiters—for indications that they will or won't live up to their potential. By the time William is a sophomore, he's saying wearily, "Everybody I know is my coach."



"Hoop Dreams": A clear-eyed vision of inner-city life.

"Hoop Dreams," which runs nearly three hours and follows William and Arthur all the way through high school, scrutinizes the kids as closely as everyone else does, but the filmmakers—Steve James, Frederick Marx, and Peter Gilbert—observe them from a different, more disinterested point of view. The picture is about how these young players bear the burden of expectations—that is, about how the pressures of urban poverty make the success or failure of gifted black kids seem a matter of life or death, and turn their innocent pleasure in the game into a heavy, sometimes paralyzing sense of obligation. In the course of the movie's patient, sympathetic narrative, our reaction to the teen-age heroes' progress changes emphasis decisively, and for the better: at first, we're assessing their chances, measuring them for N.B.A. uniforms; by the end, we're rooting for them simply to survive the process without losing all the exuberance and drive and creative spirit that made them look so promising four years earlier. In a sense, "Hoop Dreams," by focussing so pitilessly on the demands that other people make on William and Arthur, encourages us to tone down our own natural interest in the teen-agers' career prospects. These kids, the movie seems to be saying, have too much heat on them already; let's give them a break and relieve them of the responsibility to satisfy our narrative demands—our childish expectation that sports stories have to end with a life-altering win or a tragic loss.

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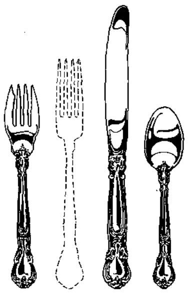

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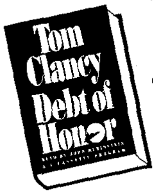

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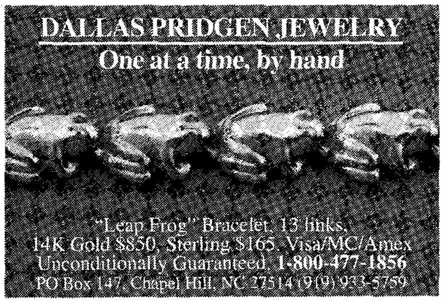

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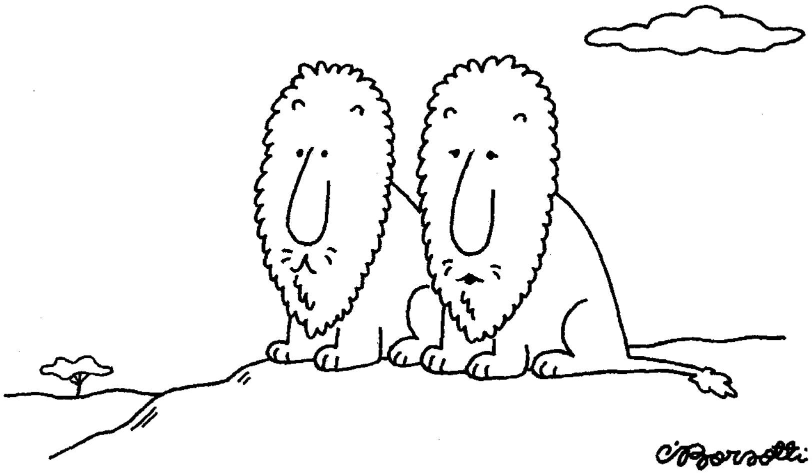
they're able to show us things that tidy, well-constructed fictions leave out. If a Hollywood screenwriter were telling the story of a pair of inner-city basketball players, he or she would almost certainly design the narrative in terms of a poignant success-and-failure contrast: one kid fulfills his dream, the other doesn't (and probably lies dead on the street, to enforce some moral principle). At the beginning of "Hoop Dreams," you suspect that this real-life story is going to develop along these classical lines, and, especially if you're a basketball fan, you'll fall into the trap of trying to predict which of the two players is destined to succeed. On the face of it, it's an easy call. Both William and Arthur are relatively small—they're being recruited as guards—but William's body seems sturdier, more muscular; Arthur is skinny, almost frail-looking. And William's style is smooth and controlled: his jump-shooting form is elegant, and his moves to the hoop are economical, precisely judged. There's a lot more playground flash in Arthur's game; it's all speed and deception and explosive improvisation—qualities that signify to experienced spectators both tremendous ability and the potential for uncoachable, self-destructive wildness. William's personal manner suggests diligence and self-discipline. Arthur is a lively, slightly goofy kid with a mischievous sense of humor; you wonder if he's serious-minded enough to work at developing his skills. A scout says that Arthur "has the quickest first step that I've seen in about five years," but, as all players know, that great initial move doesn't guarantee a score; a lot can happen on the way to the basket. In career terms, William seems infinitely more likely to get where he wants to go; he has the look of a strong finisher and Arthur doesn't.

For a while, this handicapping of the race, with William as the clear favorite, appears sound. As a freshman, William starts for St. Joe's high-ranked varsity team, and a TV hoops savant projects him as "the next Isiah Thomas." Arthur is relegated to the obscurity of the freshman squad, and, with coaches barking instructions and criticism at him, his play seems to regress; he's tense, flustered, unable to reconcile what he's being taught with what comes naturally to him. When sophomore year begins, Arthur's family can't pay the full tuition; he's forced to leave, and enrolls in a public school. William's family has financial problems, too, but the coach, Gene Pingatore, isn't about to let his star get away; a wealthy sponsor is found to contribute to William's education. At this point, with Arthur's ego crushed by St. Joe's indifference—he knows that the school's hard-line position on his tuition bill reflects Pingatore's dim view of his basketball prospects—his story seems to be headed in a predictable direction. His mother, Sheila, loses her job; Bo, a crack addict, abandons the family and lands in jail; Arthur's new school, Marshall, has beefy security guards and lacks the serene, studious, college-prep atmosphere of St. Joseph's. Even Marshall's coach, a genial black man named Luther Bedford, fears that Arthur will wind up wasting his life on the street, as his father did. For a while, the film seems to lose track of him, as if he had somehow been swallowed up by the misery of urban life and had simply disappeared into his bleak, ordained fate. And, as "Hoop



"I'm not picky—whatever's wounded."

Dreams" tracks William's rise in his sophomore year from promising rookie to full-fledged star, we begin to anticipate with dread our next sight of Arthur. We know how this story goes.

All we know, it turns out, is how conventional stories go—how William and Arthur would end up if they conformed to our narrative expectations or to the sorts of predictions that coaches, teachers, and sociologists tend to make. "Hoop Dreams" is, among other things, a cautionary tale about the folly of projecting anybody's future. In William's case, the apparent inevitability of his stardom becomes a kind of trap, a self-defeating prophecy. Pingatore, looking to re-create his glory days with Isiah, seems to be smothering William with his own desperate agenda. "You have a lot of responsibility, William," he says, in an inept attempt at fatherly wisdom. "Can you handle it? It's gonna be all on your head." What a coach this guy is. Addressing his team before the bus ride to an important game, Pingatore orders everybody to *think* about the game for the whole ride, and an anxious, funereal silence descends on the kids. St. Joe's may play solid fundamental basketball, but it's not hard to see why the team keeps getting knocked off by less talented teams in the city playoffs: Pingatore winds his players up so tight that they can barely perform at all. When William loses, he looks as if the world had collapsed around him; he breaks down in tears, obviously feeling that he has let everyone down—the coach, his fans, his brother, his mother, his girlfriend (and mother of his child). By the end of the picture, William is still on the road to the N.B.A.—he has been accepted by Marquette University, a top basketball school—but a lot of the heart seems to have gone out of him. "If I had to stop playing basketball right now, I think I'd still be happy," he says. In the years that "Hoop Dreams" covers, William Gates acquires honors, a degree from a good high school, a college scholarship, and a very, very old head.

And Arthur doesn't end up a casualty of the streets. In a way, getting booted from St. Joe's may be the best thing that could have happened to him: it takes the pressure off, releases him from the stifling confines of everyone else's hopes and dreams, and gives him a kind of freedom that William never has. William remains ahead of him in the race to the pros—Arthur doesn't attract the attention of major-college recruiters, and begins his college career at a Missouri institution with the depressing name of Mineral Area Junior College. But Arthur looks to be closing fast, because he's still having fun. Part of the fun, you suspect, is the satisfaction of subverting all the smart-money prognostications of failure. "Hoop Dreams" makes us ashamed to have underestimated his talent and his resilience—ashamed to have presumed to understand him at all. It's no coincidence that Arthur begins to flourish right around the time that the movie seems to have forgotten him—written him off as just another sad, sinking ghetto kid. Once the evaluating eyes have turned away, he can make his move, and he streaks right past us.

Good documentary filmmakers, like good ballplayers, are alert and resourceful: they have to stay loose, and know how to improvise if the diagrammed play breaks down. Following people's lives for five years requires a willingness to let the messy, unpredictable patterns of experience develop according to their own logic. The makers of "Hoop Dreams"—which was conceived as a simple short film about playground basketball—took the risk of allowing themselves to react to events as they happened: not judging, not forcing the action, not turning off the cameras when the story seemed to be arranging itself into a lucid, temptingly schematic one-wins-one-loses structure. At the end of "Hoop Dreams," the filmmakers insert brief shots of William and Arthur as fourteen-year-olds, and we see what we should have seen right from the start—that Arthur, in one important sense, has always had an advantage over William. It's easier to persuade a raw, uninhibited player, like Arthur, to restrain himself and play a little smarter than it is to teach a kid whose game is as precociously refined as William's to lighten up and enjoy himself. William, with his N.B.A.-ready body, hits the beady eyes of the experts as a glittering resource, something to be acquired and exploited; Arthur is allowed to grow and to learn—altogether a better deal. What makes "Hoop Dreams" such a rich, clear-eyed vision of inner-city life is that it celebrates, and evokes in the audience, the ambiguous thrill of not knowing how things are going to turn out, the joy of pure potential. ◆

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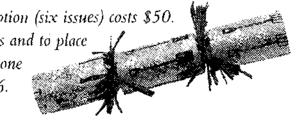

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FRANCO'S GAMES

BY GEORGE STEINER

FASCISM is the politics of original sin. Fallen man must be guarded from his anarchic follies. He must be governed by heroic discipline under constraints that are a kind of drill for the Last Judgment. Chastisement and sacrifice are the condition of human history. They follow necessarily on the expulsion of sinful, disobedient humanity from the liberal sloth of Eden. To a Fascist sensibility, nothing is more deceitful than the promises of secular redemption, of the "pursuit of happiness," which are held out by socialism or democracy. It is not only that these promises prove to be lies, as when the inhuman terrors of the twentieth century turned to derisive ash the prognostications of the Enlightenment; it is that the promises seek to evade the inherited guilt of the children of Adam. Like Calvinism, Fascism rejoices darkly in the mystery of preordained damnation, in the conviction that a very few (the leaders) are chosen over the wretched herd of their fellow-men. Add to this a stony landscape drenched in unforgiving light, shaped by centuries of religious fervor and the mortal struggle of Christians against Moors and Jews, and you have the complex of Spanish Fascist doctrine.

From the eighteen-sixties to the nineteen-thirties, Spain was a land half crazed by political corruption and assassination, by recurrent agrarian crises, by the systematic humiliation of its working class, and by the loss of Cuba and the Philippines, and paralyzed by a profound distrust of all governance. Yet at the same time Spanish culture was inebriate with the remembrance of past imperial, literary, and artistic splendors; it was possessed by a language full of chivalric flourish and by a thirst, as brutal as the noon sun on the Guadarrama, for the absolute. To no place was Fascism more logical. Nowhere else was a perception of the human condition as penitential more deep-seated. What other legacy, what other tongue could have generated the cry of the Spanish Fascist legions: "Long live death"?

Francisco Franco was the instrument of the forces that he mastered. His world was Manichaean. On the one side, the majestic history of the Spanish past: its heroic and inquisitorial Catholicism; its conquistadores, men-of-war, and navigators; its austere contempt for the chattering impotence of the parliamentarian and the bourgeois. On the other side, the satanic triad of the Freemason, the Jew, and the Bolshevik—a triad that marched under the banner of Marxism-Leninism and of the Western democracies, which were mortally infected by atheism and socialist sentimentalities. Between these two camps no compromise was tolerable. Even if it had to stand in impoverished isolation, even if a considerable portion of its own population had to be purged, Spain, Holy Spain, would hold at bay the red tide of liberalism. Franco would see to it that God still had a homeland.

Paul Preston shows in his compendious study "Franco: A Biography" (Basic; $37.50) that the Spanish wars in Morocco from 1912 to 1916 made the man. Like Hitler, Franco displayed courage under fire. He lashed his men to a frenzy of bravery and barbarism. Franco's Legion became legendary. When the Duquesa de la Victoria (note the name) was to be honored for organizing a team of volunteer nurses, the Legion presented her with a basket of roses: in its center lay two severed Moorish heads. At one point, Franco was almost left for dead between the lines. His recovery gave him a somnambular intuition of invulnerability. Destiny now awaited him. (There are arresting analogies with de Gaulle.) In February, 1926, Franco was declared "a positive national asset" and was made the youngest general in Europe. His command, the First Brigade of the First Division, in Madrid, included the most aristocratic yet also most embittered and frustrated regiments in the Spanish Army.

Franco had no difficulty adapting his vision of colonial warfare to domestic circumstances. The Spanish left was

General Franco: Paul Preston analyzes every serpentine twist and turn of the rise of the tactician who made Machiavelli seem a bumbler.

pacifist: it condemned the Moroccan wars and Spain's sacred mission in barbarian North Africa. Spain itself was rife with social unrest and regional separatism. Every province, with its cultural and linguistic particularities, with its quixotic dreams of autonomy, was taking its own road to chaos. These pestilential impulses had to be eradicated by iron severity. Spain, in order to be reborn, in order to achieve social progress and regain its prestige in a hostile world, had to be governed by despotism and terror, by a leader at once heroic and paternal. Opponents must first be divided, as Moroccan tribal chiefs were, then annihilated. Franco's reading of men and of history was now grimly fixed.

Preston threads his learned way through "the Spanish labyrinth" of the nineteen-twenties and early thirties. (This phrase is the title of Gerald Brenan's classic study, published in 1943, which remains indispensable still, showing a psychological empathy with Spanish life and an incisiveness of judgment that Preston's leviathan avoids.) Crisis built upon crisis as monarchy was replaced by dictatorship, and dictatorship by impotent republic. Strikes, political murder, regional insurrections were the disorder of the day. By mid-1935, Franco, a masked but perennial conspirator in successive plans for a military coup, had been appointed Chief of the General Staff. The elections of February, 1936, gave the Popular Front—a loose, inwardly divided alliance of democratic and left-wing movements—a narrow victory. With the rise of the Fascist Falange, on one flank, and of Communist parties, both orthodox and Trotskyite, on the other, general conflict grew inevitable.

The military rising took place on July 18, 1936. Slipping illegally out of the Canaries, to which the Republican government had consigned him, Franco reached Morocco, his familiar killing ground. There he made his first move of political genius. Within days of taking over his command, General Franco called on Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany for transport and air cover. He saw at once that it was with the active aid of the Fascist-Nazi international that the "Spanish non-Marxist" cause must prevail. The airlift of his troops to the mainland proved a logistical triumph: between July and October, eight hundred and sixty-eight flights transported nearly fourteen thousand men, forty-four pieces of artillery, and some five hundred tons of other equipment. What Franco brought with him, moreover, was not only an army. It was a program for total war, for the unleashing on his own sinful countrymen of the hellish tactics of massacre, torture, and scorched earth which he had perfected in the Moroccan campaigns.

Among modern wars, the Spanish Civil War has probably yielded the finest crop of historical and literary studies. Its pathos and savagery (on both sides), its chronicle of foreign interventions, its technical and ideological role as a prelude to the Second World War have been thoroughly expounded. Malraux, Koestler, Orwell, Hemingway, Picasso, and Auden have made many of its episodes iconic. Preston sticks to his politico-biographical brief. We are shown the war through the porcine eyes of Franco, as a chapter in his rise to supreme power.

Luck was with him from the outset. General José Sanjurjo, whom the military plotters had unanimously chosen as their supremo, perished in an air crash on July 20th. Franco now shared leadership with General Emilio Mola. Mola was a soldier of considerable panache, open to discussion and consultation, and careless of his personal safety. But his popularity stood in Franco's way. On June 3, 1937, on a flight from Pamplona to Burgos, Mola's plane also crashed. The circumstances remain somewhat opaque, like those of the assassination of Kirov, Stalin's last potential competitor. In 1948, Franco bestowed on Mola a posthumous dukedom. Now he himself was Generalísimo in more than name.

What Preston brings out persuasively is the fundamentally political nature of Franco's strategy and modes of warfare. Almost from the first day, Franco seems to have had in his mind an image of a postwar Fascist Spain. Slowly, he accumulated the military and civil authority that would guarantee his control over every aspect of daily and national life. Step by step, and while much of Spain was still in Republican hands, he established the cadres, the complexly divided loyalties, the militant symbols that would assure him of nearly forty years of absolute rule. Often, the war itself seemed secondary to his dictatorial vi-

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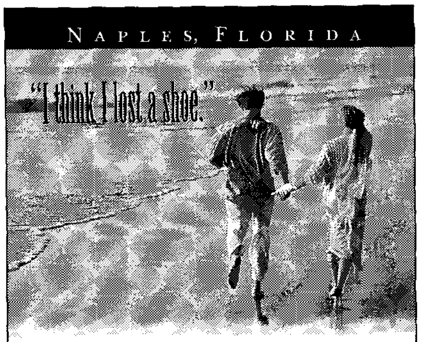
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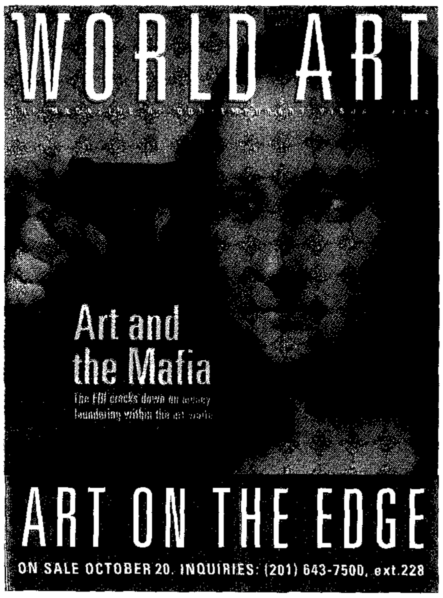
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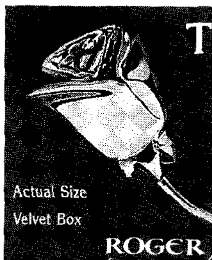

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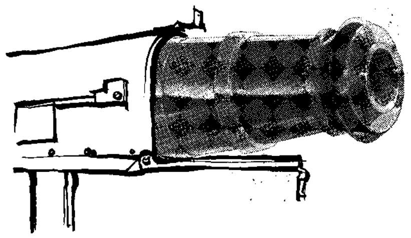

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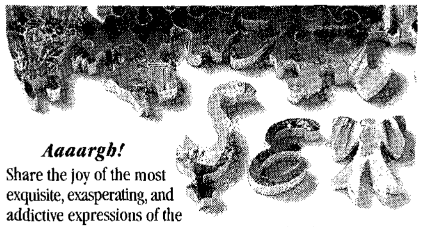

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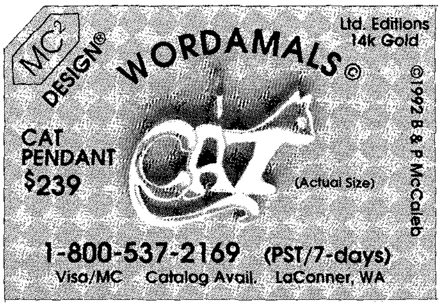

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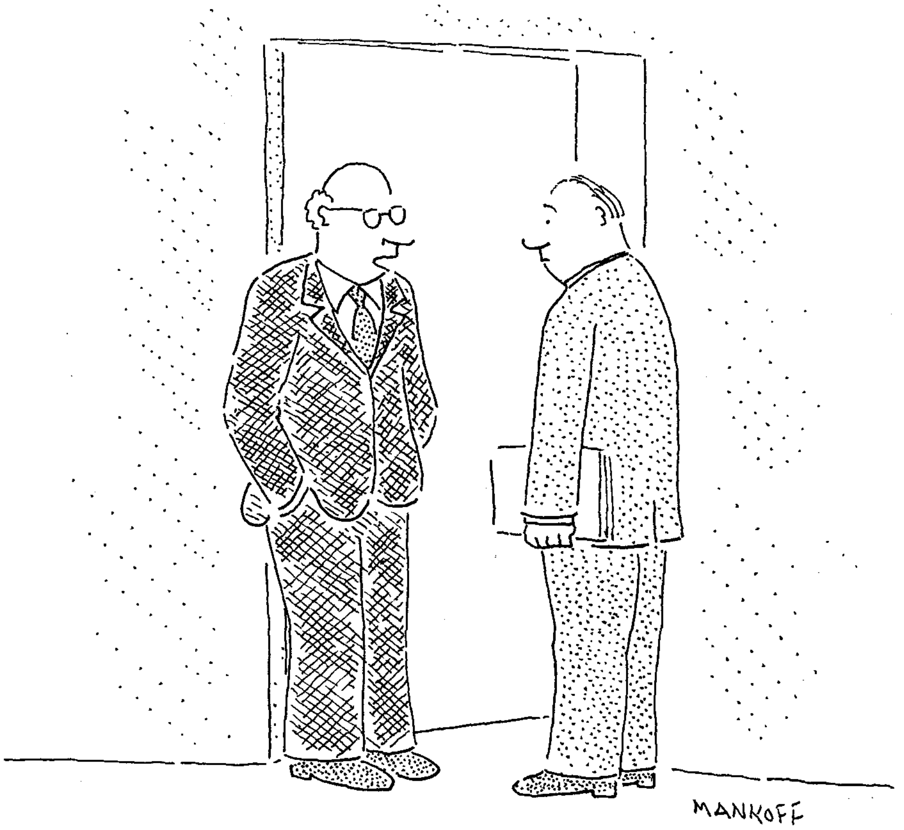
sion, to his passing of moral-political judgment on Spain. Franco knew that victory depended on German and Italian support. With masterly deviousness and procrastination, he maneuvered to exploit this support and also to contain it—to prevent the victories of Nazi airmen and the Italian tank corps from spilling over into future Spanish hegemony. But the tactics of delay that Franco practiced, his failure to press home the advances of his armies on Madrid, also had a crueller rationale. Franco intended to bleed Spain white, to cleanse its plague-ridden body of the long pestilence of individualism, of anarchic protest, of regional independence. The number of the dead, of the starving, did not matter. Better a cleansed corpse, rid of the Freemasonic-Bolshevik-Jewish virus, than a body politic still vulnerable to the twitch of freedom. When he unleashed Moroccan troops on the Spanish population, when he allowed the bombardment of Guernica and the massacres on the Balearic Islands, Franco was fulfilling a mystique of purification, a giant auto-da-fé in the name of Christ the King. He was reasserting medieval ideals of ascetic grandeur against the vulgar greed and base hunger for life of the democratic mob (for which the risible feebleness of French and English gestures of intervention during the Civil War confirmed his contempt).

By July, 1937, Franco was playing his cat-and-mouse game with the exiled royal house. He bade Alfonso XIII look to the education of his heir with a view to an eventual restoration of the monarchy. But this was merely "a goal we can sense but which is so distant that we cannot make it out yet" (a phrase whose calculated emptiness is worthy of de Gaulle). A year later, Franco took on the titles that would proclaim and legitimatize his despotism: Captain-General of the Army and Navy, Chief of State, National Chief of the Falange, Excelentísimo Señor Don Francisco Franco Bahamonde. He appropriated the ancient term *caudillo*, used by the warrior chiefs who had vanquished the Moors and led Spain to national unity. (Führer, Duce, Caudillo—the parallels were obvious.) Arms outflung, the faithful chanted, "*Una Patria, un estado, un caudillo,*" and the name of Franco was bellowed from every throat. His headquarters became a regal court.

Madrid fell on March 27, 1939.



"Oh, hiring's O.K., but firing provides a real sense of closure."

Franco's Moorish cavalry rode down eviscerated streets. Broadcasting in Spanish, Pius XII bestowed his apostolic blessing on the victors; His Holiness singled out for special laudation "the most noble and Christian sentiments" of the chief of state. What these sentiments truly were became swiftly apparent. Numerous Republican prisoners of war were killed in macabre fashion. Vengeance was the keynote. The garrote was kept busy. Total censorship came down like lead on Spanish intellectual and artistic life. Hoping to include the Church in his personal fiefdom (he never succeeded altogether in this crucial project), Franco allowed—indeed, encouraged—the restoration of an almost medieval Catholicism in education, in domestic affairs, in public ceremonies. Such were the euphoria and the fanaticism of triumph that Franco was able to conceal from much of the outside world, and in some sense from himself, the utter ruin of Spain—the weight of the dead and the hungry, the destruction of cities and provinces, the systematic sacrifice of human talent. (The name of Lorca—who was murdered shortly after the Fascist takeover of Granada—does not appear in Preston's book.) In the decades of suffocation that lay ahead, Franco succeeded, with the tortuous ruses of a Galician peasant set on evading and defrauding his creditors, in making Spain's desperate enfeeblement an instrument of strength. It was now that this repellent tactician came fully into his own.

PROFESSOR PRESTON is, first and foremost, a diplomatic historian. His minute account of Franco's international relations after 1939 will doubtless remain standard. It also makes for ponderous reading. As Preston analyzes every serpentine twist and turn in Franco's poker game with the Axis and the Allied powers, Spain itself disappears from view. What emerges is a shrewdness that verges on the uncanny. In 1940, Pétain, Ambassador to Madrid, bids farewell to Franco; he has been recalled by France to sign its bitter armistice with a victorious Hitler. Franco tells him, "Don't go. Don't give your name to what others have lost." What superbly farseeing counsel, even if there lurked in it Franco's reluctance to see French power revived by the hero of Verdun. Hitler, on the wave of world conquest, meets Franco at Hendaye, on the Spanish-French border. He wants to assess Spain's willingness to enter the war, and offers Gibraltar as a reward. Nothing, surely, could please the Caudillo more than the defeat of his detested British enemies and the liberation and restoration to Spain of the great Rock. Franco, however, speaks of Spain's economic misery, of the endless supplies he needs. He drones on, notes one observer, "in a quiet, gentle voice, its monotonous singsong reminiscent of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer." Hitler erupts into useless rage. To his aides, he rants about that "Jesuit swine," but he leaves the Hendaye meeting empty-handed.

Why did Franco refuse? Did he harbor some clairvoyant intuition of ultimate Anglo-American victory? Did he fear Hitler's total conquest? (He considered Mussolini a far better thinker and the truer Fascist.) Were there secret British pressures, or perhaps bribes so enticing or menacing that the Caudillo chose to continue his double game? Even Preston's punctilious analysis leaves key elements in the dark. What is clear is this: had Spain allowed a German traverse, and had Gibraltar been taken from the rear, sealing off the Mediterranean, the Axis would very likely have won the war. It is to my mind Hendaye and Stalingrad that sealed Hitler's fate. The Caudillo's nonchalant cunning, his instinct for haggling, never left him. Asked, in the late summer of 1943, how Fascist Spain would survive an Allied victory, he answered, "*Pasar la cuenta*" ("Send them my bill").

When Nazism and Italian Fascism collapsed, he showed no sign of dismay. Spain was now a besieged, detested citadel. Stalin's tanks sat in Berlin. But there lay the paradoxical key to Franco's survival. Liberal forces in Britain and France clamored for his elimination. To them, the Spanish Civil War and Fascist Spain's collaboration with the Axis were a shame and an atrocity. But the Caudillo knew better. He understood that the Cold War would guarantee his immunity. Had he not been the first to champion opposition to the Soviet empire of evil? As early as April, 1944, Churchill recorded his gratitude for Franco's neutrality: "So don't let's all be too spiteful about the past." Next, the American military and its anti-Communist allies in the State Department came

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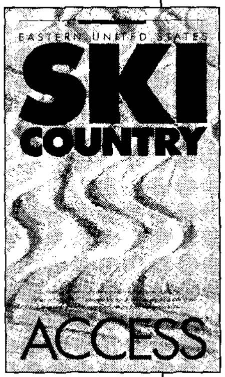

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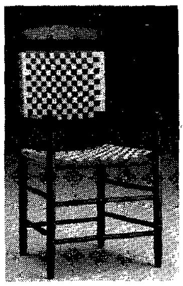

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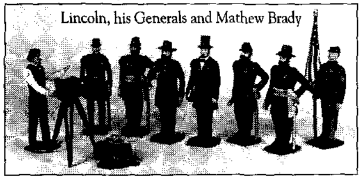

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to pay court. Military bases in Spain were essential. Here was a trustworthy ally. (Who could predict whether or not Marxism would prevail in France or Italy?) In Spain itself, food shortages, inflation, local misgovernment, and the despair of the working class worsened. Meat consumption in 1950 was half what it had been in 1926. But in foreign policy the regime triumphed. In November, 1948, Spain was invited into the technical dependencies of the United Nations. A pact was signed with the United States in September, 1953. Two years later, Franco's Spain formally took its seat in the United Nations. President Eisenhower's visit in December, 1959, turned into a honeymoon. Ike was impressed, he wrote, "by the fact that there was no discernible mannerism or characteristic that would lead an unknowing visitor to conclude that he was in the presence of a dictator." Surely this charming, modest host would win a free election—particularly when he could deal so efficaciously with malcontents. The Communist Party official Julián Grimau, after being horribly beaten and tortured, was thrown out the window of the national police headquarters in 1962. He survived to be condemned to death. A wave of international revulsion, of appeals for clemency proved vain. Grimau was executed in April, 1963.

ONE final dilemma remained: that of succession. No totalitarian despotism had ever solved this thorny problem. Franco's game makes Machiavelli seem a bumbler.

The Fascist Falange was largely opposed to the restoration of the crown; the remnants of democratic opposition were no less so. The legitimate heir, Don Juan de Borbón, resident in Portugal, was generally held to be an inept, frivolous weakling. Franco had to solve half a dozen intractable difficulties at every point on the serpentine journey. Don Juan insisted fiercely on his rights. Many of Franco's senior companions-at-arms demanded some form of prolongation of the Fascist regime and threatened mutiny. Very much like de Gaulle in Algeria, Franco became a master of sybilline promises. No one knew quite where he stood. In 1948, he had brought Don Juan's ten-year-old son, Juan Carlos, to Spain, where he received a thorough military-political schooling under Franco's direct control. Despite his father's mounting rage, the tight-lipped young prince proved wholly loyal to the regime. To the Falange and to old soldiers Franco made it clear that only a restoration of the throne would guarantee Spain's holy mission against Judeo-Bolshevik and Freemasonic world conspiracies. To Don Juan he made brutally evident that it would be either Juan Carlos or nothing. Master and pupil met on January 15, 1969. Franco informed the dauphin that he would soon be named successor, and told him not to worry—matters were now settled. "Rest assured, *mi general*," replied Juan Carlos. "I have learned much from your *galleguismo* [Galician craftiness]." It is reported that both men laughed. We will never know to what extent, if at all, Franco had divined the profoundly democratic instincts of Juan Carlos. We will never know whether, at some half-conscious level of a last, self-ironizing shrewdness, Franco foresaw and accepted Spain's return to liberal values. Only one thing is certain: like no other tyrant in history, he managed a peaceful succession and one that brought his nation back into the forefront of reconciliation and creativity. It was a fantastic finale.

Suffering from Parkinson's disease, finding pleasure only in his regal family and in hunting and deep-sea fishing, the Caudillo ebbed toward senility. His eightieth birthday, in 1972, was a pretext for national celebration. Medically, the end was hideous: cardiac deficiency, uremia, massive but perfectly useless surgery. "How hard it is to die," the old gangster muttered. The end came on November 20, 1975. Not in a stinking bunker and by way of suicide (Hitler). Not under a hail of partisan bullets, with a body hung head down in a public square (Mussolini). But in almost monarchic style and solemnity. Half a million Spaniards filed past the catafalque of a man who had dominated every aspect of their lives for close to forty bitter yet ultimately healing years.

There is in Preston's biography hardly a phrase that sings, hardly an image to remember. This is historical writing at its coldest. Too often, the Spanish people fade into a vaguely choral background to the arcane play of diplomatic intrigue and power politics behind closed doors. Yet these very defects are apposite. They exactly mirror the subject. One is grateful that so detailed a chronicle of Franco will not need to be done again. But the strange truth remains: Spain and the West owe to this man much that he may not have wanted to give them. ♦

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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

Reasonable Creatures: Essays on Women and Feminism
by Katha Pollitt
(Knopf; $22)

THE author, a contributor to *The Nation*, the *Times*, and this magazine, has been writing about women's issues since the nineteen-eighties—a decade that, she notes, "was widely portrayed as one long funeral for feminism." In her first collection of essays Pollitt refutes this assessment, offering lucid meditations on everything from date rape to surrogate mothering, and reminding us that, "like Broadway, the novel, and God, feminism has been declared dead many times." A debunker of media myths (such as the much ballyhooed husband shortage for women over thirty-five, a notion that caught fire in 1986) and an exponent of race- and class-conscious feminism, Pollitt sharpens these ripsaw treatises with wry humor and personal detail. Sidestepping partisan politics, she takes on both conservatives and liberals (in one passage, she compares Germaine Greer to Norman Mailer), holding both to the tenets of humanism. In the book's centerpiece—"Marooned on Gilligan's Island: Are Women Morally Superior to Men?"—Pollitt critiques "difference" feminists such as Carol Gilligan and Deborah Tannen, who see women as sharers and carers who would improve the world if only they enjoyed equal power in it. "It is as though women don't really believe they are entitled to full citizenship unless they can make a special claim to virtue," she writes. "Why isn't being human enough?"

The Primary Colors
by Alexander Theroux
(Holt; $17.95)

ALEXANDER THEROUX, novelist, fabulist, poet, has written a small, attractive book containing an essay about blue, an essay about yellow, and an essay about red. Or maybe "essay" is the wrong word for these efforts, implying more binder in the prose than is present here. "The Primary Colors" is a miscellaneous work, an anthology of sentences, of findings, that has more in common with the writings of medieval encyclopedists or with Sir Thomas Browne's "Pseudodoxia Epidemica" than with the contemporary essay—except William Gass's "On Being Blue." Theroux will say, "And remember the *genêt* (gorse) spread over the belt plateau, or Cengle, of Mont Sainte-Victoire near the village of Le Tholonet that Cézanne loved so much?" In that word "remember" you can hear what a personal work this is, how complexly refracted its world of odd information is by the intimate patterns of Theroux's associations. The essays are rich in Proust, rich in the painter's raw materials, rich in the worldliness of the purposeful traveller. "Remember," Theroux says, and you are only occasionally reminded of a professor standing before a class displaying with not quite innocent pompousness the wealth of his experience—and doing so without, perhaps, saying much at all.

Aspects of Aristocracy: Grandeur and Decline in Modern Britain
by David Cannadine
(Yale; $30)

THIS set of nine essays from the foremost historian of the British aristocracy provides frequent surprises: the British aristocracy, for all its affected antiquity, was essentially reinvented between the seventeen-eighties and the eighteen-twenties; family fortunes were sometimes hurt less by the luxurious vices of Regency rakes than by the poor investments of their sober Victorian heirs; and ceremonies designed to enshrine Britain's ancient traditions were often cooked up overnight by the likes of Lord Curzon, a sort of Sol Hurok in ermine. One essay describes Winston Churchill as "a shameless cadger and incorrigible scrounger" who soaked his friends and allowed others to finance his lavish style of living. Cannadine, a sworn enemy of the "country-house cult," derides the nostalgic lionizing of the British landed aristocracy, reminding us that, like other classes, the upper classes are proper subjects of contemporary social history. ♦

SHOUTS & MURMURS

SUCKING UP

BY ANTHONY LANE

> I was honored and stunned to discover how faithful this film was to the spirit, the content, and the ambience of the novel, INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE, and of the script for it which I wrote.
> —*Anne Rice, reassuring her readers, in a two-page ad in the Times.*

To Anne Rice
A Personal Statement by
the Vampire Lestat
Regarding the Novel
INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE

On October 8, 1994, I finally got round to reading your novel "Interview with the Vampire."

The book is, I am told, a worldwide success, but, as you know, the world has never interested me that much, and I have better things to do at bedtime than sit and read. When I think of all the novels recommended to me over the last two hundred years, I shudder at the hours that I wasted on Mr. Stoker, with his quaint "effects," or that vulgar little tramp Mary Shelley.

But a few days ago, still recovering from my exertions at Milan fashion week, I spent the night in the company of your prose.

I am making this personal statement now for my victims, and for myself. It's not a news story. I paid for the space. O.K., I had to rip a couple of throats along the way, but you know publishing.

What I have to say is this:

I loved your book. I simply loved it. I read it to a couple of naval recruits, and they loved it, too. It surpassed my maddest expectations, although personally I would have cut back on the adjectives a teeny bit. But I was honored and stunned to discover how faithful this novel was to the spirit, the content, and the ambience of my life. I was moved by your poignant sympathy, and touched by the good sense with which you banished the old mirror-and-garlic stuff. I mean, I have the sign of the cross on the front of my *car*. Having said that, I notice you still buy all that crap about white faces, leeched lips, etc. Wake up, honey. Has Clinique not reached New Orleans, or what? And I know you think the books are "really" about guilt and suffering, and the plight of the outsider, but what did you expect me to do? Get married? Let me tell you, outside is a fun place to be. For one thing, I like to watch.

But these are just quibbles. Basically, I'm one lucky immortal. Anne, you are great. I wish every pansexual bloodsucker could know the happiness you gave to me. I love you for it. And I hope and pray, for your sake, that you never meet me.

And now I have a confession to make. I adored the book so much that I went and bought the sequels, and I loved them, too. I loved their stamina, their relentless intensity. And my undead friends in Hollywood tell me that a motion picture is on the way. At last! It must be *years* since I first made those polite inquiries. Never had much time for movies myself, not since von Stroheim died. But some while back, deep in my usher-and-bellhop phase, I spent an evening at the pictures, and there onscreen was this juicy little piece called Cruise, and I thought, *yes*. If anyone ever wanted to play me—no, to become me—it would be that boy. I'm so moved that somebody was kind enough to take an old vamp's advice.

So, did you see the movie? In a theatre, or only on tape? I hear you couldn't get to the screening because of a blood-related problem. Love it.

If I'm wrong, if you don't like the picture—let me know. Laugh in my face. Write me letters. Call me. I have to stick my neck out and say your book is great, and I'm sure the movie is great, too. Do forgive me if I skip the première; I have some travelling plans that can't be put off. As I always say, if you're destined to roam the earth for the rest of time, you might as well make a party of it—you know, really *roam*. It's so simple these days; who needs coffins in the hold when you can fly to Europe overnight and still arrive in the dark? I always travel Virgin myself. The stewards taste so fresh.

All my love to you,

Lestat

Lestat

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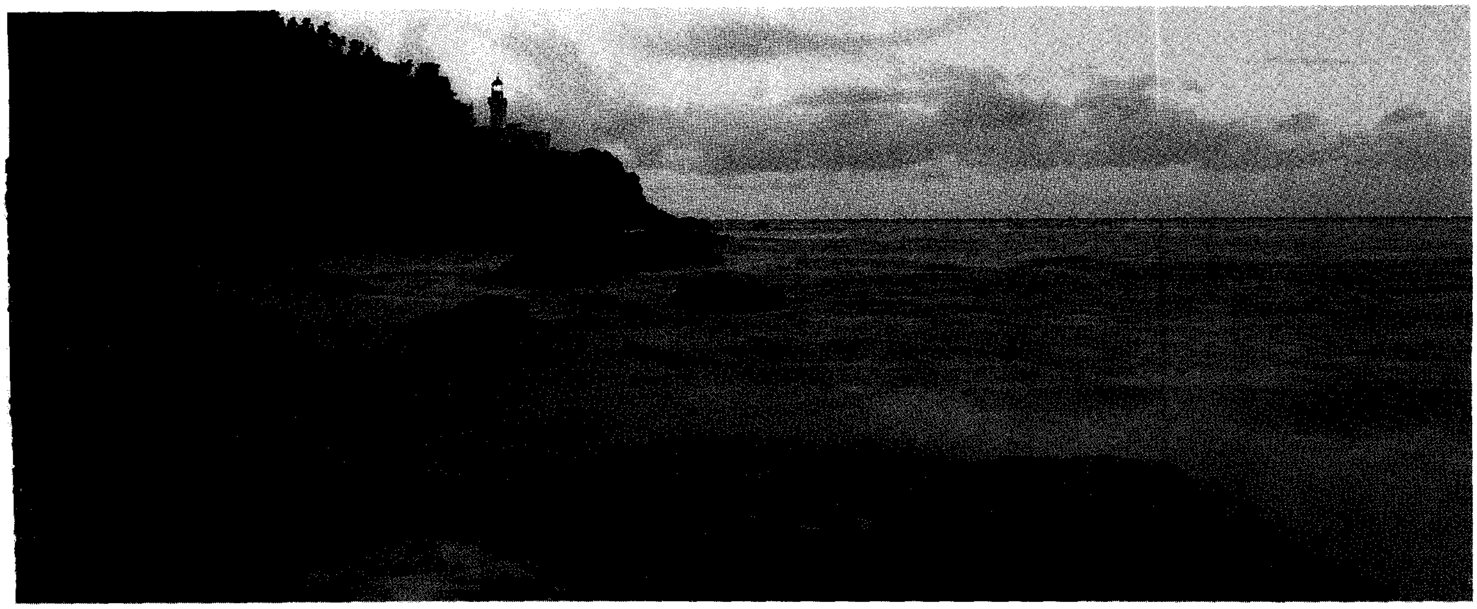

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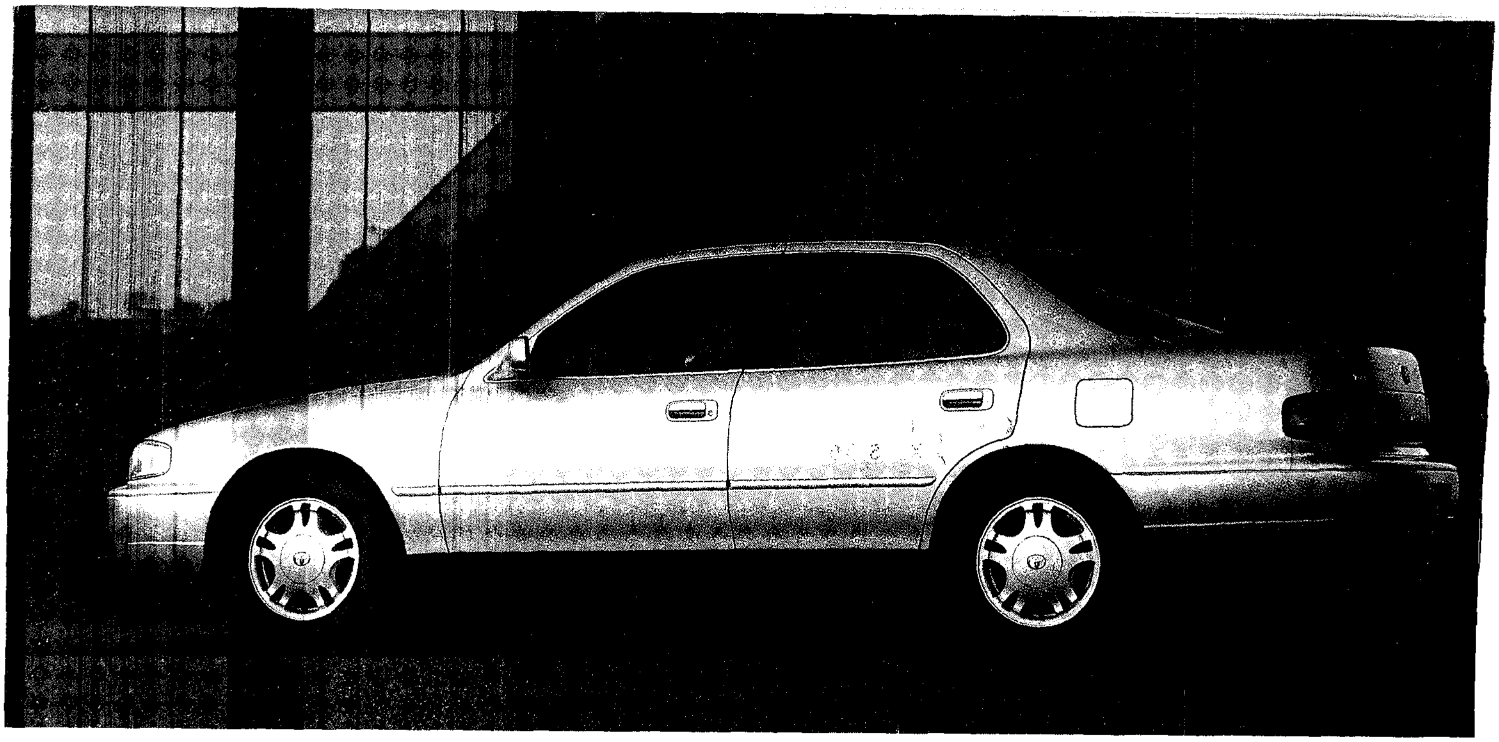

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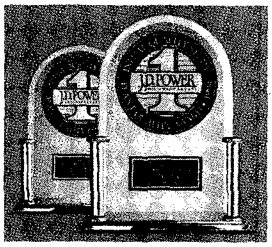

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